LEGENDS, TALES,

AND

STORIES OF IRELAND,

ILLUSTRATED WITH

TEN CHARACTERISTIC ENGRAVINGS

Edited by
Philip Dixon Hardy.

"Of all story tellers, commend to me an Irishman: there is a roundness and fulness in his brogue—a twinkling humour in his eye—a richness and a raciness in every word he utters, which render him the glory of a social circle—the very life-blood of merriment."
Dublin Penny Journal.

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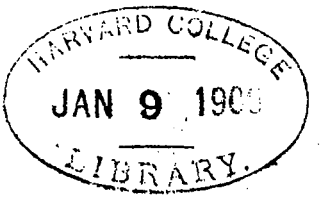

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TO

SIR WILLIAM BETHAM, F. S. A.

L. S. M. R. I. A. R. A. S. Z. S.

ULSTER KING OF ARMS OF ALL IRELAND, ETC. ETC.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

As I know you take an interest in every thing connected with the literature of Ireland, and that amidst the numerous engagements of a more important character which continually occupy your attention, you can still find time not only for *reading*, but even for *writing* an Irish story or legend, I feel great pleasure in inscribing to you the following little volume of *Irish Legends*, *Tales*, and *Stories*, illustrated with designs by a young Irish Artist—(the engravings executed by the same hand;)—and although we may not be able fully to compete with the artists of England, either in the design or the execution, still I am sure it will give you pleasure to see we are advancing a step, and thus giving a hope, that by encouraging native talent and exertion, we may, at no far distant period, arrive at a degree of excellence, even beyond what might now be fairly anticipated. The design attached to the Legend bearing your own initials, I

think not badly conceived—there can be no question, however, that it might have been better; but you must take "the will for the deed," and believe that if any one of the Illustrations could have been made to excel an other, it would have been this—as I feel much indebted for your valuable advice and assistance in matters of Antiquarian research, connected with the Journal from which the Stories are extracted, and relative to which I have from time to time been obliged to trouble you. With best wishes for your health and happiness, believe me to be,

My Dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

PHILIP DIXON HARDY.

37. Stephen's Green,
March 28, 1836.

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we'll only want bread. Hadn't I betther go and pay my way?"

"You're time enough," says Ned, "I'll tell you when we're ready for sae—leave the rest to me, Darby."

"Och, tip us your fist, siz I; you were always the broth ov a boy; for the sake of ould times, Ned, we must have a dhrop." So my jewel, Ned brought me to where there was right good stuff. But when it came to three o'clock, I found myself mighty weak with hunger; I had got the smell ov corn beef an' cabbage that knock'd me up entirely; so I wint to the landleddy, and siz I to her, Maybee your leddyship id not think me rood by axin' iv Ned an' myself cou'd get our dinner ov that fine hot mate that I got a taste ov in my nose?

"In troth, you can, an' welkim," siz she, an' she look'd mighty pleasant.

So, my darlin', dish an' all came up. "That's what I call a flaugholoch mess," siz I. So we eat and drank away. Many's the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, an' how comfortable he'd make me on the voyage. Day afther day we spint together, waitin' for the wind, till I found my pockets begin to grow very light. At last, says he to me, one day afther dinner,

"Darby, the ship will be ready for sae on the

morrow—you'd betther go on boord, an' pay your way."

"Is it jokin' you are, Ned?" siz I; "shure you tould me to leave it all to you."

"Ah! Darby," siz he, "you're for takin' a rise out o' me; shure enough ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself couldn't get over ye. But, Darby, there's no joke like the thrue one. I'll stick to my promise; but, Darby, you must pay your way."

"O Ned," siz I, 'is this the way your goin' to threat me afther all. I'm a rooin'd man; all I could scrape together I spint on you. If you don't do something for me I'm lost. Is there no place where you could hide me from the captain?

"Not a place," siz Ned.

"An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' up out ov."

"Och, Darby, that was the hould where the cargo 's stow'd."

"An' is there no other place?" siz I.

"O yes," siz he, "where we keep the wather casks."

"An' Ned," siz I, "does any one live down there?"

"Not a mother's sowl," siz he.

"An', Ned," siz I, "can't you cram me down *there, and give me a lock* ov straw an' a bit?"

"Why Darby," siz he, an' he look'd mighty pittyful, "I must thry. But mind, Darby, you'll have to hide all day in an empty barrel, an' when it comes to my watch, I'll bring you down some prog; but if you're discover'd, it's all over wid me, an' you'll be put on a dissilute island to starve."

"O Ned," siz I, "leave it all to me—never fear Darby—I'll mind my eye."

When night cum on, I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixt a place in a corner for me to sleep, an' every night he brought me down hard black cakes an' salt meat. There I lay snug for a whole month. At last, one night, siz he to me,

"Now, Darby, what's to be done? we're within three days sail ov Quebec; the ship will be overhaul'd, an' all the passengers' names call'd over; if you are found, you'll be sould as a slave for your passage money."

"An' is that all that frets you, my jewel?" siz I; "can't you leave it all to me? In troth Ned, I'll never forget your hospitality at any rate. But, Ned, what place is outside ov the ship!"

"Why, the sea to be shure," siz he.

"Och! botheration," siz I, "I mane what's the outside the ship?"

"Why, Darby," siz he, "part of it's called the *bulwark.*"

"An' tundher an' turf!" siz I, "is it bulls that works the vessel along?"

"No, nor horses," siz he, "neither; this is no time for jokin'; what do you mean to do?"

"Why, I'll tell ye, Ned—get me an empty meal bag, a bottle, an' a bare ham bone, an' that's all I'll ax." So bedad, Ned look'd very quare at me; but he got them for me anyhow.

"Well, Ned," siz I, "you know I'm a great shwimmer; your watch will be early in the mornin'; I'll jist slip down into the sae; do you cry out, there's a man in the wather,-as loud as you can, an' leave all the rest to me."

"Well, to be sure, down into the sae I dropt without as much as a splash. Ned roar'd out with the hoarseness of a brayin' ass—"A man in the sea—a man in the sea." Every man, woman, an' child came running up out of the holes, the captain among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—an' so thinkin' he was intint on shootin' me! down I dived. When I got my head over the wather agen, what shou'd I see but a boat rowin' to me as fast as a throut afther a pinkeen. When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out, "Bad scran to yees, for a set ov spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?" The boat now run 'pon the top ov me; down I dived again *like a duck afther* a frog, but the minnit my *scull came over the* wather, I was gript by the

scruff ov the neck, and dhrag'd into the boat. To be sure I didn't kick up a row—"Let go my hair, ye blue devils," I roared, "it's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissilute place, or be the powthers I'd make you feel the strinth ov my bones. What hard look I had to follow ye's at all, at all; which ov ye is the masther?" As I said this, every mother's son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, an' my bottle by my side, an' the bare bone in my fist. "There he is," siz they, pointing to a little yallow man in a corner of the boat. "May bad weather rise blisthers on your rapin-hook shins," siz I, "you yallow looking monkey, but it's amost time for you to think of lettin' me into your ship—I'm here plowin' and plungin' this month afther ye; shure I didn't care a *thrawneen*, was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For three straws, as I don't know how to write, I'd leave my mark, an' that on your skull; so saying, I made a lick at him with the ham bone, but I was near tumblin' into the sae agen.

"An' pray what is your name, my lad?" siz the Captain.

"What's my name! What 'id you give t' *know*?" siz I, "ye unmanerly spalpeen—it migh*be what's your* name, Darby Doyle, out ov yo

mouth—aye, Darby Doyle, that was never afeard or ashamed to own it at home or abroad!"

"An' Mr. Darby Doyle," siz he, "do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this afther us?"

"That's more of your ignorance," siz I—"aye, an' if you sted three days longer, and not take me up, I'd be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, and the few rags of bank notes I had all melted into paste in my pocket, for I hadn't time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore, there's never a corroner in Cork iv you don't pay for leaving me to the marcy of the waves."

All this time the blue chaps were pushing the boat with sticks through the wather, till at last we came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove, but didn't see me on the voyage; to be sure every one's mouth was wide open, crying out 'Darby Doyle.' "The sorra stop your throaths," siz I, "it's now ye can call me loud enough; ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowling like a tub in a mill-race the other day fornenst your faces." When they heard me say that, some ov them grew pale as a sheet—every thumb was at work, till they most brought the blood from their forreds. But, my jewell, the captain *does no more but* runs to the book, and calls *out the names that* paid, and them that wasn't

paid—to be shure I was one ov them that didn't pay. If the captain looked at me before with *wondherment*, he now looked with astonishment! Nothing was tawk'd ov for the other three days but Darby Doyle's great shwim from the Cove to Quebeck. One sed—

"I always knew Darby to be a great shwimmer."

"De ye remimber," siz another, "when Darby's dog was nigh been drowned in the great duck hunt, when Darby peel'd off an' brought in the dog, and made afther the duck himself, and swum for two hours endways; and do ye remimber when all the dogs gother round the duck at one time; when it wint down how Darby dived afther it, and sted down for amost an hour—and sted below while the crathur was eatin' a few frogs, for she was weak and hungry; and when every body thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue? (left hand.)"

Bedad I agreed to all they sed, till at last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way; the captain wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, my jewell, not only his friends came, but swarms upon swarms staring at poor Darby. At last I called Ned.

"Ned avick," siz I, "I want to go about my *bisness*."

"*Be easy*, Darby," siz he, "havn't ye your fill

of good ating, an' the captain 's got mighty fond ov ye entirely."

"Is he Ned," siz I, "but tell us, Ned, are all them crowds ov people goin' to'sae?"

"Augh, ye omedhaun," siz Ned, "shure they are come to look at you."

Just as he sed this, a tall yallow man, with a black curly head, comes and stares me full in the face.

"You'll know me agen," siz I, "confound yer manners, and the schoolmasther that taught ye." But I thought he was going to shake hands with me, when he tuck hould of my fist and opened every finger, one by one, then opened my shirt, and look't at my breast.

"Pull away, mabouchal," siz I, "I'm no desarthur at any rate." But never an answer he made me, but walked down into the hole where the captain lived.

"This is more ov it," siz I; "Ned, what could that tallah-faced man mane?"

"Why," siz Ned, "he was *lookin' to see* iv your fingers were webb'd, or had ye scales on your breast."

"Hiz impidence is grate," siz I, "did he take me for a duck or a bream." But Ned, what's the meanin' ov the boords acrass the stick the people *walk on, and* the big white board up *there?"*

"Why, come over and read," siz Ned.

"But, my jewell, I didn't know whether I was stannin' on my head or on my heels when I saw in great big black letters—

'THE GREATEST WONDHER IN THE WORLD!!!
TO BE SEEN HERE;

A man that beats out Nicholas the Diver!

He has swum from Cork to Amerrykey!!!!
Proved on oath by ten of the Crew and twenty Passengers.

Admittance, Half a Dollar.'

"Arrah, Ned jewel," siz I, "does this mane your humble sarvint?"

"Sorra one else," siz he—so I makes no more ado, than with a hop, skip, and jump, gets over to the captain, who was now talkin' to the yallow fellow that was afther starin' me out ov countenance.

"Pardon my rudeness, your honour," siz I, mighty polite, and making a bow—at the same time Ned was at my heels—so rising my foot, to give the genteel scrape, sure I scraped all the skin off his shins.

"To the ould boy with your brogues," siz he.

"You'd betther not curse the wearer," siz I, "*or*——"

"*Oh! Darby,*" siz the captain, "don't be un-

ginteel, and so many ladies and gintlemin lookin' at ye."

"The never an other mother's sowl shall lay their peepers on me 'till I see sweet Inchegelagh agen," siz I, "bedad you are doin' it well. How much money have ye gothered for my shwimmin?"

"Be quiet, Darby," siz the captain, and he looked very much frickened, "I have plenty, and I'll have more for ye iv ye do what I want ye to do."

"And what is it avick?" siz I.

"Why, Darby," siz he, "I'm after houldin' a wager last night with this gintleman, for all the worth ov my ship, that you'll shwim against any shwimmer in the world; and Darby, if you don't do that I'm a gone man."

"Augh, give us your fist," siz I, "did you ever hear ov the sons of the sod desavin' any man in the European world yet—barrin' themselves."

"Well, Darby," siz he, "I'll give you a hundred dollars; but, Darby, you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred."

So saying, he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewell, I didn't think for the life ov me to see such a wondherful place, nothin' but goold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. Bedad I was amost ashamed to ax *the gintleman for the* dollars. But siz I to my-*self agen—the jintleman* has too much money; I

suppose he does be throwin' it into the sae, for I often heard the sae was richer than the land, so I may as well take it, anyhow."

"Now, Darby," siz he, "here's the dollars for ye." But bedad, my jewel, it was only a bit ov paper he was handin' me."

"Arrah, none ov yer tricks upon thravellers," siz I, "I had betther nor that, and many more of them, melted in the sae; give me what won't wash out of my pocket."

"Why, Darby," siz he, "this is an ordher on a marchant for the amount."

"Pho, pho!" siz I, "I'd sooner take your word nor his oath—looking round mighty respectful at the goold walls.

"Well, well, Darby," siz he, "you must have the real thing;" so, sure enough, he reckoned me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since the stockin' fell out of the chimly on my aunt and cut her forred.

"Now, Darby," siz he, "you are a rich man, and you are worthy of it all—sit down, Darby, and take a bottle ov wine." So to please the gintleman, I sat down. Afther a bit, who comes down but Ned,

"Captain," siz he, "the deck is crowded; I had to block up the gang-way to prevint any more *from coming in to see* Darby. Bring him up, or *as sure as a gun the ship* 'ill be sunk."

"Come up, Darby," siz the captin, smilin' wonderful pleasant at myself. So, my jewel, he handed me up through the hall as tindher as iv I was a lady, or a pound of fresh butther in the dog days. When I got up, shure enough, I could'nt help starin'; such crowds ov fine ladies and yallow gintlemen never was seen before in any ship. One of them, a little rosy cheek'd beauty, whisper'd the captain somethin', but he shuk his head, an' then came over to me.

"Darby," siz he, "I know an Irishman would do any thing to please a lady."

"In troth you may say that with your own purty mouth," siz I.

"Well, then, Darby," siz he, "the ladies would wish to see you give a few strokes in the sae."

"Och an' they shall have them an welcome," siz I.

"That's a good fellow," siz he, "now sthrip off."

"Decency, Katty," siz I, "is it in my mother naked pelt before the ladies? Hard fortune to the undacent, brazen-faced——but no matther! Irish girls for ever afther that!" But all to no use, I was made to peel off behind a big sheet, and then I made one race, and jumpt ten yards into the wather to get out ov their sight. Shure enough, every one's eyes danced in their head, while they lookt on the spot where I went down. A thought came *into my head while I* was below, how I'd

show them a little divarsion, as I could use a great many thricks in the wather. So I did'nt rise at all till I got to the tother side, and every one ran to that side; then I took a hoult of my two big toes, and making a ring of myself, rowled like a hoop on the top ov the wather all round the ship. I b'leeve I opened their eyes! Then I yarded, back swum, an' dived, till at last the captin made signs to me to come out, so I got into the boat, an' threw on my duds. The very ladies were breakin' their necks, runnin' to shake hands wid me.

"Shure," says they, "your the greatest man in the world!!" So for three days I showed off to crowds ov people, though I was *frying* in the wather for shame.

At last the day came that I was to stand the tug. I saw the Captin lookin' very often at me. At last,

"Darby," siz he, "are you any way cow'd? The fellow you have to shwim agenst can shwim down watherfalls an' cathharacts."

"Can he, avic," siz I; "but can he shwim up agenst them? Wow, wow, Darby for that! But captin, come here: is all my purvisions ready?—don't let me fall short of a dhrop ov the rale stuff above all things." An' who shou'd come up while I was tawkin' to the captain, but the chap I was *to shwim with*, and heard all I sed. Bedad! his

eyes grew as big as two oysther shells. Then the captain called me aside.

"Darby," siz he, "do you put on this green jacket an' white throwsers, that the people may betther extinguish you from the other chap."

"With all hearts, avic," siz I, "green for ever —Darby's own favourite colour the world over; but where am I goin' to, captain."

"To the shwimmin' place to be shure," siz he.

"Here's at you, my hearty," siz I, and "the de'il take the hindmost." I was then inthroduced in due form to the shwimmer. I looked at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread an' butther over my head—with a face as yallow as a kite's foot.

"Tip us the mitten," siz I, "mabouchal," quite pleasant. Siz I to myself, I'm done—but, cheer up, Darby! if I'm not able to kill him, I'll frighten the life out ov him. "Where are we goin' to shwim to?" siz I, though bedad, if all was known, I was rightly nonplushed at the same time. But never a word he answered.

"Are you bothered, neighbour?" siz I to him again', mighty stiff.

"I reckon I'm not," siz he, as chuff as a bear.

"Well then," siz I, "why didn't you answer your betthers? What id ye think iv we swum to Keep cleer *or the Keep* ov Good Hope?"

"I reckon neither," siz he agen, eyein' me as iv I was goin' to pick his pockets.

"Well then, have ye any favourite place?" siz I. Now, I've heard a great deal about the island where poor Bony died; I'd like to see it, iv I had any one to show me the place; suppose we wint there." But not a taste of a word cou'd I get out ov him good or bad—so off we set through the crowds ov ladies and gintlemen. Such cheerin' an' wavin' ov hats never was seen even at *Dan's* enthry into Dublin; an' then the row ov purty girls laughin' an' rubbin' up against me, that I cou'd harly get on. To be shure no one cou'd be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big lump ov iron stuck fast in the ground, with a big ring to it. "Whoo! Darby," siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack o' my fingers, "you're not down yet." I turned round to look at what thript me.

"What d'ye call that?" siz I to the captain, who was at my elbow.

"Why, Darby," says he, "that's half an anchor."

"Have ye any use for it?" siz I.

"Not in the laste," siz he; "it's only to fasten boats to."

"Maybee, you'd give it to a body," siz I.

"An' welkim, Darby," siz he, "it's yours."

"*Good* luck to your honour, sir," siz I, "it's

my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home, the crathur hadn't as much as an anvill but what was sthreeled away by the agint—bad look to him. This will be jist the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part. Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shouldher when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther I shake hands with this fellow." Bedad, the chap turned from yallow to white when he heard me say this; an' siz he to the gintleman that was walkin' by his side,

"I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimmin' to-day —I don't feel *myself*."

"An' murdher in Irish, if your yer brother, can't you send him for yourself, an' I'll wait here till he comes. Here man, take a dhrop of this before ye go. Here's to your betther health, an' your brother's into the bargain." So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a dhrop ov it he'd take.

"No force, avic," siz I, "maybee you think there's poison in it—an' takin' another glass myself—well, here's good look to us, once more. An' when will ye be able for the shwim, avic?" siz I, mighty complisant.

"I reckon in another week," siz he.

So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow

went home—took the fever—then began to rave—"shwim up catharacts!—shwim to the Keep of Good Hope!—shwim to St. Helena!—shwim to Keep Clear!—shwim with an anchor on his back! Oh! oh! oh! that'll never do for me."

I now thought it best to be on the move; so I gathered up my winners; and here I sit under my own hickory threes, as indepindent as any Yankee.

DARBY DOYLE.

T. E.

Upper Canada, Oct. 4, 1832.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROCKITE.

It has often puzzled me to find out what qualification my good old father could possibly have seen in me, to induce him to educate me for the church. Indeed the only way I can solve the riddle is by giving him credit for the possession of much of that absurd opposition to nature which regulates the conduct of many parents towards their children. He was an honest farmer, of means, which although moderate in the days he lived, would by proper management now most undoubtedly entitle their possessor to the universal rank of esquire, and perhaps to a seat on the bench. As I was his only child, on expressing my dislike to the profession for which he intended me, he at once renounced his resolution, and I was allowed to remain as I was, spending the morning of my existence in idleness and dissipation. He died, and I consequently became the possessor of the farm and all his other worldly property—still I was unhappy. The attainments which I had *laboured to acquire, and on* which I founded my

expectations of an entry into genteel society, were apparently despised or thought valueless by those of my neighbours who looked upon themselves as entitled to the rank of gentlemen—to me, low society and drinking were the consequence.

On a cold September morning I had gone out shooting, and having traversed much bog, was both cold and hungry by the time I reached a poteen distillery, where I had been once before, in company with some of my usual associates, and to which that circumstance gave me a facility of entrance. The occurrences of that evening are easily described: I was soon drunk—reason left me first, and I have an indistinct recollection of doing and saying many foolish things, with the clearest possible conception of their absurdity. On my waking next morning, the owner of the house, after the usual congratulations, accosted me with,

"An' faith, your honour took it mighty stout."

"Aye, that reminds me," said I, pulling out my purse; "how much did I take?"

"Oh! sure it isn't the liquor I mane, much good may do you with it, but the other thing—it'll be a feather in your cap while you live."

A little doubtful of that, and puzzled by his manner, I asked him—but there's no use in detailing the conversation: in my drunken fit I had taken the Rockite oath, and he was the bearer of

a summons to me to join the body at an appointed place, on the following evening; and now for

MY DEBUT.

With a nondescript mixture of sensations, and a firm intention to make the most of my new situation, I left home, as if for night shooting, and set off for the rendezvous: it was in the mountainy country, in the opposite direction from the bog where my servants conceived me to be engaged, and a part, too, where my acquaintances were very few, (that is, my old acquaintances,) and my friends easily counted. I had never seen the leader who was now master of my destinies; but report, which spoke much of his skill, his valour, and his extraordinary power over his followers, said little of his mercy, and less of his disposition. He had been, for many years previously, an outlaw, and all the wild characters who managed to get themselves into a similar predicament, sought his retreat, and shared his fortunes; so that at the time I mention, he had no less than a score of followers, who never parted him, and whose retreat never could be discovered by the government: independent of those, half the country owned him the leader of their political combinations; and the rigid discipline that he enforced,—the strict obedience that he exacted, *and the certain,* and often horrible punish-

ment with which he followed up a breach of either, rendered him at once the terror of government, and the master of those over whom his authority extended. These considerations began to have some weight with me: the idea of returning presented itself, but was soon banished, since I had no particular desire to form an example to any of those who were engaged in the mad schemes of such a desperado. I proceeded, and was already close to the spot appointed. The night was utterly dark, yet I was near enough to perceive that I was alone, and likely to be so. The possibility of my being humbugged by my friend of the still, occurred, and was welcomed. I had turned to retrace my steps, intent only on how I should resent the trick, when "Who goes there?" "A friend." "What friend?" followed in quick succession. I gave my name, and close by my side a stranger sprung over a low hedge, which had concealed him from my view. He grasped my hand in a provokingly familiar style, as I thought, and set out with a long string of compliments on my punctuality, spirit, &c.

We proceeded up the valley, and as we went, I ventured to ask him some questions relative to the captain, not telling much for my idea of his amiability, and was answered by an "I am he," that made me pause, and I ventured to stammer out a description of excuse, which he cut short by as-

saring me, in rather a bitter tone, that none was necessary—that my ready acceptance of the oath, and strict adherence to his command, proved I could not be guilty of any disrespect. I was in a precious pickle: he relieved me, however, by a strong whistle. There was a heavy sound on all sides; a rush, and a clamour, and in less than a minute we stood in the midst of two hundred armed men. Long ere I had recovered my astonishment, and perhaps my fright, I was marching by his side, followed in stealth and silence by the whole body. We had scarcely passed the populous district, when the moon rose, and I had an opportunity of beholding my extraordinary comrade. He was a large, strong man; partly grey, with a cast of features and demeanour which left me in doubt whether I should set him down for a gentleman turned ruffian, or a ruffian turned gentleman. The results of the march certainly helped me to a conclusion, which, however far from the truth, I most implicitly believed, until circumstances, and a knowledge of his history, led me to form one more charitable, and more merited. After a march of nearly an hour, we stood on the skirts of a wood, which formed part of the demesne of Major *****, a magistrate, who, on some occasions, had been rather troublesome to my new friend. The whistle was repeated, and answered; *and a peasant, armed,* as he would say himself,

emerged from the shade, and, with a low obeisance, stood before the captain.

"Well, Coghlan, any thing since?" inquired the leader.

"Nothing, your honour, sence last night."

"Perhaps you made a mistake," said the captain.

"Bedad," replied the new-comer, "maybe I did, your honour; but anyhow, twasn't for nothin' that he was with the Major all yesterday, workin' in the garden—*mauryiagh*; but can't your honour send for him, and see him yourself; he's up, an' writing, for I peeped into his cabin as I passed by; the colleen an' her mother is both with him; so maybe you'd find one o' the strangers, and get him here quietly, and thin sure we'll see."

The captain turned round, and having selected a man from the ranks, directed him to go for Flood, the person alluded to in the above conversation, and tell him he was wanted for parade; adding, that if possible he should have the paper he was writing, brought, without alarming him or his companions.

After an interval of about twenty minutes, spent by all in the deepest silence, by me in the deepest anxiety, the messenger arrived, accompanied by the countryman, Flood, for whom he had been sent. The silence was first broken by the latter

"THE MOONLIT."

making his reverence to the captain, and adding, "that he didn't know the boys war to be out to-night, or sure he'd be wid them; but, anyhow, he didn't keep his honour long waiting; for it was lucky he was up making out his account agin the Major." "Humph!" was the only answer, and mounting a style that led into the wood, he gave the command, "Follow, boys;" and in a very short time we were in its farthest recesses. The silence was still unbroken, save by the suppressed whisper among the party, or some remark of careless gaiety, delivered by the unsuspecting newcomer, in rather a louder key, and left unnoticed. He was evidently strictly watched, and his conversation as strictly shunned. I was still beside the leader—and although in the deep darkness I could not recognise more than his figure, his emotion was evident, by his restless gait, and even by his breathing. After a little time we reached a part of the wood, where was about a rood of land clear of any timber, except here and there a stunted thorn or holly; and there the word 'halt,' was given, in a whisper that thrilled to the farthest rank, and of itself half told of some horrible intention in the mind of him that pronounced it: in the same tone he directed them to light a fire; and having seated himself on a bank, motioned me to sit beside him. *Alas!* the honours of this *world are hard to bear.* I'd as soon have sat on

a kish of pike-heads: however, I conquered my repugnance, and obeyed him. His head sank upon his hand, and he remained in that position until the blaze, rising higher and higher from the crackling and sapless branches that had been gathered and lit at his command, gave to its immediate precincts the full light of noon-day, and with its highest flickerings, half defining the trunks of the distant trees, made our really formidable number appear as if surrounded and defended by one still more formidable. Its effect on my companions was singularly wild and uncouth, as thrown in lazy groups on the elastic brushwood, or standing beside the blaze, which in its different gradations of light, according to their different distances, varied the expression of their countenances, and glanced upon their savage weapons—they afforded such a strikingly romantic, I might almost say classical appearance, that it half reconciled me to their lawless society. The outlaw again raised his head, and the usual stern calmness of his countenance was the only expression that my scrutiny could discover there; and when he called out to Flood to come forward, there was not a tone in his voice that betrayed him. The wretch presented himself with the same carelessness as before, and which, whether real or affected, excited *my strongest* pity for his dangerous situation; but *standing as he* did, between me and the fire, it was

impossible to distinguish any thing but the darkness of his figure, contrasted with its almost dazzling brightness.

"Flood," proceeded the captain, "you were up when I sent for you; what were you doing?"

A dawn of the truth seemed to burst upon his mind, but recovering himself quickly, he answered,

"Sure I tould your honour I was making out an account of the day's work agin the major, bad look to him. I'm a poor boy, your honour, depending on my day's work, and I'd like to have every thing fair and straight."

"Indeed!" answered the outlaw; "an' I'll be bound an industrious, quiet boy like you has a long balance in your favour. Would you let me look at that account now?"

"I—I—haven't it about me, your honour," replied he.

"You lie you have," responded a voice from the crowd—"didn't you put it in your pocket when I opened the door?"

"Eh—in my pocket," stammered the detected ruffian, and thrusting his hand in, the crackling of paper was distinctly heard; "not it at all, your honour," he proceeded, "only a bit of an ould copy that I was trying the pins on—no use at all;" and drawing it out, he made an effort to throw it into the flames, *but his nerveless* arm refused its office —*the paper fell within* a foot of the blaze, and

was handed to the captain before the terrified wretch recovered his surprise. Every eye started into eager watchfulness; and the agonized breathings of Flood were all that could be heard, until the captain, after glancing his eye over the paper, exclaimed,

"Why, Flood, I believe you were going to ask me to make a serjeant of you, you have taken such a correct list of us. What was the major to give you for this?"

Every demonstration of despair that he had so long laboured to controul, burst out with double violence. His head sunk upon his breast, and his knees tottered so, that the arm of an infant might have hurled him to the ground. His guilt was but too evident.

"Well, Sir," said the captain, turning round to me, and placing his arm on my shoulder in such a manner that his fingers fell on my breast, and could perceive every beat of my heart; "what, think you, should be the fate of an informer?"

My voice was choked, but he could read my feelings too well from my heart.

"You are young, Sir," he said bitterly, and after a short pause, thundered out to Flood, "Villain, if you know a prayer, say it, for your time is short."

"*Mercy!* mercy!" shrieked the victim; and "*mercy! mercy!*" repeated a young female, rush-

ing from her covert in the brushwood immediately behind us, and throwing herself on her knees before the captain, ere an arm could arrest her progress.

"Ha!" shouted he, "who the deuce is this!"

"His sweet-heart, your honour," answered Coghlan; "she followed us, I suppose, and that's what brought her here."

The poor girl clung to his knees, still shrieking for mercy; but with one vigorous effort he unloosed her grasp, and gave her into the unwilling charge of Coghlan, who stood next to him. She still struggled with her detainer, until at one time she caught a view of his face, and recognised him: to him her prayers were then directed. She knelt to him—she shrieked—she almost dragged his herculean frame from his place, when the report of a dozen muskets cut short her entreaties. She turned round, and saw the dying blaze light up the convulsed features of the informer, and then fell powerless into the arms of Coghlan.

"Dead, is he?" asked our leader, of one of those who had gone up to examine him.

"Nothing surer, your honour," was the answer.

He then rose from his seat, as if to depart, but was stopped and whispered by Coghlan.

"Indeed!" said he: "then there's more to be done."

But whatever that more was, he seemed to have

but little relish for it, as after a short pause he continued,

"No, no—*we've* done enough—try what you can do now;" and handing him a pistol from his belt, departed, attended by his followers. Seeing me accompanying him, he desired me make for home as quick as I could, for I had a far way to go—a command which was, undoubtedly, the only pleasing one to my ears that he uttered since I had the *pleasure* of his acquaintance. I obeyed him, and just as I was on the road, heard a shot fired in the wood, which I supposed was by accident, or some signal. However, I hastened home, and arrived just at day-dawn, unperceived by any one. The first news I heard next day was that a man and his sweet-heart had been found shot, in Major *****'s wood, by the shepherd. An investigation was held by the magistrates, and immense rewards were offered for the slightest information, but in vain.

FIRST BLOOD.

As the associates of my drunken jollity were for the most part to be the partners of the more honourable career that had now opened before *me*, *it* seemed unnecessary that in our military *character* we should change the haunts we had

used as bacchanalians. The poteen-house was, therefore, still the head-quarters and rendezvous; and never did the moonshine glitter on a temple better suited for the two-fold rite; a priest and priestess more punctual in the presidency; or a set of more zealous votaries altogether, than our cabin, our landlord, and ourselves presented. Accordingly, for almost every night during the first week or fortnight after the occurrence mentioned, we wooed the sister spirits of mischief and poteen.

On the last of those nights a circumstance occurred to me, which made such a powerful impression on my mind, and awakened so many of its wildest emotions, that I doubt if I shall ever forget it. Before I launch into the account, I shall briefly describe the situation of the house and its environs, and thus save myself much circumlocution and confusion when I come to the localities of my scenery. It was a large comfortable cabin, of the old style, with the floor nearly three feet below the earth outside—whether from that unaccountable desire of the peasantry to have low floors, or as an additional concealment, I cannot tell; behind were some rude out-houses, standing at right angles with the mansion, in one of which, almost inaccessible to any unfriendly visitor, the dear destructive beverage was manufactured. The immediate position of the premises was among a *cluster of rocky swellings*, where the grey lime-

stone, scantily covered by the niggard and sun-burnt verdure, and in many parts utterly bare, by the similarity of its appearance to the rude built walls and roofing of the distillery, rendered discovery from a distant point impossible, or from a near one improbable. A wide extent of bog, whose other border was lost in the horizon, stretched almost to the scrubby point I have described, and afforded it, with but little trouble, and as short carriage as possible, the indispensable requisites of turf and water, a fine clear stream being the only division. Beyond it, on the other side from the bog, the country partook of the same uncultivated, savage character, until it was lost amid the general sterility of that mountainy tract, wherein was the concealed residence of our lawless captain and his followers. In fact, it was so situated that even a friend might wander through scrub and moor, and over rock and hillock for a long summer's day, and yet fail to discover the object of his search, were it not for a large old ash, which towered on an adjacent eminence, to the view of the whole surrounding country.

As the night referred to had been fixed upon to finish off the chief stock for the ensuing winter, a larger number than ordinary were met to celebrate the joyful occasion. The song and story were put in alternate requisition, and at the close *of each*, the cruiskeen was sent on its maddening

circuit, until one simultaneous roar of drunken merriment drowned all the efforts of the ambitious artists. A loud rapping at the door checked it more suddenly than if the priest himself had come in; fear and doubt were the unanimous features of the whole gathering, until the ragged colleen that attended us went to the door, and on receiving some signal from without, opened it for a small, middle aged man, muscular and wiry, with a bushy beard, and hair that would defy the exertions of the most skilful frizeur in Dublin. On his back was slung a wallet, that betokened his calling, and the few rags that screened him from the winds of heaven, seemed to say but little for his profits. However, with all that easy confidence so peculiar to his caste, as well as other vagabonds, he came forward into the full glare of the blaze from the burning deal, that served us for candles, and with its lurid and awful light gave rather an unprepossessing appearance to our orgies and ourselves, and to the new-comer in particular.

"Why, then, boys," said he, looking round, "ye are putting in a night of it; couldn't ye give a body welcome?"

"Shemus! Shemus!" was echoed from all quarters; and then half a dozen sprung from their seats to grasp the rough hand he offered; while "Shemus, avick, *here*," and "no but here," and "*Shemus, agrah, with* me you know," and every

form of uncouth invitation that such poor courtesy could bestow, was lavished on the happy individual; and one of my herculean neighbours, through his eagerness for the close company of that important personage, shoved me half off the best chair, where I had been ensconced as the lion of the night, before the coming of my more fortunate rival. At last he was seated, and I began to recognise him as a fellow that used frequently call for small jobs at my house, though the little respect then and there paid him, almost made me doubt he could be the much honoured being before me. He was in reality the general agent of the disaffected in all parts of the country, and had served to extend the influence of our redoubted leader perhaps more than any other individual in existence. He now commenced a tirade upon our recent horrible performances—and cursed all informers in a manner very amusing to his listeners.

"Bedad, boys, ye have the shine of the country now to yeerselves; the Glin lads are beat down intirely; they only kilt one, but ye finished two. Oh! ye're the darlints; an' who's this we have here?" continued the ruffian, looking over towards me. "Ah, I'm mighty proud to see you in sich honest company, avick," at *length* exclaimed he, after recognizing me, and at *the same time* offering his hand with the most pro-

voking air of patronage imaginable. Not considering it very safe to insult such a popular gentleman, I accepted it with as much appearance of humility as I could command, which seemed to soothe him a little, as, patting me on the head, he went on, "a fine, likely gossoon, heaven bless him ; an' on the straight road to glory. Well, avick, an' did ye shoot ere a policeman yet?"

I was actually struck dumb with the fellow's impudence ; and the bewildered stare with which alone I answered the question, excited such loud merriment, that I had a little time to recover myself; by that time he was expressing some loud encomiums on our captain, but was interrupted by one of those most familiar with him inquiring,

"Arrah, Shemus, tell us who he was afore he turned out; for some how or other he doesn't look like one of ourselves, at all, at all."

"Give us the cruiskeen, then, an' I will," answered he, and after a long draught, that would have inspired eloquence in a bog-stick, thus proceeded :

"Why, thin, indeed, it's thrue for you, he's not like one of ourselves; an' myself seen the time when he'd be hard set afore he'd keep company with the likes of uz, until the blow came on him, and then sure he was glad enough to do it. Ye see I can't tell ye his raal name, bekase I'm sworn not; *but anyhow* his father was a great *gintleman of the ould stock* ; an' he had the ould

house, an' a bit of land about it that kept him equal, ye see, to the upstarts; an' they got angry at that, an' one of them, a black villian, took advantage of the law on him, and dhruv him out of house and land, a begger, all as one, on the world. Well, my dear, the ould gintleman an' his gossoon, him that's captain now, were thrated mighty dacint by all the honest people about the country; every body offered to keep them, but he was too spirited for that, an' used to work his day's work, though in throth 'twas a poor hand he made of it; but anyhow it satisfied his pride, an' every now and then a present 'id come to him by post of a pound or two from some one that pitied him, for no one dare offer it open; but still it fretted him greatly, to think himself, an' his poor innocent gossoon, should live an' die the way that none of their people afore them ever did; so at last he took courage, an' wrote a letter to a relation, that lived beyant in Spain, or Amerikey, or some where thereabouts, axing him to take them over, an' make a soger or something of the boy, an' he'd be contint with any thing for himself. But still, with all the hope of the good living before him, he couldn't bear the thought of spending his days away from Ireland, and never see the ould frinds and ould sights agin; so his poor heart broke *within him* afore an answer could come back, or *the boy's* fate be settled; and he had his wish

at last, for he died in his own country, and was buried with his own people. Well, boys, a mighty dacent wake and berrin' he had; an' just when 'twas over, a bit of comfort came to the orphan in the shape of a letter, from the relation, consinting to take him, and havin' the thravelling money inside—an' away he went, for he hadn't many good byes to say, or much to settle; and though he wasn't much more nor a gossoon, still he was mighty cute, an' understood well what killed his poor father; an' by raison of that, whin he was going away, he swore black vingeance on king an' country, an' more especially the ould villian that was in his father's place, an' all his kith, kin, and generation. Well, afther stayin' a few years with the relation, he become a great pet, an' there was talk of his leaving him all his goold, for he had no child of his own, until an unlucky split kem between them, by raison of his wantin' him to marry a great rich lady in them parts, and, bedad, the captain didn't like her; and more betoken, he was mindful of a promise he made one Kathleen Carroll, a little girl that was kind to him somehow or other, afore he went; so he renounced them intirely, and came home with little weight enough in his purse, but plenty on his heart; an' more the pity, for as I tould ye afore, he was the raal ould breed. To make a long story short, boys, *he married Kathleen*, an' with what little

he had, bought out an' out a little farm that was jist then to be sould, outside his own right estate, an' was getting on right well, an' had raison, as you'd think, to be happy; for the wife was handsome and genteel, an' brought him one little girl, the only one he'd ever seem to make free with. Well, my jewell, what I'm afther tellin' ye, I had mostly from hearsay; but now I'm goin' to tell ye what I saw with my own two eyes, an' a quare story it is, as ye'll say yerselves when ye hear it. One time that myself an' my father, the heavens be his bed, was rambling thereabouts doin' a little job now and thin when we could get it, we came to his house at the fall of one of the long winter nights, and settled to stay there till mornin'; we got the failta, to be sure, as every one did, but the sorra a word more, for he was mighty dark and proud, and sat in front of the fire with his little Aileen dhu on his lap; that's her that's in the mountains with him now, an' a fine, likely girl she's grown up, an' the livin' image of the mother, that was the beauty of the world intirely. But, murther boys, I was runnin' away with the story. I must tell yees, the ould rascal that put his father out was dead, and left a son behind him that was the darlint of the whole country; kept horses and hounds, and gave parties to the quality, and lived half his time in Dublin, and *was, altogether,* the raal sort of a boy. Well,

to turn back to the captain, he sat with us the way I mentioned for a good half hour, with the little crathur on his knee, playin' an' coaxin' him, but all to no use, till at last a neighbour came in, and afther 'good look to all here,' and all that, he asked where was Kathleen.

"'I don't know,' says the captain sulkily; 'but I know where she ought to be.'

"'Sure enough, you're just right,' says the other, 'she's where she oughtn't to be, for one that's come from the big house this minute, saw her come out of one of the plantations with the masther, an' she's gone in with him.'

"My jewel, he flung the child out of his arms into mine, like a clod, and leaped into the middle of the flure, eyeing the man, like a wild beast. At last says he, half choked—

"'My Kathleen in company with one of that cursed breed!—that's a lie, Martin.'

"'Sorra a lie in it,' says the other, 'an' more betoken, it's not her first time neither, though nobody liked to tell you of it.'

"When he heard that, he gave a groan, as if his heart was bursting, and ran out of the house, without hat or anything. We all followed, but 'twas no use—we couldn't come up to him at all; but we saw 'twas towards the ould place he ran. Whatever he saw or heard there, no one ever *knew from him; but,* at any rate, the sarvints

tould us afther that the coach was ordered to be ready in the dawn of the morning, to take the couple off to Dublin in all secrecy; an' I suppose he found that out too; for before you'd think he was there, he was back again, and tould us all to follow him. We knew well what was in his mind, but not a word he said until he gother a number of the boys; an' them were the boys that were afraid of nothin'. 'Deed ye're good, likely boys yeerselves; and I wouldn't like to make little of ye—ye're good, brave boys, and showed yeer pluck right well the other night; but now ye're no more to them boys—no, no more than they were to Fann M'Coul, as I'll show ye iv ye have patience. Well, as I said, he gothered the boys, and tould them what happened, in a long, grand speech, for all the world like a counsellor; and he asked wouldn't they revenge him; and they all said they would; so without more delay he led the way to the big house. One had a gun, another a bayonet on a pole, another a soord, another a stave, all had something or other but myself, for I was only a spalpeen, and besides had the child in my arms, for I didn't like to leave her behind, and no one to take care of her, though the father didn't seem to notice her at all, even when she cried with the cowld, as she did once or twice afore we got there. Well, when we came to *the big house* it was all bolted and barred, and we

made so much noise breaking in, that the chap within guessed what we were at, and ran with Kathleen, that was shoutin' and roarin', into the parlour, bekase the door of it was the strongest in the house, so that when we came to it, we found all we could do wouldn't break it in.

"'That won't do,' says the captain, laughing, 'he shan't foil us this way.'

"So he got furniture, and barred up the door with it on the outside, and sent a parcel round under the window, that was a good way from the ground; and then, after sending out the sarvints prisoners, he went into a room under the parlour, and made a bonfire of tables and chairs, and boxes, and every thing he could lay his hands on, and came out, and locked the door behind him. Well, we all knew rightly what he was at, and the blood run cowld in us, but not a word was spoke until the ceiling above began to take fire, and then we heard them opening the door, and trying to get out, but that was impossible, by raison of all the furniture against it. The captain burst out laughing, as if it was the pleasantest job he ever done in his life; and the next minute the shutters were unbarred and opened, and all without was as clear as the noon-day, for the fire was beginning to take head inside; and then he laughed louder than ever, 'till at last the unfortunate wretch ran, *with Kathleen in his arms* in a dead faint, and

stood on the window-stool, to escape the fire behind. The first that noticed them rightly was the child in my arms, and she began to cry out, 'mammy, mammy,' so that you'd pity her; and to stretch out her little hands to get to her; then every body saw them, and gave a loud shout, except the captain, for, with all his laughing, the child's call cut him to the heart, and his head sunk down on his hand, and myself thought he was going to fall. Well, as soon as the shout was over, the chap above began to beg and pray that they'd save him, and he'd give up house and land, and never throuble any one about it.

"'Yis to be sure,' says the captain, and taking a gun from one of the boys, he fired up at him quietly, and man and woman tumbled headlong back into the fire. He just looked for a moment in at the window below, and then ordered us all to march the sarvints down to the gate-house, and leave the place to the fire. Bedad the stoutest man there trembled at his voice and obeyed him; so he locked the sarvints up in the gate-house, and commanded them, on pain of death, not to attempt to stir out until mornin'. A little afther they all scattered, and nobody was with him but my father and myself, and the man that brought the bad news; so we went home with him, and there, my dear, he cried like a child for a good long hour, *and took poor* Aileen from me, and almost swal-

lowed her with kisses. He then went into his room, and made a bundle of whatever he thought valuable, and with it on his back, and the child in his arms, he went off to the mountain, where he's livin' ever since; and that's all I know more nor yeerselves about the captain."

Amid the confused and stammered applauses of his rude auditory, the story-teller proceeded to light his pipe, and whiffing it away, with his eyes thrown round his companions, in evident self-gratulation, and his caubeen placed sideways on his bewildered-looking head, he formed, for the moment, the most perfect picture of complacency and rakish pride that ever fell to my lot to laugh at. His enjoyments were, however, soon interrupted by the renewed inquiry—

"But, Shemus agrah, you didn't tell us what happened the boys afther. How did they get off, avick?"

"Why, thin," answered he, "they got off as all bould men in the world get off; for good courage always brings good look with it, as yeerselves 'll find out yit, never fear. Not one more nor six of them, besides the captain, was ever swore against, an' they managed to make off to him, where they're all safe to this blessed day, barrin' two of them that was shot, and one o' them dhrownded a year or two ago. But, saints above! *what's this?*" exclaimed he, springing

from his seat in utter dismay, followed by the whole assembly, as a ragged little boy rushed in, and by the contortions of his body and countenance, seemed to warn us of some dreadful danger, for which his tongue could not find utterance.

"Aw, aw, aw!" gasped the terrified creature, convulsed with his exertions, as the tinker rushed forward to seize him, and was checked by his sister, the servant of the house, throwing herself in his way, with—

"Oh! sure you wouldn't hurt the poor afflicted crathur, that's that way from the cradle: he stutters, Sir—he stutters. What is it, Paudh, avick? take time and tell us."

The appearance of the whole group was highly ludicrous—eagerly and vainly watching for the tidings which the boy found it utterly impossible to articulate. At last the tinker roared out—

"Sing it, you brat;" and the boy availing himself of that well known specific to his impediment, chanted forth in admirable style,

"The gauger is coming."

The effect was electric. In a moment the whole house was full of the half naked workmen; each questioning the little informant as to the number, &c. of the enemy, which, on discovering to be smaller than is usually sent out on such expeditions, they determined to face, and, if possible, *compel them* to retreat. The safety of all de-

pended on this movement, which, however, could be only managed by stratagem, as almost the only weapon of worth amongst us was my gun, on which they did not seem much to rely, and which, at any rate, could be of but little avail against our well-armed opponents. We at once proceeded out on the side the enemy approached. A rude sort of ditch lay in their advance, and in the cover of that we were all drawn up, and the necessary directions given. The moon was pretty bright, and we could see them stealthily approaching, ignorant of our discovery of their intentions; their number was so small as almost to invite more decisive operations; for a moment that counsel was entertained, but, to my ineffable satisfaction, was abandoned, and the original one adhered to, in time enough to save some of our number from the gallows, and more from the bayonet. They were already within a few yards of the ditch, utterly unsuspecting its hostile contents, when a wild yell of defiance running along our line, arrested their further progress, and was answered by a harmless volley over our heads from the whole detachment; and then they wavered, and fulfilled my wishes at least, by a speedy retreat. At length, after seeing them, as we thought, fairly out of the neighbourhood, we ventured from our concealment; and having enjoyed some hearty *laughs at the expense of* the disappointed excise-

men, were about to return, when the quick eye of the tinker caught an object moving rather suspiciously in our direction. A hasty examination followed, and then the universally expressed opinion, that the soldiers had returned to the attack, most probably with such a reinforcement as it would be in vain to contend with. Retreat was the only measure proposed, and was acceded to by all but the distiller, who opposed it with prayers and entreaties, that we shouldn't leave him to the mercy of the soldiers, after his decent treatment, and suggesting the possibility of "Mr. ——— shooting the straggler beyant, bad fortune to him!"

Had he proposed to me to blow out my own brains, I could not have been more astounded; and my too evident reluctance made him instantly change his ground.

"Oh, Shemus, agrah! take the gun you, and shoot, for the boy is timid you see."

"Me shoot!" shrieked the tinker: "what do I know about yeer guns an' things, or any but this? an' by this an' by that, I'll drive it into the coward's skull if he doesn't; so shoot this minit, or"— at the same time brandishing his hammer over my head, ready to perform his horrid resolution if I persisted in my disobedience. The full misery of *my situation* presented itself to my awakened *senses: now* for the first time the consequences of

what I had looked on as a frolic, began to assume a serious character, and the alternative of dying or murdering seemed inevitable. I looked round for assistance—there was none: all gave a tacit consent to the motion, or shunned interference. Habitually indifferent whether I lived or died, I looked up almost for mercy to the tinker, and his grim eye glared on me, full of decision, and the murderous hammer was poised, ready for the descent. I grasped the gun nervously, and presented it. Had I attempted an aim, I had most assuredly failed—such was my trepidation; but the random shot succeeded. I did not—I could not see my success, for I fell back half senseless on the ditch: but the unearthly groan that followed, and the glad shout of my comrades, told me that I had saved my life, and was now—a murderer. They all rushed simultaneously forward, to take advantage of the panic which they supposed one death would strike in the hearts of their opponents, and I was alone. I cannot exactly understand now, why the mere act of charitably sending a fellow-creature out of this dirty world, should excite such misery in any man's mind: but that may be the effect of habit; for nothing is more certain, than that in that moment of loneliness I underwent pangs which it would be madness to attempt describing. All bodily sense *left me; confused* recollections of the compara-

tive innocence and respectability of my past life, were placed in horrible contrast with the present and the future; and all these were heightened by the loud laugh of joy that echoed in my ears from my savage companions when they had reached their murdered victim. It awakened me to a deeper sense of my guilt, and the cup was full when that laugh subsided from exhaustion, and the wild cries of the tinker broke on my ear, that but too well recognised them. Gracious heaven! thought I, have I done a deed that even that wretch can mourn—this was too much: I reloaded my gun, and was about to finish my wretchedness, when the return of some of the party prevented me. The laugh was renewed, and they seemed very devils.

"You did it, Sir, you did it!" exclaimed one fellow, amid the convulsions of laughter. "You dhruv the ball through an' through him."

"Who! who?" I shrieked, recovering the power of speech with an almost herculean effort, and the laugh rose louder than ever as I was answered,

"Shemus the tinker's jack-ass."

THE FACTION FIGHT.

The still-hunting party which had alarmed us so much at the poteen-house (which, by the bye, *was utterly* destroyed on the day after,) having

called at my house for assistance in their progress, without finding me at home, suspicions as to my friend haunts were whispered rather unfavourably among the neighbouring magistrates, and I was placed under a system of espionage, which only had the effect of compelling me to use greater secrecy and caution for the future. Thus the few meetings that took place under these circumstances partook less and less of that drunken, reckless character which our former assemblies had exhibited: we met as desperadoes, whose every act was watched; and the ferocity which at first only existed in the suspicions of our rulers, began gradually to find room in our breasts, from the consciousness of our being suspected. At the time of which I write, party spirit was just as high in Ireland as ever it was, and as ever it will be: and the little town in the neighbourhood of which I lived, was the focus of, perhaps, the fiercest and most ungovernable factions that existed then in our land of ire. A large fair was shortly to be held in it; and instinct, or a busy body, whichever you like, informed each party privately, that they were to be attacked by the other, and murdered during the confusion and confidence of the occasion. This was not long reaching the local authorities, and every precaution which at the time was available, was used to prevent bloodshed; but on the morning of the fair, the quiet

appearance of the peasantry, the circumstance, so unusual, of their coming without sticks, together with the immense quantity of women who accompanied them, (the very worst sign, if they knew but all,) lulled the magistracy into such security, that the measures at first taken were laid aside for the moment, and only not utterly abandoned from their negligence or indolence. In this state affairs stood until about noon, when they underwent a change, as sudden to all parties as it was fatal to me. About that time, a man of gigantic stature and make, rushed, yelling and bloody, from one of the tents near which I was standing—his clothes, different in their colour, texture, and fashion, from those of the peasantry, as well as the general interest he excited among the towns-people, proclaimed him a mechanic of their body. It was not until some time after that I learned he was their champion, the redoubted Mosey M'Neile. He was a northern weaver, deeply imbued with northern notions, and with little, very little, of northern honesty, for he was known over the whole country as a sheep-stealer. However, his superior skill as a craftsman, in a trade to which the lower order of Protestants in that district almost to a man belonged, as well as his immense strength and high party spirit, gained for him the precedency in all matters of faction, or even of common life. No wonder, then, that the *appearance* of such a man, in such a state, was

sufficient warning of an approaching combat, to all those versed in the signs and tokens of an Irish row. It seems he was drinking in a tent with a mixed party, and having become a little heated with liquor, upbraided some one with being a rebel; to which it was at once answered, that "Anyhow, it was dacinter to be a rebel nor a sheep-stealer." This allusion to his well-known avocation not pleasing Mosey, he struck the man a blow, and in return got what is technically called a licking. Burning with rage, he hurried home for his arms, followed by his whole party—for the story had already spread through the town like wildfire, with, of course, some few additions, to whet the appetite of those inclined to peace.—Nor were the leaders of the other party so remiss in the necessary preparations as had been expected, or as appearances seemed to tell. On the preceding evening, large bundles of sticks had been deposited by trusty messengers in the areas and other secret places about town, alike for security and concealment; which, during the first moments of the disturbance, while the authorities were paralysed by their danger, the leaders took the opportunity of bringing to light, and dividing the concealed treasures among the eager expectants; while the few, who from the insufficiency of the supply were left unarmed, flew to the girls, *who, dear creatures, never* saw a good fight yet

spoiled for want of a stick or a stone, and had, accordingly, each brought with them under their cloaks, a good serviceable wattle, only for fear that Barny, or Micky, or Paddy, or any body, might want one. All stood now armed and ready for battle, to the amount of two or three hundred. To resist them, or attempt dispersing them, were mere madness; so that magistrates, constables, soldiers, and all who were not closely interested in the fray, flew from the dangerous arena to whatever house was open to them. Nor had they many choices, for at the moment of Mosey's sudden appearance, every inhabitant of the town, well aware from habit of what was coming on, closed up shops, windows, doors—in fine, almost every access to the lower part of their houses, never opening them save for the admission of some near relative or peculiar favourite, and that only during the comparative quiet that existed before the actual collision of the conflicting parties; it but too often happening, that the fight raged even to the very garret of that house which might have been incautiously left open for the overpowered fugitive to seek as a refuge. From an idea of superior security, I was the last disinterested person that quitted the street, and was just about seeking an asylum at the little inn where my horse was stabled, when my old comrades, observing me *sneak from* among them, rushed forward, and

pulled me into the very middle of the crowd, and with one universal shout of exultation, elected me their leader. My brain swam when I contemplated my dangerous eminence. I expostulated—I prayed; but the shouts made it useless—they did not understand my signs, and they could not hear my voice. Twenty or thirty offered me their sticks, each praising his own, and claiming for it the honour of my choice. The handiest wattle in the whole party was chosen for me, and placed in my unresisting hand, amid the almost deafening whoops of my partizans, and to the surprise of those who viewed the scene from the windows above us. Scarce was the election completed, when a dark mass and loud shouts at the other end of the town announced the approach of our adversaries, bristling with bayonets, pitchforks, and old swords, while not a few added to their imposing appearance by an old gun, rescued for the occasion from the dust and cobwebs in which it had lain perhaps for the last century. But the figure that moved in front arrested and claimed my whole attention. It was Mosey again—the marks of his recent discomfiture still crimsoning his upper person, and rendered more awful by the host of bad passions indicated on his brow, as well as the immense show of bone and muscle that appeared beneath his tattered shirt—for that blood-stained habiliment *and his trowsers* were the only covering that

he retained. He strode some feet in front of his party, brandishing a rusty sword, which from its length and rude magnitude, appeared as if the genius of antiquity herself had preserved it for his special use, as the best and only image of her own darling giants. The scene altogether was almost new to me; need I say, the situation was utterly so. All combined, deprived me of sense or thought; I merely recollect a wild rushing of the combatants—the yells, now of victory, now of defeat, deprived me of the little consciousness I possessed, nor did I recover it until the jostling of the crowd threw me immediately before the terrible swordsman, and almost within the sweep of his weapon, whose deep red rust was already darkened by a deeper stain. He seemed to recognise me as the leader of his hated opponents, for with a wild yell of delight he sprung forward, singling me out as his victim. He raised his broad-sword high for a blow that would need no second. The whole of his immense strength was applied to it, and the only protection I had was the light stick that until now had hung useless in my hand. I threw it up as a guard, more from instinct than the slightest confidence in its efficacy; and the sneer with which he watched the movement, told me I had nothing to expect from mercy. The blow was descending, and with a desperate spring I shunned it; but ere it was more than begun, a stone from the rere,

flung by some one enabled to take aim at his head, so high above all others, struck him on the forehead. The immense weapon came sweeping harmless down, and with its impetus swung round the listless form of the giant, and hurled him senseless at the feet of those whose main stay he was until that fatal moment. The result needs not many words to tell. Bearing the carcase in safety from our re-invigorated attacks, they fled, or rather retreated, to their own houses. The authority with which I had been so unpleasantly invested, I now exerted with success in restraining my exulting followers. The show of resistance I made to him before whom all others fled, gained me a reputation so great, that when I directed them to return peaceably to the country, the retrograde movement was universal. I was borne away in triumph; and some of the party having secured my horse from the inn-stables, and decorated him with ribbons and other finery from the deserted standings, made even him share in the honours of the occasion. Luckily for me and the ringleaders of the disturbance, that night was spent in secret conclave, and the consideration of what measures we should take to resist or evade the expected hostility of the magistrates. This circumstance, in all probability, saved half a score of us from the gallows, as, long ere morning, an armed party scoured *the whole country in* search of us, but only suc-

ceeded in catching a few, who too securely remained at home, and whom, on account of the terrible confusion, and the comparatively subordinate parts which they filled in the day's work, they failed to identify. The failure of this attempt taught us all a precaution, which we were no way slow to practice. The same retreat which we had used then, served us as a nightly abode until the results were known, while the numerous videttes we had stationed in all quarters left surprise by day time a measure which would have been as unavailing as it was unattempted. In addition to this, a constant communication was kept up between us and some friends in town who formed a watch on the motions of the opposite party. From these we learned, that the informations of our discomfited foes had been taken, and also received a list of the names sworn to as the aggressors. Mine was at the head of the list, sworn to by Mosey M'Neile as having inflicted his wound, and being the prime agitator of the whole disturbance! I must acknowledge I was but little anxious as to the result, from the consideration of the many disinterested witnesses who viewed my compulsory election, as well as the cause of Mosey's wounds being so generally known among my own party, not to mention the many frightful scars inflicted by the savage weapons they used against us, and *which at least* showed that we were but sharers in

the list of misfortunes. In fact, we only waited Mosey's recovery to proceed in a body and demand a fair investigation, as until then matters were rather doubtful from the uncertainty of his life. The almost hourly accounts we received of his health were so fluctuating, as to leave it useless to depend on any one bulletin, if I may so call them. At length, towards the end of the week they became more steadily favourable. On the evening of the eighth day he actually plied his trade for some minutes, and sat until late with the crowds who came to congratulate him on his recovery. On the following day we determined to put our measures into execution. All was ready, and we were actually on our way, when the appalling news arrived of his sudden dissolution. It was the critical ninth day—and his dying words denounced me as his murderer. Terrified as I was at this announcement, my case still seemed far from desperate. At first I relied upon the inhabitants of the town, who were nearly all witnesses of the circumstances that occurred; but I soon learned that nothing was to be expected from that quarter—they all coincided in the death words of their favourite champion; and my last resource was to turn to my companions, as if they were not already overjoyed each at his own escape, and willing to shift on my shoulders the weight of that *common danger, which* they first compelled me to

share, and then left me altogether to sustain alone. It was but too evident that my life was to pay the forfeit of my rashness, and their villainy; and if a doubt remained on my mind, it was removed, when, at the approach of a large body of military which had been sent for my capture, they fled to their homes or their hiding-places, according as each preferred to shun or brave the uncertain danger; but no one spoke to me, encouraged me, or even pointed out a mode of safety; and in less than a minute I stood abandoned even by my own. I still, however, had time to secrete myself, but where, was the question, since I feared lest, in the paroxysm of their cowardice, they should even betray my concealment. I heard the shouts of the military as they scattered to secure the cabins —they were coming nearer and nearer—and alone and unseen I at length succeeded in taking refuge in a large tract of scrub that was adjacent, in which were many hiding places unknown, except to those in its immediate vicinity. In one of these I remained secure, while the wood was surrounded and searched; and often as I have braved the same danger since, never did my feelings reach the same pitch of intensity to which they were carried in that interval. It was the depth of the night before I ventured out of my bower, if I may so call it; and having reconnoitred the whole *country* as well as the darkness permitted, I steal-

thily sought the cabin of a man who, if any, would be true to me. Hunger and thirst had deprived me of the little strength that exertion and anxiety had left me, and it was with difficulty I crawled to the door and craved admittance. When it was opened, I fainted across the threshhold. On my revival I learned that I had not been wholly abandoned, for means had been found to communicate the circumstances to the captain, who, in return, directed that on the following night I should take the opportunity of joining him in the mountains, and appointed a place where I should meet the person under whose guidance I was to take this perilous and uncertain journey. Having partaken of food and sleep, and arranged to meet my guide, I set off at the dawn of day, with some cold potatoes in my pocket, to regain my hiding-place, it being a measure of too much danger to remain abroad while such a vigilant search was persevered in. Nor did I miscalculate the danger; for I was scarce couched in my lair, when the wood was again occupied, and searched with a determination almost vindictive, kept alive by the armed yeomanry, so many of whom swarmed about my concealment, and to whom the deceased was an old and dear comrade. Scarce a bush escaped from their vigorous search, and nothing would have saved me, but the circumstance of the scrub in *which I was concealed being* seated on a mass of

loose limestone, in whose fissures it was possible for one young, active, and, moreover, reasonably fond of life, as I was, to insinuate himself. Foiled in their exertions, they next began to try the points of their weapons on every spot where a man could by any possibility fit, while others, less interested, skulked from the fruitless labour, and seated themselves wherever rest invited. The cozy little spot that I had selected could scarce escape having an inmate when this desire began to operate—nor did it. A fat serjeant of Highlanders came puffing to the place, and throwing himself on the treacherous branches that entwined so closely as to lead one to suppose them the actual soil, he tumbled through them, rustling and clattering, until he reached the bottom, where I had nestled myself among the rocks and grass, so that a man would want more senses than one to find me. Luckily for me, the sense of feeling, by far the most dangerous to me, was rendered so callous to the poor serjeant by the buffets he received in his fall, that when he alit seat-wise on my breast, the transition was too pleasing to require much investigation: and merely contenting himself with the observation, "Mon, mon, but the grass is vara soft!" he commenced picking the thorns out of those parts which his peculiarities of dress left most undefended; and now and then *commenting* on the chase, of which he had a splen-

did view through the bushes, in such a manner that even the imminent danger in which I was could scarce enable me to restrain my laughter.

"There they gang," said he: "there they gang, the doited carls, with their guns, and their spits, and their bayonets, and their swords. May they be protected from each other, for there'll be bloodshed among them, if they can't find the croppy to cool themselves on. Eh, sirs, there's corporal Campbell with his kilt in ribands, and his puir hurdies all bloody with the briars. Och, och! but the mon is a fule. Whisht, they have him! No, it's a puir crethur of a yeoman that tumbled through the brake, an' they're pullin' him out. Eh, but he's killed, I'm thinkin'. My certie, if they catch the croppy they'll make mince meat ov him. Dear, how that chiel Sawney blaws his trumpet, as if he wad never get out ov this place. Mon, mon! how will I get out mysel, without breakin' my neek, an' they'll leave me here to the mercy of the croppies!"

The question, however, was quickly solved, for some of the yeomanry still prowling about, unwilling to abandon the pursuit, heard the rustle he made in the endeavour to rise, which was at once answered by a thrust of a bayonet in pike fashion, which wounding a part rather sensitive for such usage, helped the poor Highlander to clear all obstacles with a bound, screaming, "The croppy

the croppy!" at the pitch of his lungs, and at the same instant ten or a dozen yeomen plunged right through after him, to the imminent danger of their lower habiliments.

"Saul o' me," shouted the enraged Highlander, when he perceived his assailants, and foremost among them the weapon which achieved his dishonour, reeking with his blood—"Saul o' me! ye awkward loons, whilk o' ye did that?"

Roars of laughter succeeded his question, and not without cause—there stood the poor man, swelling with rage, and pressing his hand on the wound, from which a slight stream trickled down his thighs, already bracket with the consequences of his former mishap, and stamping and mouthing in a manner certainly not the most awe inspiring. The clamour excited by the incident drew together the retiring parties; and much to my satisfaction, cold iron and hot blood began to be displayed on both sides. At length the commanders and magistrates made their appearance, and after much exertions, and many attempts to appease the wounded serjeant, the tumult was at length got under. After a day spent in fruitless search, during which every cabin and hedge for miles around were examined, the party was at length drawn off, and a fine frosty moon, which soon *after rose,* aided me to trace them on their depar*ture, until* they were utterly beyond fear of re-

turning; then cautiously gathering my ped limbs from their several hiding-places, I ed from the concealment, just in time to se e first blaze rise from my pleasant home, on wl he now spent their baffled fury. Many regrets occupied me for a few bitter moments; but at length they subsided, at the reflection of how little it mattered to me now, losen the life of an outlaw.

M'C.

THE POOKA.

"Goblins haunt from fire or fen,
Or mine, or flood, to the walks of men."—COLLINS.

Now that "the schoolmaster is abroad," there can be no question that the warm sun of education will, in the course of a very few years, dissipate those vapours of superstition, whose wild and shadowy forms have from time immemorial thrown a mysterious mantle around our mountain summits; shed a darker horror through our deepest glens; traced some legendary tale on each unchiselled column of stone that rises on our bleakest hills, and peopled the green border of the wizard stream and sainted well, with beings of a spiritual world. While, however, the friends of Ireland cannot but be pleased in thinking that our peasantry should, from being better informed, renounce their belief in these idle tales of superstition, to which they, unfortunately, have for centuries been *taught* to listen with delight, to the exclusion of *matters* more rational and more important; it is

THE POOKA.

to be hoped that the two prominent features of our antiquity as a nation, will not be altogether lost sight of—namely, our vernacular language, and those extraordinary legends, which are esteemed by many as going a great length to prove, from their remarkable analogy with the tales of the eastern world, our orie[illegible]escent. Although "the good people" still retain a most respectable footing, a peasant may now travel from Cape Clear to Cunnemara without encountering that once dreaded personage, a ghost. Even the *Pooka*, or Irish goblin, has not for the last forty years, as far as our recollection serves, been known to shake the dripping ooze from his hairy hide, to approach the haunts of men, or to practise by the conscious light of the moon, like the fairies and satyrs of heathen mythology, any of those unlucky tricks upon his mortal neighbours, for which he was at one period so much dreaded in many portions of our island.

The Pooka is described as a frisky mischievous being, having such a turn for roguish fun, as to induce him to lie all night in wait for the *carough* returning over the moor from the pleasures of the card-table, or for the frequenter of wakes. His usual appearance was that of a sturdy pony, with a shaggy hide. He generally lay couched like a cat in the pathway of the unfortunate pedestrian, *then starting between his legs*, he hoisted the un-

lucky wretch aloft on his crupper, from which no shin-breaking rushings by stone-walls, no furious driving through white-thorn hedges, or life-shaking plunges down cliff and quagmire, could unseat him. The first crowing of the March cock respited the sorrowful rider, who generally ended this dear-bought tour by a tremendous fling from the pooka's back into some deep bog-hole, or thorny brake, where ten thousand prickles reared their points to drink the blood of his bruised and broken flesh. On the other hand, he is reported to commiserate the lot of the benighted traveller; and there are some instances on record of his having gently trotted beneath the way-faring cottager for many a mile, to the neighbourhood of the well-remembered cabin on the heath.

Feah-a-Pooka, in the county of Kerry, was, as its name imports, the haunt of one of those imaginary monsters. This feah, or marsh, belonged to Tim Dorney, a snug farmer, whose ancestors for many years occupied the adjacent farm, and who, honest men, in that golden age, never found it necessary to disturb the goblin in the favourite haunt, by reclaiming his dreary abode. But when the farm which his grandfather tilled came into Tim Dorney's occupation, a taste for improvement, and the necessary expenditure of a large *and increasing* family, induced him to cross-cut *Feah-a-Pooka* by drains and ditches; and two

summers had hardly passed, when this haunt of the wild goose and the dark mischievous goblin, afforded a heavy sward of hay, and firm footing for man and beast. The pooka, thus beaten up and driven from the marsh, naturally turned his thoughts to the meditation of revenge on him who, with profane hand, rent asunder that sacred veil which the superstition of ages had woven round the dreaded spot.

Tim was a painstaking, industrious peasant, and accustomed to traverse his farm every night, to ascertain that no neighbouring cattle trespassed on his ground. One night, as he returned along the border of the marsh, he saw something shaped like a dark-coloured, long-tailed pony lie in the narrow way, directly across his path; and before he could slip aside, to shun the lurking apparition, the pooka (for it was he) suddenly started between the legs of the terrified farmer, and bore him off the ground. The goblin rushed along with the speed of the whirlwind, and Tim's first moment of reflection was employed in a fruitless attempt to fling himself to the ground; but he found that some invisible hand had bound him to the back of his supernatural enemy. It would be tedious to recount the hard rubbings against stone walls, and the wild rushings through quickset hedges, that a Dorney endured, while the rapidity of his *motion completely deprived* him of breath and ut-

terance. At last they rushed towards a tall cliff, which frowned in horrid gloom above the deep river, and intercepted, by its giant bulk, the yellow light of the moon that gilt the mountain tops, quivered in the rustling foliage of the trees, and, brightening in its advance, burnished the trembling waters with liquid fire. The pooka pushed with unabated speed to the edge of the rock—then suddenly stopped, as if to add to the death-pang of his agonised victim, by a previous view of the fearful height and the dark waves that curled among the pointed rocks below. Tim Dorney now concluding that all of this life would be ended for him in the next plunge, yelled a shriek of unutterable dismay. The tall cliff returned the piercing sound, which, with the scream of the startled wild-fowl, and the demon voice of the pooka, that combined the mockery of human laughter with a wild, indescribable howl, blended in horrid unison along the lonely glen. Whether the pooka was satisfied with thus inflicting the pangs of a frightful death by anticipation, or that he possessed no power over human life, does not appear; but in the next moment he started from the fearful cliff, and returning through the deep ravines and tangled underwood, to a furze brake that skirted the border of a standing pool, plunged his unfortunate rider among the sharp bushes. Happy in his deliverance, he heard the troubled waters of

the dark pool resound to the plunge of the returning pooka,—beheld his uncouth figure glance darkly along the moor, till the lessening form grew dimly faint in the moonshine—and the hurried splashing of his rapid hoof broke the silence of the night no more. Tim, as may naturally be supposed, made the best of his way to the cottage; and being of true Milesian origin, determined on having his revenge upon his fiendish enemy.

It was a fine night in the month of August, when Tim Dorney, having sufficiently recruited himself after his adventure of wild horsemanship, walked forth, like him "that hath his quarrel just," doubly armed. His heels were furnished with a pair of long-necked spurs, that bore rowels contrived at the next forge, which could goad a rhinoceros to death. His hand wielded a loaden whip, so called from the handle being set with lead, and in the grasp of a strong man was capable of felling an ox. "He whistled as he went," not "for want of thought," for his mind was brooding over a plan of revenge against the pooka, who, according to his usual habit, started between the farmer's legs, and bore him off. Tim, nothing loth at the abduction, just when the pooka was commencing his antics, twisted the lash of the whip round his hand, and levelled such blows about the goblin's ears as would have crushed any skull made of mortal, penetrable stuff, while the sharp-rowelled spurs gave

ample revenge for the pointed insults of the preceding night. "Dire were the tossings, deep the groans," of the pooka during this unmerciful ride; but Tim Dorney clung to him like a monkey, until the pooka lay down, outmastered by his mortal antagonist. Next night, Tim walked abroad in quest of his acquaintance. He whistled his favourite air of "Tham-a-hulla," to lull the suspicions of the latter, who held aloof, quite on his guard, eyeing the other from his lurking-place, and breaking his usual taciturnity by asking, in an uncouth voice, the well-remembered question, "*A will na gerane urth?*"*

Some years had now rolled their seasons round, and the pooka seemed to have entirely forgotten his antagonist, and his ancient dwelling of the marsh, when Tim Dorney had occasion to visit a gossip's sister's cousin's brother-in-law, who had lately come home after an absence of twenty-five years on board a man-of-war. The credit side of the account-sheet of this seaman's life was fraught with a copious list of wonders—"all his travels' history"—and a pension of nine-pence a day. On the debtor side stood the loss of the right arm, the closing of his starboard eye, and sundry minor details, received in the duty of boarding and cutting out, with occasional tavern scuffles. Tim

* Have you the sharp things on?

was highly delighted with the "tough f his old acquaintance—heard with "ga derment" the recital of a battle with a venty-four off the island of *Elbow* (Elb where the relater lost his precious *arm*; an hunter with a Salee rover, which they sent down to *Old Davy*; and a dreadful storm near the island of *Moll Tow* (Malta); of voyages along the coast of *Tunis*, where the people were all *musicianers*; by *Tripoli*, famous for its *wrestlers*; and a journey through the desert of *Barka*, where the inhabitants, men and women, have *dogs' heads!* The ale of a neighbouring *shebeen* greatly improved the sailor's turn for narration; and though the rain poured in torrents through the grass-grown roof of the cabin, yet

"The night flew on with songs an' clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better."

But Tim being retained that night to form one of a party that had engaged to play at cards for two hundred of herrings, and as he was a famous *carough*, he could not disappoint his friends, who mainly depended on Tim's address to carry off the wager. The rain had now ceased, and after grasping the sailor's hand, and requesting his company on a given night at Feah-a-Pooka, he departed. The moon, yet obscured by heavy clouds, cast a sad and sickly *gleam along* his path, which, wind-

ing round a precipitous descent, led into the bosom of a deep glen, where the turbid mountain torrents had swelled into muddy waves the clear and beautiful brook, that erewhile had bubbled with soothing murmurs along the yellow pebbles. There was no sound on the hill, save the plaintive howl of the watch-dog, baying the broad round moon. The night wind slightly shook the thin foliage of the decaying wood that surmounted the steep sides of the glen, and the hoarse, hollow sound of the roaring river, that would seem to a fanciful ear the boding voice of the water-fairy, echoed along the distant banks. Though Tim Dorney's education had taught him to people the loneliest scenes with beings of another life, yet he passed unappalled to the brink of the torrent, and sighed to behold that the force of the stream left him little chance of crossing over with safety. While he loitered along the bank, he was agreeably surprised to behold in a little cove, which led into a ford, a small horse, resembling a Kerry pony. He was tied by a halter, had a *pilleen susa*, or straw saddle, on his back, and into one of the foldings of the straw saddle was stuck a *white-thorn* plant.*

* The whitethorn is said to be an unlucky tree, and the peasantry are particularly careful that none of it forms any part of the roof or doorways of their houses, as such habitations would be liable to fairy visits.

Tim, grateful for this favourable opportu of moving homeward, had already his leg ra d to mount, when the titter of suppressed laught behind a crag, shook his heart with terror, and excited his suspicion of the pony. He had not meddled with the whitethorn stick, for he rarely went abroad, by day or night, unprovided with a choice hazel sapling.* This miraculous plant, against which nothing evil can contend, well served this time of need; for retiring a little, Tim Dorney bestowed so hearty a salute on the guileful pooka, (for it was he,) that the laughter sounds were changed into a wild howl, and as the pooka disappeared along the troubled stream, the dashing waters deluged the sounding banks.

But a time arrived when the persevering goblin wreaked cruel revenge on his hitherto fortunate adversary. It was approaching the 25th of March, when the farmers usually pay the rent; and Tim, who was extremely punctual in the payment of the half-year's gale, prepared to send a quantity of the last season's butter to Cork for that purpose. Wheel carriages were then totally unknown in that part of the country—" the sliding car, in-

* Tradition says, that the staff with which St. Patrick banished serpents and evil spirits from Ireland, was hazel—that the touch of hazel is instant death to venemous reptiles—and that unholy spirits fly at its approach.

debted to no wheels," glided in the vicinity of the farms, while burdens were conveyed to more remote places on the backs of horses. Five or six neighbours at this time were setting off to transmit the produce of the dairy to Cork, and Tim, with four stunted nags that usually ran wild and free on the mountains, fell into their company. Each little horse was generally laden with two *fullbounds* of butter; but one or two, whose owners were unable to furnish the even number of firkins, carried a large stone placed on the opposite side to balance the single one. After journeying all night, on the next morning an accident happened to Tim Dorney in his way through Mill-street, that seemed the type and forerunner of the evening's misfortune. As the *Kerry dragoons* marched in long procession through the single street that composes this little town, the drummer of a company of soldiers stationed in the barrack, "beat the doubling drum," with such "furious heat" as set all the ponies prancing beneath their riders and butter firkins. It happened that the nag on which Tim rode, by an unfortunate curvette on the slippery pavement, had his heels tripped up, and he fell under the load that lumbered on his back. The rider, whose Milesian irascibility was not much allayed at having the accident perpetrated by a *red coat*, drew his trusty *hazel* from its resting-place *between the* firkins, and by its instantaneous ap-

plication to the drummer's head forced him to bite the dust. Though the drummer, for certain *striking* reasons, was no favourite with his comrades, yet a sentinel, who witnessed this insult to the *cloth*, levelled Tim with the butt-end of his piece. The alarm being given, the soldiers rushed thick and fast to assault the *Kerry dragoons*, and as quickly rushed the town-folk to their support. The reader's imagination must supply what I would fail in delineating: it will suffice to tell, that after some broken heads and bayonet thrusts on both sides, the red-coats retreated to their strong-hold, and the triumphant Kerryonians were escorted by their faithful allies to the summit of Mushra mountain.

In the evening, the caravan came within view of Blarney Castle, while the last rays of the declining sun tinged its ivied turrets with golden hue. As the night breeze blew keen and fierce, our travellers halted at a small public-house on the road, to repel its chilling influence by a glass of spirits. Their delay was hardly for a minute, and they hastened to overtake the horses that moved at a slow pace before them; but suddenly some strange disorder began to prevail among the animals: some fled terrified along the road—others ran across the open common that extended to the right—and Tim Dorney's train, particularly, were observed to reach a *fearful and perpendicular* descent, from whose

edge the road lay about twenty yards. Their terrified owner uttered a shriek of dread and despair, when he beheld the misshapen, hairy pooka urge his cattle to the steep cliff. It was only the work of a moment—they rushed as if by an irresistible impulse to the fatal brink, and, tumbling headlong, one instant beheld their shattered, lifeless carcases strew the bottom of the stream-worn ravine; the pointed rocks below staved the butter-casks to pieces, and their contents were wholly lost. This was but the commencement of a train of misfortune to Tim Dorney. He was finally ejected from his snug well-improved farm. Feah-a-Pooka, that had been in the occupation of his family for a hundred and fifty years before, passed into the hands of strangers; and the descendants of Tim Dorney are homeless wanderers on the earth; and such is the account which at this day is given by the remaining members of the family, of the commencement of their misfortunes.

E. W.

*** Crofton Croker in his Fairy Legends, gives the following supposed derivation of the term Pooka:

"The *Pouke* or *Phooka*, as the word is pronounced, means, in plain terms, the Evil One. 'Playing the puck,' a common Anglo-Irish phrase, is equivalent to 'playing the devil.' Much learning has been displayed in tracing this word through various languages, vide Quarterly Review [vol. *xxii.*] &c. The commentators on Shakspeare derive the

beautiful and frolicksome Puck of the Midsummer Night's Dream from the mischievous Pouke.—Vide Drayton's Nymphidia.

" The Irish Phooka, in its nature, perfectly resembles the *Mahr;* and we have only to observe, that there is a particular German tradition of a spirit, which sits among reeds and alder bushes ; and which, like the Phooka, leaps upon the back of those who pass by in the night, and does not leave them till they faint and fall to the earth.

" The Brothers Grimm."

The foregoing legend appears to be completely in character with the annexed illustration of the Pooka, in " The Fairy Legends."

MEELAN; A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

——————— "Enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear."—MILTON.

'Tis night, and the moon, from her star-clad height,
Flings her mantle of silver hue
O'er Clonfert's green graves; and all sparkling bright,
Daloo, in her gleam, beams a sheet of light,
Where murmur its waters blue.

How gloom from afar, o'er the soothing scene,
The tall cliff and wavy wood;
And mournful and grey are the rude rocks seen,
As heaves the green turf in huge mounds between,
Where Castle M'Auly stood.*

Here frown'd the dark turrets in lordly pride,
Here smil'd the gay chieftain's hall;

* The castle of M'Auliff, the Chief of Clanawly, stood over the Daloo, on the left hand side of the road to Blackwater-*bridge.* The foundations are now scarcely visible.

The clansmen here marshall'd in order wi
When war-fires high blazed on the mounta de,
For battle at glory's call.

Here ne'er shall the string of the clarseach wake;
The songs of the hall are o'er;
No more shall the voice of the victor break,
When home, o'er the mountain, their wild way take,
The kern* and crahadore.†

The clansmen, who battled with Saxon foes,
The chief of the lordly dome;
The bard, at whose call the stout clansmen rose,
In death, undistinguished, all calm repose—
They are gone to their silent home!

Lo! yonder, where moss-grown the grave-stones lie,
M'Auliff sad, sought the tomb;
He fell not in battle by victor high,
Heart-broken he yielded his latest sigh
For Meelan, his daughter's doom!

Daloo, while thou glidest thy groves between,
Shall the maids of thy sun-lit glade
Twine terror-fraught tales of the nuptial scene
With the olden lays, echoed through woodland green,
For Meelan, the gold-haired maid.

* *Kern, an Irish foot soldier.* † Crahadore, the taker of spoils.

And mild as the lambkin, that crops the lea,
  And pensive as cowslips pale,
She oft sought the valley alone—for she
Was woo'd by a chieftain of high degree
  In yonder dark lonely dale.

O'Herly was gallant, and brave, and gay;
  And chronicles ancient tell,
That Malachy bid his fair daughter say,
Who'd kiss her pure cheek on the nuptial day—
  Her choice on O'Herly fell.

Fond pair! you have woven in fancy's loom
  Sweet garlands of pleasure gay;
Dark destiny withers your garland's bloom,
Yet could beauty, could merit, revoke the doom,
  Not yours were this plaintive lay.

The glad nuptial morn arrives; and, lo!
  The high notes of joy resound:
The guests are in waiting, a glorious show—
The bards' raptur'd voices all sweetly flow,
  To join the wild harp's soft sound.

As blooms the young rose in the sun-beam clear,
  With bright pearly dew besprent;
So fair Meelan shone, through the smile and tear,
When the young chieftain soothed each maiden fear,
  As they to the altar went.

How glorious the pomp of the lordly train,
That leads the young pair along;
What silver-shod coursers proud paw'd the plain—
Clonfert never saw, in her sacred fane,
So gallant, so fair a throng.

To view the gay pageant the deep crowds press'd,
Warm hearts in hot wars' turmoil;
Whose lips, warmly praying, the bright pair bless'd,
As they went where the priests were in surplices dress'd,
To the altar, along the aisle.

The hollow wind whistled the tombs among,
The owl, from her ivy tower,
Her harsh nightly notes on the day-light rung,
When young Meelan whispered, with faltering tongue,
Consent to the nuptial power.

The marriage ring wax'd as the moonbeam pale,
And deep was her dark heart's fall,
As the loud tempest gather'd adown the dale,
And the bride and the bridegroom sad sought the vale,
That led to M'Auliff's hall.

The hollow wind's whistle—the owlet's cry—
The marriage-ring's paly glow;
The gloom of the moment—the unconscious sigh—
The lowering dark cloud of the boding sky
Proclaim a sad tale of woe!

The sun hath gone down o'er the mountain's steep,
And tinges its glades with gold;
The voice of the banquet is loud and deep—
The last and the latest that hall shall keep—
Clanawly shall e'er behold!

Poor bride! and the handmaids thy chamber spread,
And strew'd the gay fragrant flower;
Thou wilt press with thy lover no nuptial bed—
Borne off by enchantment so drear and dread,
From bridegroom and bridal bower!

The revelry rose on the night's dull ear,
The vaulted hall loudly rung,
When Meelan discovered, in wildest fear,
A stranger was seated beside her near,
As "Twelve" the strict warder sung.

His flowing locks mock'd the dark raven's plume;
His carriage, commanding high,
Bespoke the proud chieftain; but silent gloom
O'erspread every bosom around the room,
Though none knew the reason why.

His bright eye keen flashed with unearthly fire,
No mortal might meet its glow;
The guests of the banquet with cold hearts retire,
The bards' fingers ceas'd o'er the trembling wire—
His presence such fears bestow.

Ye guests of the banquet surcease your dread,
Right courteous the stranger till;
He fills o'er the table the wine bowl red;
He pledges the bride with low bending head—
The bridegroom and chieftains all.

He leads the young bride in the circling dance,
Most regal his robes were seen;
The banquet-guests viewed him with eyes askance—
The bride, O! she trembled beneath his glance—
Though graceful and gay his mien.

How quick gleam her steps on the marble floor,
And gentle her light foot's sound
In the hall which her white foot oft trod before,
As she led her gay handmaids that marble o'er
To move in the mazy round.

'Tis done—When the murmurs applausive ceased,
The chief led the blooming bride
Where Malachy, 'mid the high chieftains placed,
Presided supreme o'er the nuptial feast,
Then sat by the maiden's side.

"Thy light step, fair bride," the dark stranger said,
"But echoed the music's sound:
With fair, blooming beauties the dance I've led—
Their charms would have vanished, their light step fled,
Wert thou in the mazy round.

" I love a young maid—and her grace is thine,
And thine are her tresses long ;
And thine is her dark eye of light divine—
And, O ! if thou listen to strains of mine,
I'll sing to my fair a song."

She bowed—and he rais'd some enchanted tone,
Ne'er warbled by mortal tongue ;
If golden-harp'd seraphs to earth had flown,
The voice of the stranger would seem their own—
And these were the strains he sung :

THE SONG OF THE SPIRIT.

" Thou knowest where yon mountain uprears its huge head,
Where the hoarse torrent roars down its rude, rocky bed ;
There stands my bright palace—high dwelling of air—
And the bride of my bosom shall smile on me there !

" Where the hues of the rainbow, all glorious, unite,
Festooning the hall in gay vapours of light,
Whose diamond-starred pavement now sparkles in sheen,
Far brighter than gems the deep grottos of Lene.*

* Loch Lene, or the Lake of Killarney, remarkable, among its other natural curiosities, for diamonds. Tradition tells, that a carbuncle of immense value lies in the bosom of the *lake, guarded by* enchanted spells.

" The soft bridal bed my beloved shall share,
I've pluck'd from the pinions of spirits of air ;
And the fairies of ocean, by strong spell beguil'd,
Shall soothe her to slumber with melody wild.

" I know where the waters of loveliness flow,
Whose pure draught can beauty immortal bestow ;
And the rose of her cheek, and the snow of her brow,
Shall live through wreck'd ages, as peerless as now!

" My chariot the wild winds—my pathway the sky—
O'er wide earth and ocean unfettered I fly :
And my bright bird of beauty can wing her quick way
On the zephyr's soft pinion, as light fancy may!

" I know where the diamonds of brightness have birth,
In the caves of old ocean and dark womb of earth ;
I'll choose for my fairest the rarest of all,
To deck as she pleases the crystal-built hall.

" 'Tis the night of my bridal—I've pass'd it with you :
The morning-star blazes—ye chieftains, adieu!
When yearly this dark night of wonder shall be,
Remember the bridal—and think, think of me!

" High lord of the castle—dark chief of the Wold! *
Thy banquet of feasting I leave—but behold!

* *The father of Meelan,* and last lord of Clanawley, was

I'll snatch to my bosom the maid of my vow—
M'Auliff's bright daughter, that maiden art thou!

"'Tis vain, O rash bridegroom! nor tempt my high power,
I've deck'd for thy Meelan the gay nuptial bower!
My train are in waiting—impatient I fly—
My chariot the wild winds—my pathway the sky."

Then rose through the castle the wild guests' fright,
As his strong arm he twin'd her round,
And wing'd through the wide-yawning roof his flight:
But ne'er was the bride, since that fear-fraught night,
Or the mysterious stranger, found.

To yonder rude cliff, called from Meelan's name,*
Through many an olden day—
Where rises the hall of enchanted fame,
Invisible, save to the wizard's beam—
The mountain-sprite bore his prey.

remarkable for his austere dark temper. His territory was a mountainous tract, and are yet called "The Dark Mountains of M'Auliff."

* Meelan's Rock is a natural excavation in a huge steep *that crowns the* right bank of the Daloo, over against the *ruined church of* Clonfert.

At night when the cottagers calm repose,
And silent the grove and green,
Fair Meelan is oft, at that dark hour's close,
While swells the sad tale of her fate and woes,
Near her rock of enchantment seen!

THE DREAMERS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

It was on a fine harvest morning, when nature, decorated in her rich robe of matured beauty, wears the smiling appearance of pleasure and plenty, that old Nona na bocough (Nona the Cripple) sat on the little bench outside of her cabin door. She was up, and stirring earlier than usual on this particular morning, and she gazed round her inquiringly, as the rising sun darted his yet nearly horizontal beams over the landscape full against the walls of her cottage, which was situated in a little woody dingle by the side of a large rath; and at a little distance before her door ran a sweet clear babbling brook. Nona lived alone—a solitary being—no person knew who she was, for she came a stranger to the country, and she had the wisdom to keep her own secret. She knew no one out of the village; and few except her near neighbours ever paid her a visit—but by them she was loved and respected. Still she seemed a person who had *at one time* mixed with what might be comparatively termed genteel society; she had much ex-

perience and worldly wisdom, and made herself as useful to the simple people about her, by her advice and instructions, as by her skill in fashioning their different articles of dress. She was shrewd, yet superstitious withal, and a great observer of signs and prognostics. She visited the sick, and prescribed simple remedies, chiefly composed of herbs, with the nature of some of which she seemed to be perfectly acquainted; and the rustics had more faith and confidence in her medicines than in the prescription of the most celebrated physician. She looked sharply about her as she sat at her cabin door this beautiful morning. "Well," she said, thinking aloud, "it's not for nothing that the rap came to my door so early, before the birds were awake on the boughs—and it's not a good sign to see a black beast or bird the first in the morning—and I did not like that raven I saw flying about Ulick Maguire's house when I looked out—besides, I have been dreaming that one of my teeth fell out last night; umph! I'll lose a friend—I'll lose a friend, that's certain; however, the will of God be done; he knows what is best for us, what we can't know ourselves; and that he'll give us, glory be to his high and holy name. But as I live, here's Kathleen coming in haste—I hope there is no harm."

The person she spoke of was a young girl about *fourteen or fifteen* years of age who, with flying

hair, flushed countenance, kilted petticoat, and bare legs, came running to her.

"Well, Kathleen, do you want me, or what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, Nona, the misthress wants you above the world; she says you must come over immediately; she has something to say to you."

"Is she sick, Kathleen?—is Ulick sick?—or has any thing happened good or bad?"

"Why they are all well, thank you kindly, Nona—but the misthress is some way uneasy in her mind and wants to see you about it."

"Well tell her, Kathleen, that I'll be over after you the very minit I put on my clean cap and kerchief. I'll make no delay."

"Well, good morning Nona."

"Good morning, Kathleen, and God bless you child; and mark you to his holy grace and amen."

Away ran Kathleen with the speed of a frightened doe, and old Nona pursued her soliloquy. "Well" as I said before, "the Lord bless us and keep us, I am afraid there is something bad over some one in the neighbourhood—Heaven preserve Ulick Maguire and his family at any rate, for they are good."

Ulick Maguire was a farmer in Nona's neighbourhood, who married about six months previous an interesting girl to whom he had been long attached, and by whom he was tenderly beloved.

He was in very happy circumstances, and generally esteemed by those around him as an obliging neighbour, and a good, sensible, well conducted young man. Mary, his handsome wife, was sitting in a melancholy posture, with her head leaning on her palm, by the fire side, when old Nona made her appearance at the cottage door.

"God bless and save this house and all that's in it, and all that's out of it belonging to it; may neither sickness, sorrow, trouble, or unquietness ever enter under the roof," said Nona, devoutly crossing herself as she entered.

"You're welcome, Nona," said Mary, "sit down here and rest yourself."

"Well child," said Nona, taking a seat opposite the young woman, and looking earnestly and anxiously into her face; "what is it that troubles your mind?—You don't look to-day like the smiling girl I saw here on Sunday last—but tell me, what is it that troubles you?"

"Oh! Nona, I had such a horrid dream last night that I think still that it is half real, it terrified me so; my heart is beating fearfully yet."

"Dreams, my child," said the sagacious old woman, "often come from God; but there are many which we do wrong in attending to; indeed almost every one, so don't let this trouble you."

"But Nona, this was such a one as I never *dreamed before in my* whole life; it makes me

shudder even now; but I will tell you Nona, and you are a wise woman, so judge for yourself. I thought I was on the road by *Shemus dhu more* O'Flanagan's, (big black James) who you know was coorting me a long time, and was so very mad when I married Ulick that he vowed he'd have revenge; and though the priest told him the sin of it, and the badness of what he said, still he is a dark *budhough* (churl) and won't forget: well I thought I was there, and that I had a beautiful hound along with me that I was very fond of, and that a great raven dashed at him and killed him in an instant; and that he then tore out his bowels and flew away with his heart. I then thought I was running home when I met a funeral, and all the people sprinkled with blood; and a stream of blood flowed from the coffin down to the ground. I thought they stopt me and laid the coffin at my feet, that they opened the lid and showed me Ulick all murdered, and his heart tore out. I was so frightened that I awoke, and I can't content me to do even my business about the house."

"The Lord preserve all we wish well," said Nona, "and keep them out of the hands of their enemies and —" here she was interrupted by Paudien, a poor harmless idiot, Ulick's first cousin, whose parents were dead; he lived with Ulick and was attached to him with that degree of fondness *which a dog* bears his master. Paudien thrust his

face in at the door, with that unmeaning grin which betrays the imbecile being who is deprived of reason.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he mirthfully exclaimed.

"Riddle me, riddle me right,
Tell me what I dhreamt last night?
All the birds in the air, all the fish in the say,
Could'nt tell me what's that dhream to-day."

"Oh, Paudien go away," said Mary, "your breakfast is not ready yet avick, go away like a good boy."

"Let him alone," said Nona, "till we hear what he says about *his* dream."

"Did you dream too?" he asked as he advanced cautiously inside the door; then recognising Nona, "the queen ov the fairies scatther a shower of blessings on you."

"There was an ould woman that lived alone,
Alone, alone,
She'd a cat, three ducks and a hen, all her own,
Her own, her own."

"But I'll vinture to gether a bag ov misheroons (mushrooms) as big as the horn of Knockaree for any ov you's that 'ill guess my dhream."

"Come Paudien," said Nona soothingly, "come like a good boy and tell me your dhream? to *me* Paudien."

"Ha! ha! ha! pusheen cat,
God bless your sowl and gi' me that."

" Well then I'll tell you—listen to it all; listen I say!"

" His beak was dropping with warm gore,
The bowels from out the good hound he tore;
With his raven wing he flapped his prey,
Then he croaked and flew with the heart away."

" Then again, (are you's listenin' ?")

" Then there came a coffin and pall,
With a crowd, and bearers, and keeners, and all,
And blood was sprinkled on all around,
And streamed from the coffin along the ground."

" Oh, Nona dear," said Mary, convulsively seizing the old woman's hand, " my very dream! as I live and breathe there is something in such dreaming; you look sad too, Nona, what do you think ?"

" Make yourself easy," said Nona, " he might have been listening to you telling me about it. The dream itself is certainly an ugly one I acknowledge, but then God is good and merciful, and always protects those who look up to him for his direction, so don't fret child; but put your trust in him that never deceives, and pray to him to turn away any evil that may hang over you." Thus Nona sought to calm the agitation of the trembling girl, catching even at the shadow of a probability, to hide the fears that rose in her bosom, and the evident alarm created by *the* coincidence of Mary's fearful dream with that

of the innocent Paudien. Still Mary was uneasy; thoughts that she could not control forced themselves on her:

"A secret grief was at her heart."

Secret even to herself.

Ulick came in to his breakfast, and observed Mary silent and sad, though she was evidently forcing herself to taste the victuals; but he soon perceived the efforts she was making to appear even easy.

"Mary dear," he tenderly enquired, "what is it that makes you so downcast this morning? has there any thing occurred to fret you? you don't look so pleasant as you used to do; why don't you take your breakfast, Mary dear?"

"I can't, Ulick, I can't eat; my heart is full and my mind's uneasy; I can't eat any thing this morning."

"Well, tell me, Mary, what troubles you, you know I can't bear to see you so; and Mary if you love me," (here his tone assumed a something of earnestness,) and Mary looked up in his face anxiously and reprovingly, yet tenderly, "and I know you do," he added mildly, "tell me what it is that has made your heart full?"

"Oh! Ulick," she sighed, "I am very foolish I believe, and I should'nt give way to half the fancies that come into my weak head; but you have *sense, Ulick, and won't* mind what a poor giddy

girl like me thinks; but don't laugh at me; tell me I am wrong, but don't laugh at me when my heart is sorrowful."

"No, Mary dear," tenderly replied the now alarmed husband, "I won't laugh at you; but for heaven's sake don't keep me in this state any longer; if it is any thing bad tell me at once; I am thinking of fifty things; what is it that makes you miserable, and makes me miserable looking at you?"

"Oh! Ulick, I was dreaming about you last night a terrible bad dream, and I was so frightened that I sent for Nona na bocough this morning, and she says ——"

"Psha! and is that all," interrupted Ulick, "and are'nt you or ought'nt you be ashamed to give way to such fooling, and to alarm and frighten people from their breakfast with such childish nonsense, that even the omedhaun Paudh would'nt think of such things."

Here Paudien thrust in his whimsical physiognomy, and sung in his wild strains—

"His beak was dropping with warm gore,
The bowels from out the good hound he tore;
With raven wing he flapped his prey,
Then he croaked and flew with the heart away."

"Ha! ha! ha! who'd think the ugly prehaun (raven or crow) could kill such a purty dog all

out! but where was Shemus dhu more and his gun?—fire! ha! ha! ha!

"Then there came a coffin and pall,
With a crowd, and bearers, and keeners, and all;
And blood was sprinkled on all around,
And it streamed from the coffin along the ground."

"There now, listen to that—see if poor Paudien hasn't been dreaming the very thing that I dreamed: O, Ulick! there is something in this—there is a heavy cloud hanging over me that I can't account for, I am so much afraid"—

"Well, well, sure no one ever heard the like!—a woman and a fool! Get out of that you rhyming omedhaun, and if I catch you out of the corn field this day I'll lay the black thorn on your lazy back."

"Oh! Ulick, don't speak cross to him, the creature—the hand of God is heavy on him, and he's so quiet and harmless that no one could have the heart to hurt him."

"Well, for pity's sake, Mary, let me have no more of this; I'm going to the fair, so make yourself easy till I come back,—you know I'll be home early."

The fair was held in a little town, about two miles from the house of Ulick Maguire; his business was but of a trifling nature, and he expected to be soon home; but the meeting with one friend or another delayed him, and the night was falling

fast and darkly, when Ulick turned to retrace his way to his own comfortable fire-side—but he never reached it alive:—yes, it is useless to conceal the thing for the sake of effect, Ulick was murdered that very night.

Poor Mary was anxiously expecting him the whole evening—night fell, and she could not conceal her fears:—hour after hour passed, still no sign of Ulick, and she became more and more alarmed; she proceeded to the town with one of the servant boys and the girl Kathleen; they inquired at every place where it was likely he might have called during the day, but they only heard that he was seen leaving the town in the evening by himself. They came home again—the night passed—a sleepless night with Mary—the morning dawned, no sign of Ulick; all was wonder and alarm. But what can paint their astonishment and horror? what words that I could use can convey an adequate idea of the scene, when poor Paudien leapt from his bed, and exclaimed, with all the energy he was capable of using—

"Ulick is kilt!—Shemus dhu More kilt him, and buried him under the new ditch at the back of the garden: I dhreamt it all last night, every word of it. Now the ugly prehaun done his duty."

The neighbours crowded in; some went to a *magistrate*, and informed him of the mysterious *affair*; he came to the house, and heard the story

from the distracted Mary. The new ditch at the back of O'Flanagan's garden was quickly levelled, and, beneath a certain part, the body of Ulick Maguire was discovered, with the skull nearly severed in two: search was made, but in vain, for O'Flanagan had absconded.

The murderer is destined never to enjoy peace; waking or sleeping, his conscience acts the conjuror to his terrified imagination, bringing up in dreadful array the varied scenes of horror and crime in which he has been engaged. So it was with James O'Flanagan, who, after making his escape, pursued his way to Dublin, where he enlisted in the —— regiment of foot, then on the point of embarking for England. But he was a man different in manners and appearance from his light-hearted, frank, gay, and careless comrades, with whom he mixed but little; he never joined in their drinking bouts—shared in their noisy revel, or took part in their gleesome mirth. Reserved and dark, he appeared apart from the rest coiled up in himself—a shadow seemed to rest on him. He seldom smiled, and when he did, it was the heartless corrugation of bitterness, without the slightest brightening of pleasure. His nights were disturbed and restless; his sleep broken and unrefreshing, often starting with a wild terrific scream *from his horrifying* dreams. His moody manner *was at first* remarked by his comrades as strange,

they thought his melancholy occasioned by sorrow for leaving those who were dear to his heart, and would wear away. But when some months had passed, and when instead of being in some degree reconciled to his new life, or making free with the companions of his barrack-room by day, and his guard-watch by night, he became more apathetic and morose, they shunned him as a man who had some hidden crime weighing on his mind, though what that might be, they of course could not tell.

One night he was on guard with some twenty Grenadiers, (the company to which he belonged;) those who were not actually at their post, were assembled round a blazing fire, telling old stories of their young home-days, or chatting of their old adventures by "flood and field." O'Flanagan did not join the group; he lay extended in silence and alone on the guard bed.

"Come, Dick Anderson, give us a song, we'll all go noddin', like Jem Flanagan there, if you don't sing us something to rouse us," said one of the men, to a young hale Englishman with a fair brow, who sat enjoying the fumes of his pipe, with all the gusto of an epicure.

"Then by gom, you shall wait Jack, till I ha' gotten this yere smoke to an end; I have no notion *as how* a man can sing and smoke a pipe at one *time.*"

"Whistle, and chaw male," said a deep sonorous Irish brogue-tipped voice in the corner.

"Why, that's true, Dick," said the man who first made the request, "take your whiff—pull away my hearty," and Dick enjoyed his pipe some minutes longer.

"I say, comrades," said another, "did you hear the news?"

"No," said one; "what?" said another; "why," said the first, "I hear there's a man to be flogged to-morrow—three hundred on the bare back."

"Who is he?" asked one; "what did he do?" inquired another.

"Why, he kept a pipe in his mouth till he smoked it down to the very bottom," answered the first, such being contrary to the general rules and regulations, the standing orders, and mutiny act, and conduct unbecoming a soldier and a man."

Dick quietly resigned his pipe to this indirect claimant.

"Come now, Dick, let us have a verse my son, your own favourite."

"Why, now," said Dick, "I think I feel as though I should loike to have a drink of water."

"Come, fetch Dick the bucket," and with a draught long and deep he slaked his thirst.

"Now," said Dick, "the very best day of my life I should prefer a good pull of yale to that there pure *sort of* stuff."

" Ay, ay, Dick, we don't doubt you, but let us have the song;" and Dick, after a few hems to clear his pipes, with a full harmonious voice trolled forth this merry ditty.

SOLDIER'S SONG.

" Come my love—O come with me,
And Oh! how happy we shall be:
O'er the mountain—o'er the sea,
We'll rove along so merrily.
Woe shall never come us nigh,
Sorrow always pass us by;
Leaving, reckless as the wind,
Care a long day's march behind.

Hark, the bugles blithely play,
Come, with thy soldier, come away;
To let me go alone 's a sin,
Life's campaign let both begin;
Thine eye shall be my banner star,
My hope, my fortune in the war;
My pride, my glory, all shall be,
A look, a smile, a kiss from thee.

Hark, the sprightly fife and drum
Call thee away; come then, love, come.
Tho' the battle plain may be our bed,
My cloak the curtain round us spread—
Scathe nor danger need'st thou fear,
My love, my life, I'll still be near;
Ten thousand hearts but half thine own,
Are not worth one that's thine alone.

Our care but small, our wants but few,
Thy pillow still this bosom true;
Fond and constant at thy side,
Harm nor hurt shall thee betide;
All things sweet I'll thee provide,
If thou wilt be thy soldier's bride;
And bliss shall smile, and honor shine,
When I think, my love, that thou art mine."

"Bravo, Dick—that you may never lose the use of your voice."

"Bravo, bravo!" was echoed from all quarters.

Still O'Flanagan lay extended motionlessly on the guard-bed, undisturbed by the noisy mirth around him.

"Now," said Dick Anderson, with the tone of one who has a right to make a demand, "I should loike very well to hear Moran there, spin us a yarn about them ere fairies, and such loike folk as he knows so well about."

"No excuse, Moran, you heard Dick's song, and you must give him a story; out with it old boy."

"Oh!" said another, "let him alone for that—Moran was never backward in his part where fun or fighting was going on."

"Well, an' sure boys," began Moran, with all the readiness of his nation, and the rich *patois* of a Connaught brogue, "myself id be sorry to refuse you's any thing in rason, when we're so reg'lar

entirely.—Now, I'll tell you's about an aunt's cousin ov my own, and what happened him one night. Do you's know where Lough Corrib is? O, the sorra know I suppose; well iv you's don't, I do, and that 'ill do for us all, so you's all know Lough Corrib now as well as I do. Well, there was a young man once upon a time, coortin' a purty young girl ov coorse; they were coortin' for a long time, and used to meet every night in a shweet little shpot down by the lake. But to make my long story short, the big blackguard desaved the crethur, till she didn't know what id become ov her. 'Will you marry me, Teady jewell,' says she one night, 'an' I in the condition I am in?' 'Divil a bit at this presint, Aileen,' says he; 'I'm goin' to go to England, but maybe it id do phen I come back.' Well becomes her, says she, 'I'll go to Father Luke, and he's my cousin Biddy's aunt's daughter's second cousin's son, and you'll see iv he won't do somethin' on you, you bad man.' With that you see, Teady got frikened, and then he grew vexed, and that I may never enther a senthry box, but the villian murthered her on the spot, and threw her into the lake."

Here O'Flanagan started to his feet, with a deep hoarse smothering groan of agony, and wildly exclaimed "O God!"

The soldiers stood up alarmed, and inquired

what was the matter. "Nothing, nothing," said he, recovering his self-possession; and he lay down quietly again, and Moran resumed his tale.

"Well, you see, afther the divil temptin' Teady that way, he got no rest or peace, for she used to be hauntin' him day and night; and one night, as he was goin' in his cot to a little island across the lake, who should he see comin' sailin' afther him like the wind, but the poor anforthenate Aileen that he murthered, an' she all bloody. He shouted meelia murdher—but the sorra use it was, for she jumpt into the boat, and the minit she got in she caught hould of him, and down sank the boat in the middle ov the wather, an' he or it was never seen afther."

Flanagan again leaped up, all wild and terrified; his large fur cap hung behind at the back of his head; the strap which fastened it under his chin had slipped up to his forehead; his eyes and teeth were set in terror, and his hair stood erect.

"For God's sake," he imploringly screamed, "have done—say no more. O dear! O dear!" apostrophising himself, "what will become of me?"

The serjeant, a keen old veteran, fixed his penetrating eye steadily on O'Flanagan, and observed with astonishment the workings of his countenance. O'Flanagan caught his eye on him, and quailed beneath *its searching* glance: he appeared con-

fused for a moment, but mastering his emotions with a strong effort, he continued—

"O dear! what a horrid dream I've had—I'm not right even yet;" and he paused, as if recollecting his scattered thoughts.

"No," said the serjeant, "I dare say not—nor will be for some time: a mind ill at ease gives frightful dreams."

"What do you mean?" said O'Flanagan fiercely; "*my mind is* at ease: yes, (he added, lowering his tone,) my mind is quite at ease."

"Why," said the serjeant, "I mean what I say just: but few folks say what they mean, as I do; and I always suspect people to be either fools or knaves, who act different from other men, without having some good reason for what they do."

"Psha-a!" said O'Flanagan, assuming a manner half careless and half contemptuous, and again extended his length in silence and darkness on the guard-bed.

Nods and winks were exchanged among the men, and half whispered surmises went round, little to the credit of O'Flanagan.

The conversation gradually flagged round the fire, till at last it ceased entirely. The song of the singer was done, and the story-teller was silent for the night. The weary watchmen began to slumber about the fire, now waxing faint and dim, and *the candles* were fitfully flickering in their sockets,

throwing the shadows of the herculean group in gigantic figures on the opposite wall. Jem Flanagan was sleeping alone, and entirely in the shade of the cold guard-bed; but his slumbers were broken and disturbed—he moaned painfully, and a slight convulsive shivering ran through his frame; his breathing became thick, short, and heavy; his moaning gradually grew loud and long—till at last extending into one wild, terrific, unnatural shriek, O'Flanagan again stood erect, panting and motionless; the fickle light exhibited his features pallid and distorted, as he screamed in horror-conveying yells—"Who said I killed Ulick Maguire? who called me a murderer?—eh?"—and the last sound seemed to expire hollowly and fearfully in the uttering.

"Ha!" said the serjeant, "is that the quarter the land lies? My fine fellow, I think I am right still."

"What is that you say?" asked O'Flanagan frantically; "was it you that said it?—was it you that dared to call me a murderer?—there!"—and with one desperate blow, he felled the veteran to the earth.

He was soon overpowered, and made a prisoner. The serjeant next morning made a formal report of the transactions of the night.

The colonel inquired the time O'Flanagan joined the *regiment.*

"Exactly the 25th of August last," answered the clerk.

"Let me have the hue-and-cry of that week," said the colonel.

It was handed to him, and he examined it with attention. He then proceeded to the prisoner's cell, accompanied by the serjeant and one or two of the officers.

O'Flanagan stood before him, without changing a feature. He was much altered in his appearance, by even one night: his face was pale, his lip compressed, and his look firm and determined, yet tempered with something like calm resignation.

"O'Flanagan," said the colonel, "you are from ———"

"I am," said O'Flanagan, coldly and collectedly.

"Listen, while I read," said the colonel.

O'Flanagan inclined his head, and bent his eyes on the ground.

"On the night of the 12th of August, on his return from the fair of ———, a farmer, named Ulick Maguire, was barbarously and inhumanly murdered; and a man accused of the murder, named James O'Flanagan, otherwise Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan, has since absconded. The said O'Flanagan is about 6 feet 3½ inches in height, black hair, dark complexion, and ——"

"You need read no more, colonel," interrupted *the prisoner*: "I am the man."

"You are an unfortunate man, then," said the colonel: "and I am sorry I can't do any thing for you."

"I thank you, Sir; but I don't want you to do any thing for me," said O'Flanagan firmly. "I could not live with the load of such a crime bending me through life. I thought to live—I thought time might relieve me of the burden; but I daily grew worse and worse. I don't wish to live—I couldn't live *now*. Day and night *he* was before my eyes, mangled and bloody: now my life will pay for his, and I am satisfied to give it up; but I wish to be alone, as my bosom is relieved of its fearful secret."

The soldier who brought O'Flanagan his dinner, found him calm and easy: he merely requested a drink of water. Next morning the constables came to receive him from the military. They opened the cell—but Shemus dhu more O'Flanagan was a lifeless corpse. They found him hanging by his braces out of a clothes rack, and the chair on which he mounted was lying broken against the wall, on the opposite side of his cell—with such violence and determination did he kick it from under him.

He was buried that evening in the dark, and without the honours of a soldier.

J. L. L.

THE SMUGGLERS.

"A raal fine dark night, Thady," said Phelim O'Rourke to his companion, as they both walked up and down on the soft sand before the frowning entrance of a large cave, formed by the hand of nature in the huge rocks surrounding the wild coast of Kerry: "the whitefaced moon's not darin' to show herself, an' so much the betther for us."

"It was just on such another evenin' as this," observed Thady, "that *Pretty Polly* cum in afther her furst thrip, when the villainous revenue watchers attacked us."

"Ay, ay, Thady—so I often hard Brady sayin'; bud you know I wasn't wid you thin."

"About that same Brady," interrupted the listener, "do you know, now, I don't half like him, an' I doubt iv he's one of the right sourt. There's a quare kind of a frownin' look in his eye, that *seems* as iv he hadn't the tindherest conscience in *the world.*"

"In throth yer perfectly right, Thady; an' I too have my doubts of the same ugly gossoon. I wondher Murphy id thrust him at all at all: and there's his purty daughther, too—its odd how the likes ov him id dar to look in her smilin' face."

"Och, the sorra chance he has there," cried Thady; "fur wid all his coortin' an' his throuble, Phil Egan is the boy for her, as anybody might see wid half an eye."

"An' a brave, clever, strappin' chap is that same Phil; an' a betther nor an opener hearted boy I never met wid," exclaimed Phelim: "besides, I think it's not unknownst to Brady that he's betther liked, as I hard Polly tellin' him so this identical mornin'."

"I wondher where he's gone sence," interrupted Thady: "I met him above in the pass ov the rocks, an' his face was black an' swelled wid passion, an' his eyes flamin' like fire. I know I don't half like the bisiness altogether."

"No, nor neither do I, Thady, seein' as how its as likely as not that we'll be discovered on through his means."

"Thady," here interrupted a soft female voice, that proceeded from the entrance of the cave, "my father's awake now, an' he wishes to see you an' O'Rourke: while yez both go in, I'll stand here, an' *watch that nobody* comes."

"Very well, Miss Polly," answered the man addressed: "bud hadn't you betther put yer cloak about you, as the wind's gettin' coulder an' coulder, an' a few dhrops of rain are beginnin' to fall."

"Thank you, Thady," she answered, drawing on her cloak as the two men were entering: "bud I'm not afeard ov gettin' a little rain, altho' much obleeged to you fur your good nature."

The interior of the cavern we speak of was formed of rugged pointed rocks, hung over on the sides nearest the entrance with various kinds of sea-weed. However, as the two men advanced farther into it, the bottom was covered with firm dry sand; and at the extreme end, where the sea never penetrated, there were several bales, parcels, and boxes strewed about, that plainly told the nature of the contraband trade there carried on. There was a figure seated on one of those, but dimly seen, from the flickering light of a small oil lamp, that was suspended from an iron rod driven between the rocks, immediately over his head. He was a man of about the middle age, clad in a coarse peer jacket and wide sailor's trowsers: his features were very much embrowned, probably from toil, and there was many a deep wrinkle on his brow, that evidently told of former suffering and care. His brawny hands, that were held over a bright fire, made with various lids of boxes and

pieces of wreck, were sinewy and large, and his whole person denoted a man possessed of immense strength.

"Well, Thady," said he, as both men drew near, "the night still continues dark and stormy, an' there's no appearance of the *sharks* abroad, dar'."

"None whatsomdever," answered the person addressed, "they're all snugly *tucked up in their* dales (in their beds) afore this, I dar say."

"Anyhow," said Phelim, "you know we can be ready to give thim a pepperin' that won't agree wid them all out, as the sayin' is; an' maybe *it* 'ill keep thim from thrustin' their noses into what don't consarn thim be no manner ov means in the world wide."

"Right, Phelim," answered Murphy, "bud let us spill no blood iv it can be helped. I'm now nearly five years in this little thrade—that's off an' on—an' tho' I've had many a *brush* wid the revenue in my time, I never yet was present where there was a life tuk. But I wanted to ask yez iv you seen Brady any where since mornin'; he knows that the boat's to be in to-night, an' I wondher he's not to the fore as usual."

"I don't think he's thrue to the cause," bluntly exclaimed Thady: "an' I'm much consarned that he knows *of to-night's* business, as now he has *us all complately in* his power."

"He an' Polly had *a tift* this mornin'," continued her father, "an' she heard him muttherin' somethin' to himself, about bein' up to her yet, an' things ov that sort, about revenge an' so forth; that's what makes me unasy about id. But, psha, he may be here yet. Sit down, boys, an' dhrink a dhrop of brandy, fur this is a night that we'll all want somethin' to keep out the could."

Upon this the three men drew closer around the fire, and sat together, half smothered, or rather fully enveloped in the smoke, that had no egress but the mouth of the cave, and the brandy bottle was passed from one to another with great rapidity, while they discussed the various causes that Brady might have for his continued absence.

Polly Murphy, the smuggler's only daughter, was a pretty little brunette. Her hair, that was darker than the wing of the raven, hung in natural tresses and curls about her face; and her round black eyes, shaded by their long and silky lashes, glittered like diamonds. Notwithstanding the rough life she had been always used to, she was finely and delicately formed; and a prettier foot or ankle was not to be seen in all Kerry.

Her mother had been long since dead, and her affection for her father was the strongest feeling of her gentle nature. In fact, it is always thus—*where* there is but one parent, a child's fondness *for both* is concentrated in him, and he is loved

with a deep, fervent singleness of heart. Amongst the men who were joined with her father in his rude trade, she had, of course, two or three admirers, and equally as a usual occurrence, one was preferred before the rest. There must decidedly be some freemasonry in the soul that incites its warmer feelings, and controuls its deeper passions. But what have we to do with feelings or passions? Every one plays the fool at some time of their life, and so we dare say the gentle reader knows all about it. "Anyhow," as the saying is, "he must have more experience than us."

Phil Egan was the elected youth—and a bravet or a nobler heart than his did not beat in mortal bosom. His feeling for her was not the morbid, sickly, pining passion that boarding-school misses denominate *love*. It was a warm, a deep, a devoted fondness, that can be felt but *once*, and but for one, and was as pure and innocent in its nature as the being that first inspired its fervent and uncontrolled sighs.

Tom Brady, who had been her constant attendant from the very first, soon saw that Phil was preferred before him; and yet he did not (as an Irishman generally would do) desist from his pursuit—envying, but not attempting to interfere with, his rival's "betther luck." On the contrary, he still *persisted in his* attentions; and although *Polly shunned him*, there was an undefined feel-

ing of dread inspired by his presence, that kept her from openly declaring her dislike. However, on that morning, when Phil was absent, he was more pressing in his advances than usual; and when she at last told him of her affection for another, and her indifference to him, his whole cautious demeanour seemed suddenly to desert him, and he left her in a kind of jealous phrenzy, muttering a half indistinct threat of vengeance. She grew alarmed, and immediately informed her father, who waited all day in expectation of his return; and when night came, felt particularly uneasy, as his vessel was then to come in, and the last cargo was not yet removed from the cave.

The night that Phelim had denominated "raal fine," was as dark as pitch. Not a single star was peeping forth from the lowering sky; and the wind, that blew in loud and angry gusts, occasionally brought down large and heavy drops of rain. The surges foamed and dashed amongst the rocks, now and then emitting a lightning-like phosphoric flash, and the sea-bird's wild and wailing scream was occasionally echoed o'er the waters. Polly, with her dark cloak wrapped closely round her figure, leaned on a smooth piece of granite at the entrance of the cave, and her feet were softly patting the smooth sand, to keep time with the *following* words, that were half sung, half hummed, *in an* untutored but naturally sweet voice:

He courted not as others do;
He did not say his heart was mine;—
He never praised my cheeks' soft hue,
Or said without me he should pine!
Oh, no! oh, no! but still to me,
He always *looked* sincerity!

He never said my eyes were bright;
He never praised my jetty hair;—
But when he'd leave my home at night,
He *looked* as if his heart was there!
'Twas this! 'twas this first vanquished me,—
He *looked* so like sincerity!

Suddenly her song ceased, as a male figure clambering down the rocks arrested her attention; and ere she could move from her position, he was at her side, and had grasped her reluctant hand. It was Brady, who appeared slightly under the influence of intoxication, for he immediately began an unconnected rigmarole, expressive of his admiration; and although she attempted to withdraw her hand, she could not, for he held it so firmly that he hurt it with his rude gripe. His conduct grew, by degrees, more and more outrageous; and at length, trying, as he said, "to steal a taste of a kiss," she became so alarmed, that she shrieked out loudly for assistance. Just as her father, who immediately came forth, appeared at the front of the cave, Brady received a blow from a hand till then unseen, *that* dashed him to the ground, and

Phil Egan, his fine form dilated and swelling with passion, exclaimed—

"There, scoundhrel, take that fur darin' to lay a hand on Polly Murphy."

Brady, who if he were at all tipsy, was completely sobered by this unlooked-for rencontre, slowly arose, his eyes almost hidden, from the deep lowering of his shaggy brows, and his teeth clenched convulsively together. For a moment he stood perfectly motionless, and appeared to be collecting all his energies for one furious spring upon his rival; but then, with great mental exertion, he seemed actually to gulp down his rage and vexation, and he hissed from between his teeth—

"You'll be sorry for that blow, Phil Egan; mind what I say, an' mark my words—you'll be sorry to the longest day you live, iv it's in my power to make you so; an' I hope and thrust it is."

"I'm not a bit afeard ov anything a *gommoch* like you can do," answered Phil, turning away, while Polly shuddered, she knew not why, at his dark and determined threat.

All was soon explained—they a second time withdrew to the cave, leaving Phelim outside to keep watch—and after much deliberation, it was at length agreed that they should hang out the *safety signal* in case the "Pretty Polly" should *put in*; and that early on the following morning

they should remove the cargo in the cave, and thus prepare for the worst that Brady's treachery might effect.

About two hours afterwards, a large lanthorn, darkened at all sides but one, was brought out, and Brady clambering up the rocks, with the assistance of Phelim placed it on a high pinnacle, with the bright side to the north. This was the signal agreed on with those at sea, in case there was none of the revenue out on the watch; and its brilliant light had not been long displayed, when a small vessel was discerned in the offing, moving in towards them. Murphy having examined her intently through his eye-glass, pronounced her to be the "Pretty Polly;" and the friendly hail from her decks was cheerily answered by those on land. The wind at this time had considerably abated; yet the surges still were rough and white—but outside their circle or belt, the waters were tolerably smooth, so that the smugglers' vessel was riding easily and with little motion. A boat was now lowered from her side, and manned with five or six hardy fellows, who, with infinite toil, pulled close into shore—sometimes appearing to pass actually through the surges. When their keel grated on the strand between the rocks, they sprang out, and made fast a large cable to an iron ring, firmly fixed in a huge mountain *of granite: the* other end of this was in the

vessel, and thus a means of communication was open. Losing no time in conversation, they all immediately set to work, and large kegs and barrels of different commodities, that were strongly protected from the wet, were attached to the rope by those on board, and then, at a given signal, immediately drawn on shore, and deposited in the cave, Thady and Phelim being there to arrange them as compactly as possible. In a space of time almost incredibly short, the best part of the cargo was landed, and all the men, who were dripping with sea water, rested for a short time from their labours, and drank each an allowance of brandy handed about by Murphy, while rude jests were interchanged, and toasts such as 'Glory to free thraders,' 'Bad luck to the revenue dogs,' &c. hastily given.

"What do you think ov Brady now?" said Thady to O'Rourke, as they placed the wet goods along the sides of the cavern: "I thought we'd a heard from him afore now, seein' as how he wint off wid such a flay in his ear."

"Throth myself thought so too, avick," was the answer; "bud I suppose he's only waitin' till mornin' iv its goin' to discover on us he is—for shure it's only agin Phil he has the hathred, an' maybe we're safe enough."

"I wouldn't put any thrust in him at all," said *Thady*: "an' neither would you iv you'd a seen

his black face as I saw it, thrimblin' an' shakin', an' burnin' wid fair passion. Och, what it is for a man to have anything to say to the likes ov him."

"A thruer word never was spoken nor that, Thady, anyhow; but it's my opinion he'd be afraid ov carryin' thraitor, knowin' as he does, that if he did he'd sartinly be paid off."

Here their conversation was suddenly interrupted by one of the men who had lately landed rushing into the cave, and exclaiming—

"Silence! boys jewel, silence! as you value yourselves—we're bethrayed, an' the bloody revenue peelers are comin' down."

At the same moment, with one violent sweep of his wet sea cap, he extinguished the lighted lamp, and they were all three left in total darkness.

"I'll sware," whispered Thady to Phelim and the new-comer—"that cursed Brady is at the head ov this, for well I knew his threatenin' wasn't given in vain."

"Hoosh! hoosh! man," said Phelim in the same low tone, "here's somebody comin' in—it's Murphy himself, I believe."

"Lie still a minut, boys," said he, on entering—"I'm afeard it's all up wid us; but anyhow they can't take the little vessel, as the rest ov the lads are on board, and we've made the signal fur them to *stand out to say*. Here, Phelim, give me one

bundle ov lace, an' do you, aich ov you, take another, and folly me up the rocks. I thrust there's no one guardin' the back passage, as they're all comin' down the beach."

The moment they appeared on the piece of level strand immediately before the cave, they perceived at a little distance, by the light of the lanterns that they carried, a large party advancing towards them, and on looking out to sea, they found that the "Pretty Polly" had turned her head from land, and was making rapid way from the shore.

"It was well for you that you sint Polly to her aunt's this evenin'," observed Thady to her father still in a whisper, as they noiselessly approached a narrow path, where, by rude steps, they could clamber to the top of the rocks, "as who knows but she might be hurted iv she wor here."

"Indeed it is," answered he; "but it's odd that Phil, who went wid her, isn't come back yet. I've an uneasy feel least he should fall into the hands of those *land-sharks* as he's returnin'."

Here they commenced the rugged ascent, and when they had arrived about mid-way, they stopped to look back on the proceedings of those below. The revenue party, who were fully thrice their number, so that resistance would have been madness, passed into the cave, and then re-appeared, as if disappointed at not finding them

within; then after a moment's consultation, they began to advance rapidly towards the pass on which Murphy and his party stood. He had been looking in vain for Brady, as it was him that he expected would be leading them, and on observing this movement, followed by Phelim, Thady, and the new-comer, each heavily laden, he precipitately continued his retreat.

"Stand!" roared a voice from the top, and the click of a pistol was heard, as the trigger was drawn back. Murphy at this did not hesitate a moment, but still continued to move on, though more cautiously than before, and when he placed his foot on the last or uppermost step, a figure with uplifted hand and pointed pistol opposed his farther progress. It was Brady, whose treachery now was seen in its fullest extent. The smuggler did not pause for an instant, but drawing back a little to give more impetus to his exertion, with one spring he bounded up on the traitor, and wound his powerful arms round his body. His three companions instantly followed, but ere they could lay a finger on either, the fierce struggle was fatally concluded. Murphy had held him with a giant strength, but just as the others were within a few feet of them, a loud pistol report was heard, and Murphy's death-cry rang upon their ears. His huge arms no longer clung round the murderer's body, but shrank back as their fibres be-

me weak and relaxed, and Brady giving him a
le push from him, he tottered to the edge of the
cks, and fell like a lump of lead on the form
ost of the revenue party, who had then com
enced the ascent.

Thady and his two companions were completely
rror-struck, and did not attempt further reluct
resistance; and when they were bound and
ading off with muttered curses, they perceived
ady and the officer commanding the detachment
close and amicable converse. The body of the
ifortunate smuggler was removed to the cave,
id a party remained to keep watch; while the re
ainder, accompanied by the informer, led their
isoners to a place of security. The ball had
assed directly through Murphy's body, and
ough there was a slight trace of agony in his
atures, yet they still wore a calm and almost
eeping appearance. His lips were firmly closed
gether, but his eyes, not having been shut after
e last dread struggle of the escaping soul, were
ide and staringly open. Oh! there is nothing
ore awful or frightfully moving than the cold,
yless, dull eyes of the dead—the soul has de
arted, and *they* that could once tell its every
notion yet remain—but, oh, how changed!
ow terribly, how completely changed! They
id his body on the white sand at the upper end
the cavern, and the pale sickly light of the

plenished lamp rested fully on his marble features, and gave them a bluer and more ghastly paleness. Then they rummaged amongst the keys and boxes, till they discovered some brandy, and forming a rude table near the entrance, of various boards and barrels, they all sat down to a regular carouse. It was a strange contrast that the cavern presented on that night. Death—sudden, unlooked for, and violent death—presiding, as it were, in one part, while, in the other, laughter, and song, and revelry, held their bacchanal festival. 'Tis ever thus with man—still unmoved and unrepentant, even on the very borders of the grave—having still an appetite for earthly pleasure, still giving a loose rein to all his wishes and desires, though death be following his footsteps with the tenacity of a trained bloodhound! Oh! how little do we dream of our after life, or think of forsaking the sinful amusements of this! Oh! how we shun the thought of our being unprepared, till the "silver cord" that binds us to the world is almost snapped in twain! Then, then there is weeping, and wailing, and repenting; and as we stand on the very brink of the two worlds—the one that has passed away, and the other that is yet to come—we shudder at the unknown mysteries of eternity! We see and feel the littleness of this life, and yet we cling to it, for we cannot look without dread and trembling to our future fate!

Of Polly's deep and concentrated agony, it were vain in us to speak, for who could describe the sinking of the heart—the thrilling and overwhelming desolation, and the tearless, settled despair, that wrung the poor orphan's soul, when she beheld him who had given her life, and fostered her in her infancy, all cold, and still, and feelingless!

Morning again dawned—

> "The dewy morn,
> With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
> Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
> And living as if earth contained no tomb"—

and the body then was removed from the cave to his brother's cottage, his poor bereaved daughter mechanically following the footsteps of those who bore it; and when at length it was laid down, unmindful of all around her—almost unconscious that any one was present—without speaking a word, or uttering a single shriek, she sat down quietly at the bed-side, breathing heavily, and as if her very heart would burst. She attended at the grave-yard, and saw him laid in the silent tomb. She felt that the last tie that bound them together was cruelly wrenched in sunder; and yet she did not weep, nor did her pale lip tremble, nor her eye grow dim. They led her home as dull, and, apparently, as feelingless as if her pulse had *ceased* to vibrate; and as she silently motioned *them* to place her near the bed whereon he had

lain, they did so, and she covered her face with her hands and sat as still as marble, but a single tear did not force itself between her fingers! Evening approached—the door of her room was slowly opened—and her lover, who could no longer restrain himself, entered, and approached her—she all the time appearing unconscious of his presence. His arm was wound round her, and he tenderly drew her yielding form to his panting heart, while he exclaimed, in a voice inarticulate from excessive emotion—

"Polly! my own poor Polly, look up!—do look up, and be comforted for pity's sake!—Spake to me, Polly, *asthore machree!* won't you spake to me? only one little word?"

A shivering sensation appeared to pass through her entire frame. She drew back a little, and raising her hands, parted the clustering hair from his throbbing brow, and opening her eyes to their fullest extent, gazed long and anxiously at his features; then, as if satisfied with her recognition, she hid her face in his bosom, and a blessed burst of weeping relieved the maddening anguish of her heart.

"Goodness be thanked," she faintly sobbed—"I am not robbed ov all—I have *you* left yet—I have *you* to purtect me. My poor father is gone—gone—Oh dear, he *is* gone for ever—but you,

Phil!—you yet are mine, and we shall not be parted!"

But why dwell on this? Time, that hath a balm for every wound, after a little dried up her tears, and she and Phil were "not parted," but united in that bond that only can make mortals truly—purely happy!

The three smugglers that were taken underwent their trial, and Brady appeared as a witness against them. They were each imprisoned for two years; but his malice after all was unsatisfied; for Phil—his rival and his detestation—escaped his clutch; as, not being caught in the fact, no swearing could commit him. This marred all his revenge; and though he received the reward of his villainy, and was unpunished for the life he had taken in *self-defence*, his fiendish soul was filled with the pangs of hell at seeing Phil and Polly united. However that part of the country soon began to *grow too hot*, and he suddenly disappeared, whither none knew or cared.

About two years and a half after the events we have just narrated, on a dark and stormy night in January, a number of men surrounded a small, though comfortable looking cabin that stood at the foot of one of the mountains, bordering on the County Kerry. The snow lay deep on the ground—*the* branches of the leafless trees were covered

with a mantle of glittering hoar frost, and all around had the desolate appearance of a severe winter. The men were all clothed in coarse blue jackets, and small round hats—their faces were blackened so as effectually to disguise their features, and each of them was armed with some rude weapon. When they drew near the door, their leader, a strong limbed and muscular man, accompanied by two others, advanced, and with the butt end of a pistol rapped violently against it; upon which a stir was immediately heard inside, and a trembling voice demanded—

"Who is there?"

"Open the doore," thundered one of the three, "an' you'll soon know."

He then waited a moment, as if in expectation of his demand being complied with, and on the person inside again asking what was wanted, answered—

"We want yer own purty self, Tom Brady. Just to hold a little convarse wid you about ould times."

"It's too late," answered the voice from within, with a forced calmness, that ill-disguised the speaker's terror, "I can't let yez in at this hour ov the night."

"Och, how mighty particular yer growin' all ov a sudden, acushla," interrupted the person who

had before spoken, and at the same instant, assisted by his two companions, he placed his huge shoulder against the door, and with one push it was driven from its hinges.

"Oh! fur goodness sake, gintlemin," said the trembling Brady, whom they now seized on, "what is the matther?—shure yer not goin' to murdher—gintlemin jewils shure yer not!"

"Asy wid yer palaverin'," answered one of them, striking him rudely across the mouth, "or maybe we will—cum on peacefully, an' we'll not take yer life all out, but iv ye continue your squalling, look at that—(and he held a pistol to his head)—'tis gapin' to blow yer brains out, and faix it's a'most a pity to baulk id."

They then led, or rather dragged him to some distance from the cottage, leaving two of their party as guards over his shrieking wife, and placing him on his knees in the snow, swore him to quit the country for ever. The poor wretch mumbled out the oath, shaking all over from head to foot, and then as they were seemingly about to let him go, his eyes flashed at the anticipated easy escape; but one of them turning to the rest, exclaimed—

"Well, boys, yez know we must lave our mark on him, so say the word, will we *card him*, or prevint his turnin' INFORMER a second time?"

"Oh! fur the sakes ov yer wives an' yer childre,"

shrieked he, "spare me from the torture!—I'll swear never to thry an' find yez out!—I'll sware to lave the counthry to-morrow!—this instant!—oh! do forgive me only this wanst!"

"Listen to the deludhin' tongue of the baste," said the last speaker, "thryin' to *cum over us soft* agin; musha bud yer a fine boy wid yer speakin' weapon, any how, and I think it id be a pity not to slit it a little bit: boys, yez all know a parrot spakes betther whin its tongue's cut, and why not an INFORMER?"

At the second mention of this hateful name, towards which the Irish always have a strong detestation, the terrified Brady shuddered convulsively; and when they all tumultuously agreed with the proposal of the last speaker, his senses seemed actually to desert him from fear and agony. The cold drops of sweat fell thickly from his brow as they violently seized him, and despite his frantic struggles, fastened a strong cord with a noose on it round his neck. One of them then pushed him back, and laying his knee on his chest, pulled it so tightly that his face grew black—the veins in his forehead swelled, and his tongue protruded considerably from his mouth.

"Hould on now, an' that'll do," said the man who first seized him, and at the same time he quietly opened a clasp *knife*, and seizing the thrust out

member with his nails, he pulled it till it could come no farther forwards, and cut it off from the very root. "Loose him now, avick," he then calmly said to the man who was assisting him, who immediately unfastened the cord—upon which the poor mangled wretch lay bleeding, and senseless from the extreme pain.

"I wondher would he be so glib wid his *gab* iv he wor sinsible now," he continued in an unmoved gravity of accent—"whoo! bud what a tongue the baste had, as long as my arm, and a'most as thick; in troth it's no wondher he could sware an' give evidence."

"Put it into his pocket iv he has one," said another, "an' whin he wakes it 'ill divart the hunger off him."

With much laughter and joking this was done, and in a few minutes after they all had departed, and there was no trace save a pool of blood that crimsoned the snow, to tell of the deed that had been there perpetrated, for his wife, on being released, had removed him again to the cabin.

The mutilators never were discovered, and Brady having lingered for some time, died with all the agonies of mental and bodily suffering. Phelim and Thady were constant visitors at Phil's cabin after their release, for he had given up smuggling *totally* on his marriage, and it was remarked that

whenever Brady's name was mentione ex-
changed looks and were silent, but any fur-
ther never transpired.

TIM. SIMKINS.

"HIE OVER TO ENGLAND."

Though some incredulous folks may affect to sneer and speak slightingly of "the good people," yet it is well known that the fairies have not yet ceased to play their pranks, and exercise their influence over the sublunary concerns of men, as the following true story will certify.

In the summer of 18—, an honest, hard-working, industrious mason, named Shaun Long, or Jack the sailor, he having been some time at sea, was employed in building a house, not a great many miles from the city of Dublin. Shaun's slumbers were generally sound and easy—as every upright, laborious poor man's must be, who has worked hard to earn his subsistence: but one night, in the month of July, Shaun was disturbed from his repose by loud talking and sounds of mirth in the kitchen of his small cabin. Peeping out from his little bed-room, he perceived, with no *slight* degree of alarm and terror, a group of *dwarfish* beings collected around his hearth, be-

fore a blazing fire, and the whole place illuminated in the most wonderful manner. Ladies and gentlemen were merrily discussing the merits of sundry bottles of superior whiskey, as Shaun knew by the exquisite scent which reached his nostrils, and several jugs of punch, "hot, strong, and sweet"—the ladies attired in splendid style, but rather old fashioned; and the gentlemen in wigs and cocked hats.

Shaun Long was a man not easily intimidated; and when the first alarm was over, would meet the stoutest with fist or shillelah: and many a tight boy was forced to acknowledge the superior prowess of the broad-shouldered, two-handed Shaun; for few could handle a black-thorn with such dexterity—he being possessed of that valuable accomplishment to a boy in a fight, of being equally expert, quick, and strong with both hands.

"Tundher and turf!" said Shaun to himself, "what sort ov a how-d'-ye-do is this? Nice work t a body's fire-side at such an hour of the night: nd iv I don't—" and here he was about jumping at of the bed, when he observed one of the gen-emen rising from his seat, and taking off his cked hat, put on a red night-cap. He then pped the middle finger of his left hand into a id of glittering saucer, which stood on the ntle shelf, and *anointed* his forehead. He

then addressed his companions in the following words:

"Pick up, pick up all your crumbs,
But touch nothing with your thumbs—
Hie over to England,"

and in an instant he vanished.

A lady then stood up, doffed her rich lace cap, and donned a red cap in its stead. She then commenced picking up certain fragments of barn-brack, saffron-cake, &c. upon which they had been regaling; and anointing her forehead, repeated the following:

"Thus I pick up all my crumbs,
But touch nothing with my thumbs—
Hie over to England,"

and disappeared like a passing thought.

Shaun was too much surprised, or, as he expressed it, "amplushed," to stir hand or foot.

"Well," he again whispered, "but yez are the dicken's own quare people, anyhow;" but as they were moving off pretty quick, he grew bolder as the throng on his hearth diminished. The company passed away one after another, male and female alternately, observing the same ceremony and repeating the same words, until only one lady and *gentleman* were left behind; who looked carefully

HIE OVER TO ENGLAND.

"Peeping out from his little bedroom, he perceived with no small degree of terror and alarm, a group of dwarfish beings [illegible]

about, to see if all the crumbs were picked up. The lady then said—

"We have picked up all our crumbs,
We've touched nothing with our thumbs;
Therefore we now may safely say,
Hie o'er to England—hie away,"

and off she flew. The gentleman then put on his red night cap; and having consecrated his brow, said—

"I must now the saucer take,
Lest I should Shaun Long awake;
Then in his head the whim might rise
To seize on me, and win the prize."

Up jumped Shaun Long, inspired by a sudden impulse, and bounding towards the little gentleman, seized on the saucer; but the little fellow rapidly repeating the words, "Hie over to England," vanished from before him.

"Well," said Shaun, "I got the saucer at any stagger; and was near pinning the fairy. Och, iv I did, maybe its a power of money he might be givin' me to let him go. He held the saucer fast; but all was now dark and silent, except the glimmer from the turf fire.

"Maybe," said Shaun again, "the prize he was talkin' about was this saucer; an' a nice bit of *chaynee* it is; but I wondher what effect my dippin' *my finger would have.* I'll try—maybe its luck

I'd have; an' besides, my night-cap is red, just like the fairies'."

Shaun, full of the experiment, forgot that he was not exactly in travelling trim, having nothing on him but his shirt and night-cap. However, no sooner said than done; and Shaun dipped his finger into the magic saucer, and anointed his forehead—but he stirred not: at last he recollected that he did not pronounce the words of the spell, and singing out in a loud voice, "Hie over to England,"—up through the chimney he went like lightning, and through the air he cut with inconceivable velocity, and which he endured without any inconvenience: on the contrary, it had quite a composing effect upon him, as it soon wrapt his senses in a profound and pleasant sleep.

When he awoke, all was dark about him. He recollected what had passed; but deemed it all a dream; and began to feel about for the well known signs and tokens of his cabin. What he was lying on appeared to his touch as a heap of saw-dust; and bottles were scattered up and down. He crawled about, and run his head into a hole like a dog-kennel; low, narrow, and built with bricks; and from his skill in his trade, he knew that he was in the bin of a wine-cellar.

"In the name of all that's quare and quomical, where am I at all, at all?" said he: "these thievin' *fairies* are afther playin' the very puck with me,

for disturbin' them in their dhrink. Bad cess to the villians, but its themselves that put me into the hobble, the thievin' rogues of the world. Oh, Shaun Long, aren't you proud o' yerself, cooped up like a cracked bottle, 'ithout a bit ov gumshin in you. How'll I get out? Och, wurra sthrue! och, ochone!"

He paused—no reply was made to his moans.

"Och, Shaun jewel, it's you that made the right Judy ov yerself; intherferin' about the decent good people, that made so much of an *omedhaun* like you, as to take a dhrop ov drink in your dirty cabin. Sure it's the luck nor the grace never kem to the likes ov you, who'd thrubble them. No doubt but they'd lave their blessin' behind them; but you're always runnin' your ugly *spaug* (foot) into the mischief, so you are."

Shaun continued a long time discontented, cold, and hungry, in this state of darkness. He reviewed all that passed, and still could hardly persuade himself that it was no other than a dream: he therefore began to call lustily for his friend and comrade.

"Jack O'Hara, *avourneen*—arrah don't be humbuggin' wid you, but let us out: this is some ov your thricks and manuvrin', you schamin' playsham; so I expect you'll let me out, an' no more ov your nonsense."

Shortly after he heard the bolt of a lock shoot-

ing on its springs, and a gleam of strong light flared in on him as the door was opened by a man with a powdered head, and dressed in black from head to foot, followed by a servant in splendid livery, with a wine-cooper in his hand.

"Arrah musha, good luck to yer honor; an' its myself that's glad to see you; but wasn't it too bad to lave me here perishin' wid the cowld, this whole time; but it's yourself that's the funny man, now—God bless you."

"Who have we here?" was the reply. "James, seize that there feller. Now we've found out as who robbed the cellar. This yere cove got drunk: no doubt as what he has false keys about him."

The servant instantly seized poor Shaun Long; and the cries of the butler soon brought a troop of the servants to his assistance. It was the cellar of the Earl of D——, a nobleman of Lancashire, in which poor Shaun had the misfortune to be discovered, and from which a considerable quantity of wine had been taken from time to time, in a most unaccountable manner. Many servants had been dismissed with disgrace, as being concerned in the robbery; but now the real thief was found, to the general satisfaction and joy of all. Shaun was brought out of the cellar, and produced as he was, in the servants' hall, where he became an object of examination and surprise to all the servants, *male* and female. There was no pity for

Shaun: he was a robber—taken *flagrante delecto*, and there could be no doubt of his guilt. That he must have been an old offender, and an experienced hand, was certain, or how could he get into the cellar.

The butler would allow no questions to be put to him before the Earl was apprised of his capture, which was not long. Ill news flies fast; and the butler, in a very few minutes, announced his lordship's approach.

"My lud," began the butler, "we have found this bulgarious thief in your ludship's cellar, just as your ludship sees him at present."

"An odd sort of dress, Mr. Cork, for a thief to rob a cellar in," said his lordship.

"Yes, indeed, my lud," said the butler in reply: "there must have been more of 'em, I dare say, wot left this drunken creter behind 'em. False keys, your ludship—get all the locks changed—found all the doors locked, and this yere feller inside."

Shaun Long felt all his Irish modesty not a little shocked at the unseemly guise in which he was obliged to stand before nobility, and was piteously imploring the servants, while the above remarks passed between his lordship and the butler—

"For mercy's sake, give a body a few duds to put about *them; don't* you see I'm not in a fit *dhress to appear* before quality: or give me my

own clothes, an' don't be grinnin' an' humbuggin' a dacent boy."

"Humbugging!" said Mr. Cork: "I just tell you what, Mister Paddy—'twill be no humbugging matter to have that there neck of your own stretched in a halter, for robbing my lud's cellar."

"Arrah, be aisy, Misther, can't you," said Shaun, "an' don't be comin' them rigs on a body. Sure it's my father's son that 'd scorn a dirty thing, let alone robbin'; and its both cowld and hungry I am, lettin' alone the shame of standin' here afore the world."

"Who are you?" asked his lordship.

"Shaun Long, the mason, or otherwise Jack the sailor, at your sarvice," said Shaun.

"What were you doing in my cellar?"

"Faith, it's doin' nothin' at all, your honor, I was, barrin' frettin' my guts to fiddle shtrings—an' mollycholly musick they med afther all, savin' yer lordship's presence."

"How did you get into the cellar?"

"Why, then, be dad, that's just what I'm thinkin' ov myself," said Shaun; "an' iv I was to be shot wid a ball as big as the Hill of Hothe, I can't make it out; but I'll tell you all I know about it, your lordship."

"Well, proceed, Sir," said his lordship: but *here his* lordship's housekeeper interposed.

"*My lud*," said she, "my leddy, and the

young leddies are coming down to hear the examination; and it's the most indiscreetest haction in the wo'ld to have this here man exhibited like a wild hanimill; for my part I think the barberin' Hirish feller should have a'sum'at to kiver him. I feel quite taken with an all-overness at the sight; and I'm zure my leddy and the young leddies will die o' the fright."

"Heaven bless your purty face, my darlint," said Shaun; "it's yourself that has the rale tindherness 'ithin in you."

"Mrs. Keys," said the Earl, "you are right. Mr. Cork, get the man some clothes to cover him."

Some old clothes were brought to Shaun, who encased himself without the slightest hesitation; and stood before them "a burly groom," in stable dress.

"Now," said the Earl, "let us hear how you got into the cellar."

Shaun entered into a long detail of all that had occurred the previous evening, not in the least disturbed by the shouts of laughter from all around him.

"You have a fine poetic imagination, Shaun Long," said his lordship; "but if your story gains credence with a jury, I am satisfied, for it does not with me, I assure you. My cellar is not the only one which has been robbed; and my advice is, *that you turn king's* evidence, and bring

your accomplices to justice; it is the only way you have of escape."

"Long life to your honor's glory," said Shaun; "sorra a word of lie it is. I'll take my oath on the holy althar ov it this minut afore your honor."

"Man!" said the Earl with becoming gravity, and dignity, "do you imagine that you can stultify a peer of the realm with such a tale? Your impudence is only equalled by your wickedness—you are a most barefaced villain."

"An' it's thrue for you, faith," said Shaun; "I was bare enough, sure enough; but I never was a villyan yet, thang goodness."

"Let him," said his lordship, "be taken before Mr. Sharp, the magistrate: have the facts sworn to, and sent up before the grand jury at Lancaster, which is now sitting; and have a true bill found. I think, Mr. Paddy, you had better inform on your accomplices."

"Inform!" said Shaun; "it's not in my blood! an' as for the accomplishes, the sorra one ever I had in my life."

"Take the impudent fellow away," said the Earl, turning away with contempt.

Shaun was taken before Simon Sharp, Esq. the justice; a tall, thin, hungry-looking man, about sixty; with a pinched up mouth and nose, and *very* prominent eyes.—Mr. Cork, and James, the *under* butler, were his accusers; and poor Shaun

underwent a long examination. The Justice listened with extreme patience to Shaun's long and curious story; and when it was concluded, merely turned up his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and ordered the clerk to make out the committal.

"'Is it for breaking into the cellar or house of his lordship?" said the clerk; "for it does not appear how he got in."

"'For feloniously entering the dwelling," said Mr. Sharp emphatically.

Shaun was handed over to the constables, and soon afterwards the strong bolts of Lancaster castle closed upon him.

Next morning poor Shaun Long was brought up for trial, the bills having been found; and again he was advised to inform on his coadjutors. Shaun pleaded, "not guilty," persisted in his story, and asserted his innocence, but met with derision and contempt from all, except a few who believed him mad. Baron G—— was the judge; a humane and intelligent man; who finding Shaun had no counsel, assigned him the talented Mr. ———, as his advocate.

Mr. Cork proved to finding Shaun in the cellar, which had previously been robbed very frequently. On his cross-examination, he said that the keys were always in his possession; admitted that he had taken some wine occasionally for his own private use; could not conceive how the prisoner

got into the cellar; did not put him in; never saw him before. Mr. James corroborated the evidence as to finding him in the cellar.

The prisoner having been called on for his defence, his counsel addressed the court, saying that the prisoner gave so wild and improbable an account of himself, that he was obliged to give up his case.

Shaun then addressed the court, and related his whole story, with many episodes, windings, and ramifications, which kept the court in roars of the most immoderate laughter, and only served to make a bad impression on his hearers. He might as well have attempted to prove an *alibi*. The jury found him guilty without leaving the box, and he was sentenced to be hanged the day but one following.

The day and the hour came for the execution of poor Shaun, and every thing was prepared. His irons were knocked off, and all the usual ceremonies gone through. He was placed in a cart, to be carried to the gallows-hill: he had resigned himself to meet his death, and sat silent, with the executioner by his side. As he was going along, an old woman with a red cap called to him from out of the crowd—

"Shaun Long," said she, "die with your red *night-cap* on you, but don't touch it with your *thumbs*."

A new hope sprung up in his bosom; but he had left his red cap at the gaol. On his arriving at the fatal spot, the sheriff asked had he any thing to say before he suffered.

"One little weeny request, sheriff jewell," said Shaun: "just let me have the pleasure ov taking my last sleep in my own red cap, that I often took a comfortable nap in."

The sheriff instantly sent for the cap, which was handed to the doomed one. The horse having been taken from the cart before the cap came, the hangman waited with the noose ready to throw over Shaun's head, who, putting on his cap without touching it with his thumbs, and rubbing his forehead with his middle finger, exclaimed—

"Hie over to Ireland."

In an instant Shaun, with the cart to which he was tied, mounted with the swiftness of an arrow into the air, to the astonishment of the sheriff and spectators; and next morning Shaun found himself and the cart before his cousin, Murty Ferrall's door, in the middle of the Queen's County.

"And is that you, Shaun Long?" said Murty, coming out as Shaun had loosed himself from the cart: "or is it yourself that's in it at all?"

"Faix, an' I dunna, Murty," said Shaun: "for I had *such a transmo*grification this while back,

that I don't know whether it's myself or another body that's in id."

"That's a mighty purty cart you have, any how," said Murty: "maybe you'd sell that same?"

"Sorra may care," replied Shaun; "for its neither the love nor the likin' I have for it."

"What's the very lowest pinny you'll have for it, thin?" said Murty.

"Why its a chape bargain at six pounds; but as you're a frind, why I'll let you have it at four: sure you can say nothing to that."

"Its mine, thin," said Murty, slapping Shaun's hand with a penny, by way of earnest: "come in then, Shaun Long, for the woman 'ill be glad to see you."

Shaun was paid for the cart; and on his return home he found all things in his cabin as he had left them. He has often told the story to his friends, and declares he'll never forget the odd-looking earl of D——, or the big wig of the judge that tried him; and promises never to interrupt the amusement of the fairies round his hearth while he's alive.

W. B.

ELLEN DUNCAN.

There are some griefs so deep and overwhelming, that even the best exertions of friendship and sympathy are unequal to the task of soothing or dispelling them. Such was the grief of Ellen Duncan, who was silently weeping in her lone cottage on the borders of Clare—a county at that time in a frightful state of anarchy and confusion. Owen Duncan, her husband, at the period about which our tale commences, resided in the cabin where he was born and reared, and to which, as well as a few acres of land adjoining, he had succeeded on the death of his father. They had not been long married; and never were husband and wife more attached. About this time outrages began to be perpetrated, and soon increased fearfully in number. Still Owen and Ellen lived happily, and without fear, as they were too poor for the marauders to dream of *getting* much booty by robbing; and *their religion being* known to be "the ould

religion ov all ov all," in a warfare that was exclusively one of party, they were more protected than otherwise. Owen was never particularly thrifty; and as his means were small, was generally embarrassed, or rather somewhat pinched in circumstances. Notwithstanding this, however, he was as happy as a king; and according to his unlettered neighbours' artless praise, "there wasn't a readier hand, nor an opener heart, in the wide world—that's iv he had id—bud he hadn't, an' more was the pity." His entire possessions consisted of the ground we have mentioned, most part of which was so rocky as to be entirely useless—a cow, a couple of pigs, and "the ould cabin," which consisted of four mud walls, covered with thatch, in which was an opening, "to let in the day-light, an' to let out the smoke." In the interior there was no division, or separate apartment, as the one room contained their cooking materials and all other necessaries, beside their bed, which was placed close to the fire, and, of course, nearly under the opening in the roof. If any one spoke to Owen about the chances of rain coming down to where they slept, his universal answer was, "Shure we're naither shugar nor salt, any how; an' a dhrop ov rain, or a thrifle ov wind, was niver known to do any body harm—*barrin'* it *brought the* typhus; bud God's good, an' ordhers *all for the* best. Owen had been brought up in

this way; and so as he could *live* by his labour never thought of needless luxuries; and Ellen, seeing him contented, was so herself.

For some months previous to the time of which we write, Owen's affairs had been gradually getting worse and worse; and it was with no pleasing anticipations that he looked forward to his approaching rent day. His uneasiness he studiously kept a secret from his wife, and worked away seemingly with as much cheerfulness as ever, hoping for better days, and *trusting in Providence!* However, when within a week of the time that he expected a call from the agent, he found that with all his industry he had been only able to muster five and twenty shillings, and his rent was above five pounds. So, after a good deal of painful deliberation, he thought of selling his single cow, thinking that by redoubled exertion he might after a while be enabled to repurchase her; forgetting that before the cow was sold was really the time to make the exertion. A circumstance that greatly damped his ardour in this design, was the idea of his wife's not acquiescing in it; and one evening, as they sat together by the light of the wood and turf fire, he thus opened his mind—

"Ellen, asthore, it's myself that's sorry I haven't a fine large cabin, an' a power o' money, to make you happier an' comfortabler than you are."

"*Owen,*" she interrupted, "don't you know

I'm very happy; an' didn't I often tell you that it was the will of Providence that we shud be poor? So it's sinful to be wishin' for riches."

"Bud, Ellen a cushla, it's growin' worse wid us every day; an' I'm afeard the throuble is goin' to come on us. You know how hard the masther's new agint is—how he sould Paddy Murphy's cow, an' turned him out, bekase he couldn't pay his rint; an' I'm afeard I'll have to sell '*Black Bess*,' to prevint his doin' the same wid us."

"Well, Owen agra, we musn't murmur for our disthresses; so do whatever you think right—times won't be always as they are now."

"Bud, Ellen," said he, "you're forgettin' how you'll miss the dhrop ov milk, an' the bit of fresh butther, fur whin we part wid the poor baste, you won't have even thim to comfort you."

"Indeed, an' iv I do miss them, Owen," she answered, "shure it's no matther, considherin' the bein' turned out ov one's home into the world. Remimber the ould sayin' ov 'out ov two evils always chuse the laste;' an' so, darlint, jist do whatever you think is fur the best."

After this conversation, it was agreed on by both that Owen should set out the next day but one for the town, to try and dispose of "the cow, the crathur;" and although poverty had begun to grind them a little, still they had enough to eat, and slept tranquilly. However, it so happened

that the very morning on which he had appointed to set out, "*Black Bess*" was seized for a long arrear of a tax that had not been either asked or paid there for some time, and driven off, with many others belonging to his neighbours, to be sold. Now you must know, good reader, that there is a feeling interwoven, as it were, in the Irish nature, that will doggedly resist any thing that it conceives in the slightest or most remote degree oppressive or unjust; and that feeling then completely usurped all others in Owen's mind. He went amongst his friends, and they condoled with one another about their grievances—there was many a promise exchanged, that they would stand by each other in their future resistance to what they considered an unlawful impost. When the rent-day came, by disposing of his two pigs, and by borrowing a little, he was enabled to pay the full amount, and thus protract for some time the fear "ov bein' turned out on the world."

Some days after, the whole country was in a tumult—Daly, "the procthor," was found murdered in the centre of the high road, and there was no clue perceptible, by which the perpetrators of the crime could be discovered. The very day before, Owen had borrowed the gamekeeper's gun, to go, as he said, to a wild, mountainous part of the country, to shoot hares; and from this circumstance, and his not having returned the day after,

a strong feeling of suspicion against him was in the minds of most. In fact, on the very evening that we have represented Ellen sitting in tears, the police had come to the cabin in search of him: and their report to the magistrate was, that he had absconded. His wife was in a miserable state of mind, and her whole soul was tortured with conflicting emotions. Owen's long absence, as well as his borrowing the gun, seemed to bespeak his guilt; and yet, when she recollected the gentleness of his manner, and his hitherto blameless life, she could not deem him so, no matter how circumstances seemed against him. But then, the harrowing idea that it *might be*, came in to blast these newly formed hopes, and her state of suspense was one of deep and acute misery.

She was sitting, as we have said, alone: the fire, that had consisted of two or three sods of turf heaped upon the floor, had almost entirely gone out; the stools and *bosses* were tossed negligently here and there; and the appearance of the entire apartment was quite different from its usual neat and tidy trim. Her head was bent a little, and her hands were clasped tightly round her knees, while her body was swaying to and fro, as if the agitation of her mind would not allow of its repose. Her eyes were dry, but red from former weeping; and she was occasionally muttering, "*No, he* can't be guilty,"—"Owen commit a

murdher!—It must be an unthruth!" and such like expressions. Gradually, as she thus thought aloud, her motions became more rapid, and her cheeks were no longer dry, while the light that entered through the open door becoming suddenly shaded, she turned round, and raised her tearful eyes to question the intruder. She sprang eagerly forward, and hung on his neck, (for it was Owen himself,) while she joyfully exclaimed—

"Oh, heaven be praised, yer come back at last, to give the lie to all their reports, an' to prove yer innocence."

"Ellen, my darlint," he answered, "I knew you'd be glad to get me back," and he kissed again and again her burning lips: "but what do you mane, acushla?—What reports do you spake ov, an' ov what am I accused?"

"Oh, thin Owen, I'm glad you didn't even hear ov id; an' the poliss here sarchin' the house to make you pres'ner. Shure, avick, Bill Daly the procthor, that sazed poor *Black Bess*, was murdhered the very mornin' you wint to shoot the hares; an' on account ov yer borryin' the gun, an' threatenin' him the day ov the sale, they said it was you that done id: bud I gev thim all the lie, fur I knew you wor innocent. Now, Owen, a hagur, you look tired; sit down, an I'll get you somethin' to ate. Och, bud I'm glad that yer *returned safe!*"

The overjoyed wife soon heaped fresh turf on the fire, and partly blowing, partly fanning it into a flame, hung a large iron pot over it, from a hook firmly fixed in the wall. While these preparations were going forward, Owen laid aside his rough outside coat, and going to the door, looked out, as if in irresolution.

"Ellen," at length said he, turning suddenly round, "I'm thinkin' that I'd betther go to the poliss barrack an' surrindher—or rather, see what they have to say agin me: as I'm an innocent man, I've no dhread; an' if I wait till they come an' take me, it'll look as iv I was afeard."

"Thrue fur you, agra," she answered; "bud it's time enough yit a bit—no one knows ov yer bein' here. You look slaved, an' had betther rest yerself, an' ate a pratee or two. I have no milk ov my own to offer you *now*, but I'll go an' thry an' get a dhrop from a neighbour."

When Ellen returned with a little wooden noggin full, her husband was sitting warming his hands over the fire; and it was then she recollected that he had not brought back the gun with him; besides, when she cast a glance at his clothes, they were soiled with mud and clay, and torn in many places. But these circumstances did not for a moment operate in her mind against him, for she knew from the very manner of his first question, and the innocence of his exclamation, that the accusa-

tions and suspicions were all false. Even though he had not attempted to explain the cause of his protracted absence, she felt conscious that it was not guilt, and forbore to ask any questions about it. It was he first opened the subject, as they sat together over their frugal meal.

"Ellen," said he, "sence I saw you last, I wint through a dale ov hardship; an' I little thought, on my return, that I'd be accused ov so black a crime."

"Och, shure enough, Owen darlint; but I hope it'll be all fur the best. I little thought I'd see the day that you'd be suspected ov murdher."

"Well, Ellen aroon, all's in it is, it can't be helped. Bud as I was sayin'—whin I left this, I cut acrass by Shemus Doyle's, an' so up into the mountain, where I knew the hares were coorsin' about in plenty. I shot two or three ov thim; an' as night began to fall, I was thinkin' ov comin' home, when I heerd the barkin' ov a dog a little farther up, in the wild part, where I niver ventured afore. I dunna what prompted me to folly id; but, anyhow, I did, an' wint on farther an' farther. Well, Ellen agra, I at last come to a deep valley, full up a'most ov furze an' brambles, an' I seen a black thing runnin' down the edge ov id. It was so far off, I thought it was a hare, an' so I lets fly, an' it rowled over an' over. Whin I *threw near, what* was it bud a purty black spa-

niel; an' you may be shure I was sorry for shootin' it, an' makin' such a mistake. I lays down the gun an' takes id in my arms, an' the poor crathur licked the hand that shot id. Thin suddenly there comes up three sthrange min, an' sazin me as if I wor a child, they carrid me down wid them, cursin' an' abusin' me all the way. As they made me take a solemn oath not to revale what I saw there, I can't tell you any more: but they thrated me badly, an' it was only yestherday I escaped."

"Well, Owen a hagur, we ought to be thankful that you're back here safe; bud do you think the magisthrate will be satisfied with this story?—they are always anxious to do justice, but they must be satisfied."

"In throth they are, machree: but shure I'll sware to id; an' besides, you know, the raal murdherer may be discovered—for God never lets it, ov all other crimes, go athout punishment. An' now I'll jist go to the barracks at wanst, an' be out ov suspinse."

Ere Duncan had concluded this sentence, the tramp of feet was heard outside, and in a few seconds the cabin was full of armed men, who came to take him prisoner. He had been seen entering his cabin; and they immediately—that is, as soon as they could muster a party—set out to *make him* captive. As he was known to most of *them*, and did not make the slightest attempt at

resistance, they treated him gently, but bound his hands firmly behind his back, and took every necessary precaution. Though Ellen, while it seemed at a distance, had conversed calmly about his surrender, she was violently agitated at the appearance of the armed force. She clung to her husband's knees, and refused to part from him, wildly screaming, "He's innocent!—my husband's innocent!" and when all was prepared, she walked by his side to the magistrate's house, (a distance of three miles,) her choking sobs and burning tears attesting the violence of her uncontrolled feelings. A short examination was gone through there; and the circumstantial evidence that was adduced, made the case look very serious. One man positively swore, that he had seen Duncan pass by in the morning, in the direction where the body was found, and that he was armed with a gun. Another, that in about an hour afterwards he had heard a shot, but supposed it was some person coursing, and that the report was just where the body was found, and where Owen had been seen proceeding to. His only cow having been seized by Daly, a threat that he was heard uttering, and his absence from home, were duly commented on; and finally, he was committed to prison to abide his trial at the Ennis Assizes. While all this was going forward, Ellen's emotions were *most agonizing*. She stared wildly at the

magistrate and the two witnesses; and as the evidence was proceeded with, she sometimes hastily put back her hair, as if she thought she were under the influence of a dream. But when his final committal was made out, and her mind glanced rapidly at the concurrent testimony, and the danger of Owen, she rushed forward, and flinging her arms round him, wildly exclaimed—

"They sha'n't part us—they sha'n't tear us asunder! No, no, Owen, I will go wid you to preson! Oh, is id come to this wid us?—You to be dhragged from home, accused ov murdher—and I—I—Father of marcies, keep me in my sinses—I'm goin' mad—wild, wild mad!"

"Ellen!" said Owen, gently unwinding her arms, and kissing her forehead, while a scalding tear fell from his eye on her cheek—"Ellen, asthore machree! don't be overcome. There's a good girl, dhry yer eyes. That God that knows I'm guiltless, 'ill bring me safe through all. May his blessin' be on you, my poor colleen, till we meet agin! You know you can come an' see me. Heaven purtect you, Ellen, a lanna!—Heaven purtect you!"

When he was finally removed, she seemed to lose all power, and but for the arm of a bystander, would have fallen to the ground. It was not without assistance that she was at length enabled to reach her cabin.

It is strange how man's feelings and powers are swayed by outward circumstances, and how his pride and strength may be entirely overcome by disheartening appearances! So it was with Owen. Although constantly visited in prison by his faithful wife—although conscious of his own innocence—and although daily receiving assurances of hope from a numerous circle of friends—yet still his spirit drooped. The gloom of imprisonment—the idea of danger—the ignominy of public execution, and all the horrors of innocent conviction, gradually wore away his mental strength; and when the assize time approached, he was but a thin shadow of the former bluff, healthy Owen Duncan. In so short a time as this, can care and harrowing thought exhibit its influence on the human frame!

Never was there a finer or more heavenly morning than that which ushered in the day of trial. The court-house was crowded to suffocation, the mob outside fearfully numerous, and never before, perhaps, was Ennis in such a state of feverish excitement. Daly's murder was as nought in the minds of all, in comparison with Duncan's accusation. Alas! the former was an occurrence of too frequent repetition, to be *very much* thought of; but the latter—namely, Owen's being suspected—*was* a subject of the extremest wonder. *His former high* character—his sobriety—his quiet-

ness, and his being a native of the town, in some measure accounted for this latter feeling; and there was an inward conviction in most men's minds, that he was guiltless of the crime of which he was accused. Although the court-house was crowded, yet when the prisoner was called to the bar, a pin could be heard to drop in any part of the place. There was a single female figure leaning on the arm of an aged and silver-haired, though hale and healthy countryman, within a few feet of the dock; and as the prisoner advanced, and laying his hand on the iron railing, confronted the judges and the court, she slowly raised the hood of the cloak in which she was completely muffled, and gazed long and earnestly on his face. There was in that wistful look, a fear—a hope—an undying tenderness; and when his eye met hers, there was a proud, yet soft and warm expression in its glance, that re-assured her sinking heart. As she looked round on the court, and the many strange faces, and all the striking paraphernalia of justice, a slight shudder crept silently over her frame, and she clung closer to her companion, as if to ask for all the protection he could afford. It was Ellen and her father, who came, the former summoned as a witness, and the latter to accompany and support the daughter of his aged heart.

Duncan was arraigned: and on being asked the *usual* question of "guilty, or not guilty?" he an-

swered in a clear, calm voice, "Not guilty, my Lord!" and the trial proceeded. The same evidence that was given at the magistrate's house was a second time repeated; and evidently its train of circumstances made a deep impression on the court. While the first part of the examination was going forward, Ellen remained as motionless as a statue, scarcely daring to move or breathe; but when the depositions went more and more against Owen, her respirations became quick, short, and gaspish; and when the crier desired her to get up on the table, it was with difficulty that she obeyed him. When seated, she gazed timidly round on the crowd of counsellors and the judges, as though to bespeak their sympathy; but then, not meeting a single glance from which to glean even the shadow of hope, she covered her face with her hands. A moment or two elapsed, and she grew more assured, and the counsel for the crown proceeded with the examination.

"Ellen Duncan—is not that your name?" was the first question.

"It is, Sir," she shrinkingly answered, without raising her eyes.

"Do you know the prisoner at the bar?"

"Do I know the pres'ner at the bar?" she reiterated; "do I know Owen Duncan? Shure, *isn't he my own husband?*"

" Do you recollect the night of the twenty-first of September ?"

" I do, Sir."

" Can you swear to whether your husband was at home on that night or not ?"

Her voice faltered a little as she answered in the negative ; and on the presiding judge repeating the question, with the addition of, " Did he return at all next day?" it seemed as if she first thought that her answers might criminate him still farther, and clasping her hands convulsively together, and raising her face to the bench, while the scalding tears chased each other down her sunken cheek, she passionately exclaimed—

" Oh, for the love of heaven, don't ask me any thing that 'ill be worse for *him !* Don't, counsellor jewel, don't !—don't ask me to sware any thing that 'ill do *him* harm ; for I can't know what I'm sayin' now, as the heart within me is growin' wake."

After a few cheering expressions from the bench, who evidently were much moved by her simply energetic language and action, she was asked whether she could tell the court where her husband spent that and the following nights ; and with all the eagerness that an instantaneously formed idea of serving him could give, she answered—

"Oh, yis! yis! my Lord, I can. He was in the mountains shootin' wid Phil Doran's gun, an' he was sazed by some men, that made him stop wid thim, an' take an oath not to revale who they wor, an' they thrated him badly; so afther three days he made his escape, an' come home to the cabin, whin he was taken by the poliss."

"One word more, and you may go down—What was done with that gun?"

The judge's hard and unmoved tone of voice seemed to bring misgiving to her mind, and she trembled from head to foot as she falteringly answered—

"The wild boys in the mountain kep' it, my Lord, an' so he couldn't bring id home wid him. But indeed, my Lord—indeed he's innocent—I'll swear he never done id! Fur, oh! iv you knew the tindherness ov his heart—he that niver hurt a fly! Don't be hard on him, for the love ov marcy, an' I'll pray for you night an' day."

This was the last question she was asked; and having left the table, and regained her former position by her father's side, she listened with moveless, motionless intensity to the judge's "charge." He recapitulated the evidence—dwelt on the strong circumstances that seemed to bespeak his guilt—spoke of the mournful increase of crime—of laws, and life, and property being at stake—and finally closed his *address with* a sentence expressive of

the extreme improbability of the prisoner's defence; for he, on being asked if he had any thing further to say, replied in the negative, only asserting, in the most solemn manner, his innocence of the charge.

The jury retired, and Ellen's hard, short breathings alone told that she existed. Her head was thrown back, her lips apart and slightly quivering, and her eyes fixedly gazing on the empty box, with an anxious and wild stare of hope and suspense. Owen's face was very pale, and his lips livid: there was the slightest perceptible emotion about the muscles of his mouth, but his eye quailed not, and his broad brow had the impress of an unquenched spirit as firmly fixed as ever on its marble front A quarter of an hour elapsed, and still the same agonizing suspense—another, and the jury returned not—five minutes, and they re-entered. Ellen's heart beat as if it would burst her bosom; and Owen's pale cheek became a little more flushed, and his eye full of anxiety. The foreman, in a measured, feelingless tone, pronounced the word "Guilty!" and a thrill of horror passed through the entire court, while that sickness which agonizes the very depths of the soul, convulsed Owen's face with a momentary spasm, and he faltered, "God's will be done." The judge slowly drew on the black cap, and still *Ellen* moved not—it seemed as if the very blood

within her veins was frozen, and that her life's pulses no more could execute their functions! No man, however brave or hardened, can view the near approach of certain death, and be unmoved; and as that old man, in tremulous tones, uttered the dread fiat of his fate, Owen's eyes seemed actually to sink within his head—the veins of his brow swelled and grew black, and his hands grasped the iron rail that surrounded the dock, as though he would force his fingers through it. When all was over, and the fearful cap drawn off, Ellen seemed only then to awake to consciousness. Her eyes slowly opened to their fullest extent—their expression of despair was absolutely frightful—a low, gurgling, half-choking sob forced itself from between her lips; and ere a hand could be outstretched to save her, she fell, as if quickly dashed to the ground by no mortal power—her piercing shriek of agony ringing through the court-house, with a fearful, prolonged cadence.

Evening approached, and the busy crowd of idlers had passed away—some to brood over what they had seen, and others to forget, in the bustle of life, that there were woes and miseries in the hearts of their fellow-beings. Owen was remanded to prison, as his execution was not to take place till the Commission was over—thus giving him more than a week to prepare for that final doom. *The light* that struggled through the

bars of his cell rested fully on the stooping figure of his wife, as she bent over the rude bed on which he lay; and her hot tears fell fast down her cheeks, as she thought how soon they were doomed to part for ever. Hope was not, however, entirely dead within her, for the jury had strongly recommended him to mercy; and ignorant, as she was, of forms and ceremonies—helpless as lone woman in misfortune always is—she had determined on going to Dublin, to kneel at the feet of the Lord Lieutenant—then the proud and whimsical Duke of ———, and there to solicit his pardon. Having hesitated for some time as to the manner in which she should break it to him, and ask his advice, she thus began—

"Owen, dear Owen! do you know what I've been thinkin' ov, an' where I've been thinkin' ov goin'?"

There was no answer returned for some time, and on looking at him more earnestly, she was astonished to find that he had sunk into a profound slumber. "Guilt," thought she, "is not there!" and her resolution was taken instantly—she would not wake him—she would not let him know her purpose—and if she succeeded—her eyes flashed through her tears at the anticipation of his rapturous surprise. Stooping lower, she gently pressed her lips to his; and kneeling beside his *bed,* poured forth a short but fervent prayer to

HIM in whom alone we can put our trust—"In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind,"—"Who preserveth not the life of the wicked, but giveth right to the poor." There was something exceedingly and touchingly beautiful in the attitude of that young wife—her hands clasped, her lips moving with her prayer, like rose-leaves with the evening breeze, and her upturned face, with its holy and deep religious expression. Having concluded her fervent petition, she noiselessly arose, and giving her sleeping husband one long and lingering look of affection, that death could not estrange, she silently glided from the cell.

On the third night from the events which we have narrated, a poor woman was observed wending her toilsome way through the streets of the metropolis. Her appearance bespoke fatigue and long travel; and as she neared the Upper Castlegate, she had to lean against the railing for support. The lamps were lighted, carriages rolling to and fro, and all the buzz of life was ringing in her ears; but, oh! from the expression of pain and suffering in her face, and the shrinking with which she surveyed the sentinels pacing up and down, it was evident that her mind but little accorded with the scenes by which she was surrounded. She slowly and fearfully entered the wide court-yard—a flood of light was streaming

from the windows of the vice-regal dwelling, and a crowd of idlers stood round about, viewing the entrance of the visitors, for it appeared as if there were a revel of some kind going on. Ellen's heart sank within her, as she heard the carriages rolling and dashing across the pavement, for she felt that amid the bustle of company and splendour, her poor appeal might be entirely unnoticed. As she waited, she saw several of the persons assembled thrust rudely back by the soldiers that were on guard; and when she advanced a step or two for the purpose of entering, a brute in human shape pushed her, with a blow of the end of his musket, back against the pillar. He was about to repeat his violence, when the poor creature fell on her knees before him, and screamed—

"Sojer darlin', don't stop me! I'm only goin' in to plade fur my husband's life, an' shure you won't prevint me? I've thravelled many a wairy mile to get here in time; an', oh! for marcy's sake let me pass."

At this moment the carriage of the eccentric and beautiful Lady ——, one of the wildest, strangest, and best hearted females of the Irish Court, set down its lovely burden. She had seen the whole transaction of the sentinel, and heard Ellen's pathetic appeal, and her heart was instantly moved in her favour, for the example of fashion had not *yet frozen* up its finer feelings. Partly through

the workings of a softened heart, and partly to make what was then all the rage, a scene or sensation, she resolved instantly to get her admitted to the presence of the Duke—nay, to present her herself. She was well known to be a favourite; and whatever whim of hers took place, no matter how extravagant, was sure to meet his hearty concurrence. She desired Ellen to rise and follow her: and the poor creature's eyes streamed with tears as she invoked a fervent blessing on the head of her lovely protectress. While passing up the grand staircase, amid the wondering gaze and suppressed titter of many a pampered menial, she instructed her how to proceed; and having received a hasty account of all, and desired her not to be faint-hearted, she turned to the simpering master of the ceremonies to tell him of her "dear delightful freak:" there was a glad smile on her lip, and a glowing crimson on her cheek, but still there was a glistening moisture in her fine eyes, that told of soft and womanish feelings.

The Duke was sitting on a chair of crimson velvet; a cushion of the same costly material supported his feet; and he was looking with an appearance of apathy and *ennui* on the splendid group around him. The glitter of the lights, the lustre of the jewels, and the graceful waving of the many-coloured plumes, gave every thing a courtly, *sumptuous* appearance, and the air was

heavy with odours, the fragrant offering of many a costly exotic. Suddenly every eye was turned on the door with wonder and astonishment, and every voice was hushed as Lady —— entered, her cheeks blushing from excitement, and her eye bright with anticipated triumph. She led the poor and humbly clad Ellen by the hand, who dared not look up, but with her gaze rivetted on the splendid carpet, was brought like an automaton to the feet of the Duke, where she mechanically knelt down.

"Will yer Excillincy be plazed," began Lady ——, playfully mimicking the brogue, "to hear this poor crathur's complaint? Her husband has been condimned to die for a murdher he didn't commit by no manner ov manes, as the sayin' is; an' as there was a sthrong recommindation to marcy, if you'll grant him a reprieve, you'll have all our prayers, and (in an under tone) your Excillincy knows you want thim."

The Duke seemed a little bewildered, as if he could not make out what it meant, and the glittering crowd now all surrounded the group; when Ellen, who had ventured to look timidly up, conceiving that the Duke hesitated about the pardon, (poor creature! she little knew that he had not even heard of Owen's trial,) eagerly grasped the drapery of his chair, and while the big tears rolled from beneath her eyelids, exclaimed—

"*Oh!* may the great and just Providence, that

sees the workin' ov all our hearts, pour a blessin' on yer Lordship's head—may *his* holy grace be wid you for iver an' iver, an' do listen to my prayers! My husband is innocent—an' oh! as you hope for marcy at the last day, be marciful now to *him*."

"Lady ——," said the Duke, "what is the meaning of all this—will you explain?"

"Your Excellency," answered she, in the natural sweet pathos of her tones, "it is a poor man who has been condemned to die on circumstantial evidence. He has been strongly recommended to mercy, and this weeping female is his wife. I found her outside praying for admission, and have brought her hither. She has travelled, mostly on foot, upwards of ninety miles, to ask a pardon; and I trust you will not refuse *a reprieve*, till your Grace has time to inquire into the circumstance. 'This is the head and front of my offending.'"

"'May heaven bless yer Ladyship," burst from the depths of Ellen's grateful heart, "fur befrindin' thim that had no support but his gracious marcy."

Lady ——'s suit was eagerly seconded by many a fair creature who thronged around; and the Duke smiled, as he answered—

"Well, well! one could not refuse so many fair beseechers, *so we will* order him to be reprieved. And *there now, let the* poor woman be removed."

Ellen's heart was light, and her eye was glad, and her very inmost soul was thankful to the Omnipotent, as she that night rested a few hours ere she set out on her return; and Lady ——, as she pressed her costly pillow, felt a fuller sense of happiness in being useful to her fellow-creature, than ever she experienced before. Oh! that all the wealthy and in power were incited by similar feelings.

The remainder of our simple tale is soon told. The reprieve arrived—the sentence was changed to banishment—and the very day appointed for Owen's death was that of his wife's successful return. One week previous to the embarkation of those sentenced to transportation, a man was to be executed for sheep-stealing. On the drop he confessed his guilt, and that he, and not Duncan, was the murderer of Daly. Owen was immediately released, and a subscription raised for him; with which, as well as with a weighty purse presented to Ellen by Lady ——, he took a comfortable farm, and rebought '*Black Bess.*'

DENIS O'DONOHO.

MURTOUGH OGE, THE OUTLAW.

Murtough Oge O'Sullivan was the descendant of a princely line of ancestors, whose wide possessions extended along the rock-bound shores of Bearhaven. He had just arrived to manhood—was above six feet high—and his frame combined gigantic strength with the most faultless symmetry. His immediate relations were dead, and the heritage of his fathers in the occupation of strangers. The world was all before him;—but among the various pursuits that engrossed the attention of the multitude, he saw no occupation within his reach. The sword afforded the only method of cutting through the gordian knot that bound his lot to poverty. He embarked for France—and after ten years of active service, he saw himself raised to proud eminence in the military profession, and possessed of a competence, the reward of his merit, sufficient to render *his future life* free and independent.

When O'Sullivan left his native country, his

nearest relations there were a widowed aunt and her orphan son. At the period to which we have alluded above, this son was grown to man's estate, and, like most of his countrymen, was brave and unthinking. The practice of smuggling was then carried on to a great extent along the south and the western coast of Ireland; many of the respectable Irish families embarked in the illegal traffic; and to defraud the revenue, in the estimation of the Irish of that period, was considered a matter of boast, and certainly, by no means, of disgrace. Unfortunately for young Denis, he became attached to a gang of smugglers.—They wanted such a leader—his great popularity in that wild district could secure them a safe asylum for their persons and merchandize; and his resolution in danger, and headlong bravery in action, were most necessary to men who had to evade the pursuit, and frequently brave the attack, of the revenue cutter on the deep, and of the excisemen, with their train of red-coats and busy informers on land. He realised their fondest hopes. The brig he commanded was the swiftest sailer—and his perfect knowledge of the coast always enabled him to baffle the vigilance of the king's vessels, as he sought to introduce the wine and brandy of France to the palates of his countrymen. Indeed, *it often* happened that when the cutter gave chase, *and the* smuggler seemed to shorten sail, as if

tired in the pursuit, or panic-struck by the occasional shot which cut along her rigging, or boomed harmless over the waves, from the deck of the pursuing cutter, that she unaccountably disappeared at the instant. The armed boat sent to explore the bay or creek where the smuggler might have sought temporary shelter, returned unsuccessful from the search. The flight and disappearance of the brig afforded strange matter of cogitation to the cutter's crew, according as their minds were imbued with education or wild superstition: those declared the matter to be wholly inexplicable; and these averred that this was no other than a phantom ship, sent by the fairies of the ocean to lure them to their doom on the fearful rocks of that iron-bound coast. A tall cliff that projected its slanting side into the sea, hid from observation the narrow mouth of a cove, within which the brig suddenly glided, and was completely land-locked. The sea-lane (if I may use the word) that led into this cove, ran obliquely between cliffs so close and precipitous, that a few brave men, couched on each side, could, without risk to themselves, destroy a dozen armed boats attempting to force an entrance, by only hurling down the loose masses of rock which surmounted the granite walls that overhung, with fearful threatening, the dark waves below. It required the utmost stretch of pilotage to guide the brig

along this narrow way, for the rigging of the vessel almost touched the opposite rocks; but within, the cove afforded complete shelter. Here was also a cave, the joint effort of nature and art, in which the contraband cargo was stowed in safety, till the proper time arrived for transporting it to the different places of destination. The mouth of this cave was overflowed at high water, and led by a gentle ascent to a vault strewn with the finest sand; and the interior received light and air from a fissure in the rock above, to which art had given a funnel-like shape. This cove was the brig's place of concealment, and this cave the safe retreat of the smugglers, and the depository of their store, where they could set all the harpies of the revenue at complete defiance.

At length Denis O'Sullivan reached the goal of his desperate career. One night, in the month of October, he prepared to escort a quantity of French brandy to a neighbouring town. About ten pack horses conveyed the illicit liquor, and his party consisted of twelve stout fellows, who often before achieved a service of danger. But a person in the confidence of one of the party, who got intimation of this midnight excursion, was induced, by the hope of reward, to betray the route of the smugglers to one Puxley, a revenue officer. The road led through a rocky district, and upon arriving at a particular pass, in which the road winded round

the edge of a precipitous descent, where the rough rocks rose above, and a mountain torrent foamed and fretted its winding course below, the moon suddenly showed her round orb emerging from the sea, and shedding her first faint light on the smugglers, tinged the purple cliffs that rose above them with a silver shade. Then was a human form observed to rise above the tall rocks that overhung the narrow way—he bore in his hand a long gun—his height seemed above the usual stature of men, as he drew up his figure to its full length on the high cliff, and bid the smugglers stand and surrender in the king's name.

"And who art thou," said O'Sullivan, "that presumest to utter that audacious command?"

"I am," said he, "a revenue officer; I wish to apprise you of your present situation, and thereby to prevent the effusion of blood. The road is lined with soldiers—your retreat is cut off—and you rush forward to certain destruction. I again request that you will submit to the king's mercy."

After a moment's consultation with his followers, the leader of the gang answered—

"We know the tender mercies of your king, and none of my party are yet ambitious of gracing a gibbet;—we are well armed, and the boldest of your soldiers may rue our unerring aim. At the worst *it is but to die*—and better to die like men, *than basely yield* without a struggle."

"Your blood then be upon your own heads, infatuated men," said Puxley, retiring beyond the cliff.

In proportion to the magnitude of their danger did the reckless bravery of these desperate men appear. They rushed forward, with a wild and piercing shout, in front of the horses, which might otherwise have served to screen them from the fire of the military. The next brief moment brought them in view of the soldiers, who poured an ill-directed fire upon them, for not a man fell. The smugglers fired in return—the soldiers recoiled—those pursued the advantage, till the guns of the opposing parties met muzzle to muzzle. In that hour of strife, Puxley, the revenue officer, who the moment before evinced so laudable an anxiety to prevent the flow of human blood, and who did not mingle in the fray, but lay couched on a ledge of the rock, presented his long gun at O'Sullivan, and fired with sure and murderous aim. The fatal ball pierced his side, and as he felt the mortal stroke, he sprang from the ground to a considerable height, then descending in the struggle of death, he reeled to the earth—and as his head met the flinty rock, the butt end of a musket in some ruffian hand, unnecessarily scattered his brains about. When his party saw their leader fall, they *resigned* all thoughts of maintaining the fray; with *one wild* effort they broke through the enemy, and

escaping under favour of the night, left their leader and two others of their party dead, while the military had six killed, and as many more desperately wounded.

The remains of Denis O'Sullivan were conveyed to his mother's house; and as the woe-struck woman poured her maternal despair over the remains of her unfortunate son, in the *cione* which is usual on these mournful occasions—she besought heaven that the wild fox of the hill would lap the heart's blood of her orphan's murderer!—and the raven of the valley flap her sable wing over his lifeless carcass! This dreadful imprecation reached the ears of Puxley—filled with cruel revenge, he assembled a party that surrounded the house of the wretched woman, and set it on fire. As the flames rose through the roof, one, more compassionate than the rest, suffered the almost suffocated inhabitant to escape through a window. A cat was the only living thing that remained inside; and as the devouring flames cut off every place of refuge, the screams of the poor animal, which strongly resembled the shrieks of human despair, were heart-rending; and Puxley mistaking them for the death-cries of his human victim, ferociously exclaimed, "now the old witch may utter her curses in hell."

A year after these dreadful transactions took place, Murtough Oge O'Sullivan came to reside in *his native country*, and learned the sad fate of

his cousin, and the cruel wrongs of his aunt, from her own lips. She urged him, on her blessing, to revenge the death of her son—and the soldier but too faithfully kept the injunction. The usual mode of seeking to slay an enemy in single combat he could not resort to, for a penal statute prohibited him the use of fire-arms, or even the sword, which was at that time worn as the common mark of gentility. But Murtough Oge, spurred on to vengeance, waylaid Puxley, and shot him through the head. The body of the revenue officer lay where it fell, undiscovered for some days; and the tradition of that district has it, that the wild fox and the raven literally fulfilled the malediction of the widow. The government immediately outlawed the murderer, and set a price on his head. He defended himself in a castellated residence on the border of the sea; and such were his personal bravery and mode of resistance, that the numerous parties which the hope of reward had led to attempt his capture, were always repulsed. The outlaw led this precarious and desperate life for many years, in utter defiance of the legal authorities.

One night, as Murtough Oge and a few trusty friends kept watch in his strong hold, he felt an unusual depression of spirits. The fire that erewhile blazed brightly on the ample hearth, now decayed in its own ashes; and the occasional

light of the dying embers, as it shed a faint glare upon the tall forms and ferocious features around him, was not calculated to dispel the gloom of his heart. Plunged in a deep reverie, he brought to his mind's eye all the varied scenes of his past life—and he sighed at the sad retrospect. Among the faithful few that shared his desperate fortunes, was a harper—a last lingering child of the interesting minstrel race. This son of song had fallen upon evil days; but he found himself in the house of his natural protector, for the O'Dalys were, in the olden day, the hereditary bards of the O'Sullivan Beara.

"O'Daly," said the outlaw, "my heart is desponding and low; the music of your *clarseach* might lay the spirit of melancholy; but let your song be one of sadness, for your strains of joy must be reserved for happier hours."

The hoary minstrel took his harp, and after a short irregular prelude, he played a wild, melancholy strain, which he accompanied with his voice: and this was the burden of his song.

"Once upon a time, there lived in a strong castle, on a tall cliff by the wild sea, a chieftain; and his name went through the remotest ends of the land—for he was the scourge of the oppressor, and the hope of the defenceless. But these noble qualities drew upon him the hatred of certain great *men, who bore evil* report of him to the high king;

id the king gave credit to the report, and sur- am-
oned the chieftain before him, to answer for his
lleged crimes: but the chieftain refused to obey,
for he saw that to comply would put his life in
danger: and then he was outlawed, and a price
set upon his head.

"Then the chieftain fortified his castle, and set
watchmen in the towers, to give notice of the
enemy's approach; and foiled all attempts to take
him captive, till one of his own followers at last
betrayed him for gold; and the enemy surprised
him—and he was taken and put to death."

At this part of the song, one Scully, a confiden-
tial domestic of the outlaw's, groaned deeply. It
was not a groan caused by bodily pain, but such
a groan of mental agony as might be produced by
the keenest sting of remorse.

"Then the betrayer of his master rose to dis-
tinction; and he became rich, and fitted out
strong ship, with which he traded to foreign parts.

"And as he was returning from a distant port
with his vessel richly laden, a dreadful storm
arose; the raging winds tore the sails to shreds,
and the masts were shivered to splinters. The
sailors manfully braved the storm, and struggled
hard for life: but a cry of horror burst from the
crew when they perceived a small boat ahead of
the ship, in which sat a figure of fierce and threat-
ening aspect, and eyes that seemed to glare ruin

on them all. This small boat glided unharmed in the storm towards the rocky shore, and the ship, by some strange attraction, followed in its wake."

A second groan, which roused them that heard it into fearful alarm.

"As they rapidly neared the rocks, the boat that bore the spectre approached the ship, and in a voice that rose above the tempest of the deep, he threatened to sink them to the bottom of the sea, if the captain were not given up to him without delay.

"The sailors, for their own safety, bound the devoted wretch, and lowered him into the small boat; and as the dreadful spectre and his guilty victim retired through the troubled sea, the tempest abated: and while the despairing shrieks of the mortal, and the exulting yells of the spectre, pierced the vault of heaven, the boat and its freightage sunk beneath the yawning waters."

Here the feelings of Scully were excited to madness: he sprung from his seat exclaiming, "I am that murderous traitor!—I have betrayed my master, and sold the precious blood of an O'Sullivan;" then falling at the outlaw's feet, and presenting his dagger, "Sheath this," he said, "in my perjured heart, and rid the world of a ruffian."

At this brief moment the trampling of feet gave *meaning to Scully's* incoherent language, for the

house was surrounded with armed men. Its inmates were determined to fight to the last extremity, but this desperate resource was denied them. The villainous Scully, whom the strangely coincident song of the bard had roused to a horror of his treachery, had betrayed his master, and rendered all the fire-arms useless by soaking their contents with water. Here we are enabled to record an act of devoted attachment on the part of the outlaw's fosterer, whose name was likewise O'Sullivan. In this hour of peril he generously resolved to procure his master's safety by his own death. Having attired himself in the usual dress of the outlaw, he rushed, sword in hand, against the soldiery—every musket was levelled at the brave man, and he fell beneath a shower of bullets. The work of destruction was but begun—the house was fired in every direction, and as the inmates rushed from the flames, the leaden messengers of death arrested their farther flight. No trace of the miserable Scully was ever after found; and it is supposed that his despair induced him to perish in the flames. As Murtough Oge himself attempted to escape at a private outlet, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who guided the troops thither, lying in wait near the spot, and recognising the noble figure of the fugitive, shot him through the heart. The principal actors in this affair now *prepared* to convey the outlaw's remains to Cork,

and a passage by water was deemed the most eligible mode of reaching that city. A boat was accordingly procured; but owing either to hatred of the unfortunate Murtough Oge, or to some superstitious observance, or perhaps to a union of both, they would not permit his bloody corpse on board; but the body was bound with a rope to the stern of the vessel, and in that manner trailed along the deep from Bearhaven to Cork. On arriving thither, his head was fixed on the gaol of the south gate, and the headless trunk exhibited for many days to the greedy gaze of the multitude, and finally thrown into a pit. Such was the end of Murtough Oge O'Sullivan. His fine natural endowments and social qualities would have dignified any station; but his lot was cast upon evil days, and in the pursuit of revenge, he spurned the laws of God, and incurred the vengeance of that government within whose iron grasp he met his untimely fate.

THE ABDUCTION OF A VOTER.

A general contested election is always a scene of disturbance and tumult, but more especially in Ireland, where the genius of misrule and mischief seems to have a particular partiality for presiding. An Irishman has a natural love of contention, as the old story of trailing a coat in the fair will testify; and on an occasion like this, when not only the love of opposition, but the bitterness of party feeling, are awakened, "war to the knife" is of frequent occurrence. This is the case more especially in country towns, for in cities there is always some stir; bu when the monotony of country life is broken in upon by a hard contest, and speeching, and placards, and broken heads, the rural factions seize every opportunity of a *scrimmage*, and the general result is, a few lives lost—all for honour, glory, and patriotism—*(quere, Patriot-ism.)*

It was during the election which took place in *18—*, and which many of our readers must re-

member, from the virulence displayed by all parties, that the somewhat singular occurrence took place, of which we are about to speak. In the elegantly furnished breakfast-parlour of one of the splendid residences of the former nobility in this city, sat a beautiful young girl. The entire furniture of the apartment was imposing, and costly without being vulgarly rich—all was elegant and refined, and the vase of sweet flowers over which Emily was leaning—the odour-loaded rose and the graceful lily, seemed most fit to rest on the spider table of polished rosewood, at which she was sitting. Before an open writing desk, on which was strewed various unopened letters, sat a gentleman somewhat above the middle age, with a high, polished brow, and dark hair, on which time already had begun to lay a gentle hand—his features resembled Emma's considerably, but were more strongly marked, and had acquired a haughty and somewhat aristocratic sternness, which, however, extended not to his eye; for it was, though penetrating, mild and gentle in expression. His brow appeared thoughtful and somewhat disturbed, as he glanced over a letter which he held closely to him, and then a smile of a doubtful character, it might be of vexation, crossed his features as he exclaimed—

"*Now Emma, love!* who would think it. Frank *writes me word* that all my tenants have refused

him their support; and that unless I can contrive to go down, he fears he'll lose his election!"—

A slight blush tinged her cheek as the name of Frank was mentioned; but not being noticed, it soon died away, while her father continued—

"I don't like the son of my old friend to be thrown out, and that by those upstart Ryans—but 'tis such a distance, and so wild a neighbourhood; yet, he says he'll meet me on the road. The rascals should not be allowed to have their own way. Emma, do you think I ought to go?"—

"Go, father!—why, poor Frank, you know, will expect you; and the weather's so fine, and I'd so love to see "*Mount Prospect;*" and—and—why, Sir! I think you ought."

"Well then, love, there is no time to be lost—do you hasten and make preparations, for we must be off before night—while I go and see about the carriage,"—answered her indulgent parent, as he left the room; while Emma, with a gleam of joy lighting up her fine eyes, danced out like a fairy, carolling in the glee of an unclouded heart!

Emma Hemple was an only daughter, and strange to assert, was not *spoiled*, as only daughters generally are. Her mother had been called from earth while she was but a child, and her infancy was passed under the protection of an aunt, who loved her as if she were her own daughter. Her education was strictly attended to; and the

wholesome principles of moral duty, firmly inculcated in a mind waxen to receive, and marble to retain. Her father was a gentleman possessed of considerable property through the country, more especially in M——, where he had just determined on going, to influence by his presence the votes of his tenantry, in the return of Frank Hutchinson, whose father, his oldest friend, had represented the county for years. Frank was very young and very handsome, and very clever, which is more than all—for ladies had rather subdue one clever person than a myriad of butterfly fops; it is such a pride to see talent at one's feet. Well—he used to walk out with Emma, and read for her, and sing with her—and of course she was quizzed about her handsome beau by her light-hearted friends, until at last she began to think, and when she thought she blushed—and a blush became her well, although she would willingly have dispensed with its presence.

Frank had written a pamphlet or two—had spoken at a debating club—and having passed his minority, a dissolution of parliament coming on, had deemed himself a fit and proper person to represent the county of M—— in parliament. No sooner did he address the constituency, than opposition began. Mr. Ryan, a popular man, set up on popular principles, and this caused the letter

which urged Mr. Hemple to go down, and support by his presence his young friend.

It was late in the evening when the travelling carriage which contained Mr. Hemple and his daughter entered a small village, situated about thirty miles from their place of destination. They purposed stopping there for an hour or more; but *should* proceed then, as the following day was the last of the election; and they only delayed to procure refreshment, and a relay of horses, as their own were considerably jaded. This village, as too many are in Ireland, was a beautiful specimen of genuine dirt and disorder. Mac Adam *had* taken the principal street under his *surveillance*, but it was woefully out of repair, and waged a continued war with the carriage-springs, as it proceeded through its ups and downs. Pigs and poultry, curs and chickens, geese and grandams, testified that

> "There are human natures so allied
> Unto the savage love of enterprize,
> That they will seek for peril as a pleasure."

and it was only between "*whoops—whooshes—and out o' the way, ma'm,*"—the latter, generally, when attended to, followed with a grumbling curse—that the driver succeeded in establishing his burden opposite the inn, without the guilt of blood or maiming on his head.

The moment the rumbling vehicle came to a stand still—*boys—gossoons—colleens—and house dogs*, gathered tumultuously round it—all eagerness to behold the contents—the *boys* shouting for Ryan—the *gossoons* shouting for companionship—the *colleens* grinning to show their teeth—and the dogs barking to show their lungs. This scene was so new to Emma, and so ludicrous, that she leaned back in the carriage, and burst forth into an involuntary peal of laughter; and when its door was at length opened, and the attentive landlord bustlingly assisted them out, her blue eyes flashed with mild merriment, and her pretty cheeks were dimpled with excess of mirth. In one instant, all this vanished—and the change was so sudden as to direct her father's eyes to the object who had caused it; but after a moment's scrutiny, he smiled at her sensitive nervousness, and led her into the inn—having given orders for fresh horses to be in readiness as soon as possible.

The individual whom both had so noted, was leaning against the window frame, one hand thrust loosely into his breast, and the other picking up some grains of wheat which were scattered on the head of a barrel near where he stood—but all this time, his eyes never for a moment wandered from the persons of Mr. Hemple and his daughter, as long as they remained in view, save when the former *fixedly* regarded him, and then they quailed

beneath his glance. He was below the middle size, but with herculean breadth of shoulder and expansion of chest, and his legs being short and bowed, gave him the appearance of immense strength: but it was his features that more particularly attracted attention; they were large, coarse, and sottish—and his dull black eye, a little protruded from his head, had malignity, indulgence in brute passion, and cunning, strongly expressed in its stealthy glances: in fine, he was one, whom to look on was to fear, you know not why; and to hate, you could not tell wherefore. He seemed not outwardly to partake in the general curiosity and thoughtless inquisitiveness, and spoke to non of the group around the door; but when Emm and her father entered, he moved quickly awa towards the open country, without having hel communication with any; and yet, so eager wer all about the new-comers, that this singularity wa unobserved. Mr. Hemple having never, since h was of age, visited this part of the country befor was of course not recognised by any of those who he encountered; and was the more pleased, as h wished his presence to be unannounced and sudde He had some trouble in parrying the, not que tions absolutely, but inquisitive hints of Bonifac who was full of politics and the election, an warmly recommended him to vote for Ryan— "one o' the right sort all out." We will no

leave him for a time, to note the proceedings of the strange figure which had caused Emma's mirth so suddenly to subside.

He rapidly traversed the few fields which were rescued from the surrounding sterility, until he began gradually to ascend the bleak mountain, at the foot of which the small village was situated. Here the traces of culture soon became lost, and piles of shapeless rock, half covered in some instances with the luxuriant growth of wild heath, made the path both difficult and dreary. A low cabin, only to be traced from the surrounding mountain by the wreaths of grey smoke ascending from its chimney, was situated near the summit; and thither he pursued his course. When within about one hundred yards of its entrance, two shaggy haired, ill-clad figures suddenly appeared, as if to reconnoitre; and then, apparently satisfied with the individual who was approaching, re-entered, leaving the door half closed. He soon followed them in, and when on the threshold, was greeted with—

"A thin, Dinis, a hagur, we thought you wor among the boys at the pollin' place. What's brought you here, an' the divarshun goin' an?"

"Shure enough, thin, an' it's in the regard ov that same pollin', Tim. There's the masther goin' to be beat ontirely, out an' out, iv we don't join *Mick Dunn an' a few ov* the boys in previnthin' id."

"The masther beat!—Repale Ryan beat! Arrah, Dinis Mulligan, don't be divartin' us!" jeered the man addressed, a rough but good-humoured looking peasant.

"Yer welcome to yer laugh, Tim," answered Mulligan, "bud its thrue as the blessed priest's sarmons! Didn't I go, as Mick Dunn tould me, to the little village below, an' see wid my own eyes Misther Hemple, the head man, who's come down to make his tinants vote agin justice, an' repale, an' law?"

"Misther Hemple!" ejaculated Tim, jumping, as well as his companion, to his feet, and burying his rough hand in his hair, as if from thence to draw resources to meet the danger. "Och, bud iv *that's* thrue, I'm afeard we're murdhered out an' out. Well, it's a pity, an' the poll goin' an so nice: an' Ryan's fine sintinces, an' the beer an' whiskey."

"Bud, Tim," renewed Denis, "Mick an' I, an' a few more o' the boys, wor thinkin' ov jist quietly an' comfortably borryin' him for a bit, ontil the day's over. Thin, you know, the sorra taste ov harm he could do! He has only a couple ov sarvints," continued Mulligan, "an' a lady, the most beautiful crathur I ever laid eyes an. We could asily manage thim, you know. The ould cave's a mighty purty hidin'-place, an' it 'ud be a pity to sell the counthry through any sich thing as squeam*ishness*!"

Tim's head kept nod, nod, nod, during this sentence, as he gradually understood the meaning it was intended to convey; and when Mulligan concluded, he leisurely buttoned his coat, placed his pipe in the front of his hat, and taking his stick in the centre, as if balancing its weight, exclaimed—

"That's all fair, square, an' straight, Dinis, a hagur; an' as to sellin' the counthry through squeamishness, whin we mane no harm to him or the lady, only the hoighth ov kindness an' attinshun, id's my opinion they'll be more obleeged to us than not."

"Thrue, avourneen!" responded both his auditors in the same tone; and after a few more explanatory sentences, they left the hut, and went down the mountain, on whose sides the heavy mists of night were already beginning to collect. Their course led them outside the village, on the road which led from it to the place of contention, and which was, generally speaking, desolate looking, as but few huts were erected at its side, in consequence of the barrenness of the soil; and they were soon lost to view in the increasing obscurity.

The clear placid moon lit up with her radiance the summer night, as the carriage which contained Mr. Hemple and his daughter wound round the base of one of the large mountains by which the

road leading to their destination was cut. It had gradually grown more and more lonely, till at last all traces of habitation had departed, and all around was barrenness. However, the road being a leading one, was tolerably good, so that the postillion, (an Englishman, with a due fear of pikes and whiteboys,) was enabled to hurry on with considerable speed. Suddenly, in one of the most obscure parts of the road, a loud shout burst on his ears, which his terrified imagination construed into the yell of human demons; and the injunction it contained to stop, was only noticed by a quicker and more nervous application of the whip; but before he could recollect himself, or Mr. Hemple inquire the cause of the interruption, the horses were stopped by a vigorous hand, and their driver knocked from his seat by the gentle application of Denis Mulligan's *alpeen*.

"Take that, you omedhaun, for not bein' p'lite enough to stop whin axed!" accompanied the blow.

In a moment after, the carriage-door was opened, the steps let down, and the figure of a tall and handsome peasant discerned by the astonished inmates, a little in advance of many others, bowing and scraping, while they shouted, "Hurroo for Ryan!"—"Ryan for ever, *whoo!*" &c.

Mr. Hemple having recovered from his first *astonish*ment, and vainly endeavoured to allay the

fears of Emma, who saw in the interruption nothing short of murder and spoliation, descended from the vehicle to demand the reason of their progress being stopped; and the moment he set foot upon the ground, the tall peasant, who seemed leader, turning his head round to the others, shouted—

"Now, boys, hats off, an' welcome home the masther. Long life to your honour—hurroo!"

A thundering echo of his cry was the answer, and sticks, *caubeens*, and *gossoons* simultaneously bounded into the air, shrieking, (we mean the latter) grinning, whooping, and dancing, as is Paddy's custom on all joyful occasions. This perplexed Mr. Hemple more and more; and though annoyed at being so evidently discovered, he was not unamused at the manner in which he was welcomed: and Emma, having seen nothing hostile attempted, sat looking eagerly from the window, and wondering what it all could mean.

"My friends," at last he began—('hurroo—o—whoop! the masther for iver!')—"may I ask why I am stopped? ('The darlin' he was!') I am proceeding ('Good loock to yer honour, we know id,') a little farther forwards."

"Wid all due submission," here interrupted the most conspicuous of the group, who was no other than Mick Dunn, the *politician* of the entire country, "*an' not* meanin' no offince—('Och,

we'd bate the brains out ov any man that would!" I'm goin' to make so free as to ax yer honour's pardon for bringin' yer honour a taste out o' ye way, in the regard of a purty summer-house we're goin' to show yer honour, by raison of the road bein' blocked up with the murdherin' Hutchinsons an' for fear yer honour an' the purty orathur lookin at us now wid her di'mond eyes—good loock to them!—id come to aither hurt or harm."

Then conceiving he had sufficiently explained himself, he shouted—

"Hollo, there, you lazy bastes, why don't ye unyoke the horses? Dinis, what are you at? Barney, work, you villian. The gintleman's gettin onasy at the delay."

He then was proceeding leisurely to their assistance, when Mr. Hemple, laying his hand on his arm, detained him, and said—

"But, my friend, I must proceed. I am going to support Mr. Hutchinson, and am not afraid of his party."

"Asy a bit now, yer honour, avourneen," interrupted Dunn, "an' I'll let you know all about id. Ye see, we're all an the side o' the Ryans, not sayin' any thing agin the other; bud bekase they're the right soort, an' Father Tague bid us. Now we hard that you wor comin' down to make us vote agin the priest's wish, lettin' alone our conscience, an' so we med bould to meet you on the road to

ax you on a visit up the hill yandher ontil the day's decided. We'll thrate you as tindher as a child, yer honour. Don't be afeerd a bit; an' the mountain air 'ill put a pair o' roses into the lady's cheeks, aquil in beauty a'most to her good-nathured eyes. You see now, yer honour, the ins and outs; an' maybe you'd ax her to step from the coach, as we're goin' to hide id undher yandher hape o' hay: cute's the word; an' as for the horses, the bastes, they'll come along wid us. Asy, Barney, loose the buckle first."

Words could not depict the astonishment of Mr. Hemple and his daughter, who had heard the entire conversation; and though he felt considerably annoyed, there was something so ludicrous in being brought, whether he would or not, "up the hill yandher," (a huge black, dreary-looking mountain) that he felt irresistibly disposed to laugh at the whole adventure; and when the woe-begone face of the postillion, whom Barney had "spilled," met his view, it could no longer be repressed, but he burst into an involuntary peal, which was hailed by a deafening shout of mingled cheers and laughter. Emma's fright had not altogether subsided, yet her eyes grew brighter and brighter, her face became lighted up, and she was obliged to smile. This was greeted with redoubled whoopings, accompanied with, "Goodness purtect the darlin',"

"Och, the heavens be her bed," "Gracious, such dazzlin' teeth!" &c.

The entire scene—the carriage, with the horses taken from it—the wild-looking group surrounding it, and keeping at a respectful distance from Mr. Hemple and Emma, who had joined him—his noble bearing, and her agile figure—all seen beneath the bright splendour of the unclouded moon, had a singular and romantic effect; and if Emma were one of those album-blotting, Byron-idolizing creatures, she might have spun a fine sketch out of it for the edification of her friends. But, alas! she was gifted with that much-neglected acquisition, common sense, so she did not *look* pathetic, nor *do* terror. Her father, seeing that they were bent on the execution of their purpose, remained silent, not unamused with the rapidity with which the carriage was removed a little off the road, and the quiet gravity with which they proceeded to cover it with the hay, until at last there was no trace of aught but a good-sized stack, well tightened up and built. When all this was complete, the leader, Dunn, again came forward, and taking off his hat, said—

"Now, your honour, I'm ready to lade the way: the path's asy enough, an' the lady, glory to her! 'ill not be in the laste incommoded. Tim, run for*ward a taste*; Mulligan, bring up the rear. Keep

close to me, Sir, iv you plaze, an' you'll find afore you've gone far, that it's quite asy."

So saying, he proceeded up a rude path, full of loose stones, evidently the relics of a winter torrent. Mr. Hemple, with Emma leaning on his arm, and the terrified postillion keeping close at their heels, (seeing that resistance was useless,) quietly conceded, while the whole gang followed with the horses, remaining silent after having given one shout, as if to give impetus to their motions.

Though the path was rugged, they proceeded without much difficulty, till, after many turns and windings, they at last approached a low cave, situated in the side of the mountain, within which the red light of a turf fire cheerfully blazed; and having arrived at its entrance, which was decked with woodbine hanging at each side, the leader stopped, and taking off his hat, politely bowed, saying,

"Welcome, Sir, to Doran's cave!"

Then pushing aside the honeysuckle branches, he signed for him to enter, and followed alone, the rest of his comrades remaining with the horses. The interior was spacious, and had evidently been prepared for their reception; for before the fire were two seats, and near it a heap of fern, covered with moss, as a resting-place. But what overjoyed Emma most, was the appearance of a black-eyed girl *of about her* own age, who came forward curt-

seying and blushing, to bid her welcome; and she was no less pleased than surprised when Dunn introduced her as his wife, and then desired her to busy herself about their comforts.

"Take a sate, yer honour. Miss, a lanna! won't ye condiscind to rest yerself afther yer walk?" bustlingly said Dunn, brushing the seats with his coat skirts, with all the air of a host doing the honours. "Och, musha, in throth, but id's a poor place for raal born quality like yous to be in, but, av coorse, the *thrue* ginteels don't mind. That's right, Miss, sit down, an' make yerself at home. Faix, thim darlin' feet o' yours warn't med for thrampin' through a wild place like this—id's on daisies, an' primroses, an' butthercups, *they* should thread. Musha, musha, Mary, will you be quick. Whoo! bud id's seldom the ould cave's honoured with the light ov such a beautiful lady's eyes. Maybe yer honour 'id like a dhrop o' whiskey afther yer walk?"

This was declined by Mr. Hemple, who could not but feel amused with the good-natured politeness of their captor—a politeness constantly met with in the Irish peasantry, much traduced as they have been. Mary now made her appearance, with a clean but coarse cloth, which was soon spread over the rude table. On it was then placed a cold roast fowl, which had evidently been prepared for *them, tog*ether with some bread, an article not of

very great plenty in such a wild district. However, both showed the desire of contributing so much to their comfort, that father and daughter exchanged a glance of wonder mixed with pleasure, which was not unobserved by the acute Dunn, and drew down a fervent "Glory to yer honour, an' heaven to the angel's image, lookin' so continted wid our poor enthertainmint!"

Having seen the table in order, not forgetting a black bottle of that mystic fluid which gives heart to the coward, quickens the pulses of the brave, and is irreverently dubbed *poteen*, Dunn and his wife were about to retire, when Emma, with a sudden impulse, which a cynic would term woman's tact, but we call woman's good-nature, asked both to remain, which invitation was insisted on by her father; and after much grumbling of "makin' bould"—"intirely too condiscinding," et cetera, they both acquiesced, greatly to the delight of their young guest.

Will the reader now be pleased to fancy the interior of the cave, which was pretty spacious, lighted up with a bright peat fire, near which, at a respectful distance from "the genteels," Dunn and his wife were sitting; while the contrast presented by the ruddy cheek and gipsy-like beauty of Mary, and the almost child-like loveliness of Emma, was only to be equalled by the high brow *and noble outline of* her father's chiselled features,

and the rough but handsome lineaments of his host.

"But you have not told us the reason," said Emma, "of your objection to Mr. Hutchinson."

"Objection! Arrah, Miss jewel, iv id's dislike you mane be that, shure we've none at all, for a betther lad nor Masther Frank doesn't exist undher the canopy of the Uropian world."

A slight suffusion of pleasure at this honest praise of her lover, tinged Emma's cheek, and was not unnoticed by Dunn, as her father replied—

"Then why not return him as your candidate?"

"Why, you see, yer honour, in that regard id's entirely an' complately a different matther. Masther Frank's a fine young man, an', what's betther, a good young man—an' (a glance at Emma) one the ladies might choose if *they* had votes; bud, Sir, (growing warm,) he's not a politishun—excuse me makin' so bould—he's not a politishun, Sir!"

"That is, he doesn't espouse your side of the question?" interrogated Mr. Hemple.

"Thrue, Sir, thrue! Bud id's not that intirely out, you see, Sir—he's not my idaya ov a mimber fit for parliamint."

"Well, Dunn, now what is your idea?" said the amused listener.

"*Och*, now, yer honour's only divartin' yersell.

The likes o' me to give my opinion—the likes o' me to sit here at all at all, bates banagher—bud yer honour's so good!"

"Do tell us," eagerly exclaimed Emma, infinitely diverted with the manner, the gesture, and above all, the *brogue*, and casting off every shadow of terror, from the politeness and kindness with which they were treated; there was, besides, a latent spark of romance in her disposition, which could not but be stirred up by the wild and singular nature of her situation.

"Well, thin, Miss, id's my opinion that to be a raal mimber, an' one able to rule a nation like this, a man should have exparience! Id's not in books an' college that exparience is to be had, though there's no denyin' they're very well in their way. Och, iv ye'd a heard Masther Frank's address—*that* showed the book larnin' I'm spakin' ov; bud, beggin' yer pardon, Miss—*no exparience!* Well, Miss, I think a mimber, to have the raal knowledge, should be an ould man. The young mimbers they elect are full of blood, an' action, an' great spakin', an' all that; bud, Miss, sure they don't rason. A mimber should rason on every thing: id's not wid throops here, an' money there, the thing's to be kep' up, as some mimbers assert; an', Miss, thim are the young ones—the boys, as a body may say—goodness help their poor heads!"

"*Has Mr. Ryan experience?*" asked Mr. Hem-

ple; when Dunn elevated his head, half closed his eyes, while the corners of his mouth twisted themselves into an ineffable expression of evasive cunning, as he answered—

"*He's* a REPALER!"

There could be no reply given to this home thrust; and the silence which ensued was broken by Mr. Hemple's saying—

"I think you called this Doran's cave as we entered; why is it so named?"

"In throth, yer honour's darlin', it's an ould an' melancholy story," said Dunn—when Emma's taste for romance was entirely roused, and she eagerly asked to hear it.

"Mary machree!" he added, to his wife, "do you tell id to divart his honor, while I go look afther the horses,"—saying which, he rose up, and after many a "goodness bless you,"—"Age never wrinkle yer shinin' brow,"—"The Vargin watch over yer sleep," &c.—he bowed himself away with his native politeness, with which he seemed eminently gifted; and his wife, blushing with pleasure, mingled with embarrassment, at "bein' so put forward," smoothed down her apron, stirred up the peat fire, and commenced the narration.

"Id's many a long year, Miss, since this cave was first knowrt be 'Doran's Cave;' an' ids likely to be always called so now. Don't be frightened, Miss, iv I tell you, there's but few in this part o'

"So saying, he proceeded up a rude path full of loose stones, evidently the relics of a winter torrent—Mr. Hemple, with Emma leaning on his arm, and the terrified postillion keeping close at his heels."

counthry id come near id, let alone enther id, ıer dusk—bud you see, whin I'm armed with sign ov the cross—[here the little devotee ısed herself]—I'm not afeard of the devil or his ks, which sperits sartinly are!"—Mary, notıstanding this, stole a timid glance round; and ma felt a *leetle* tremor round her heart, as she w in closer to the fire!—

'There was a man, Miss, they called Shaun ran," continued Mary, "livin' in this part of counthry, years and years ago—an' a wild solute life he led: he was for ever gamin' an' inkin', an' out at night; and more betoken, the ; too—never workin' nor labourin' like other n, but divartin' himself from night till mornin', l mornin' till night. Well, Miss, I'm tould wid this, that he was the finest and handsomest boy he whole counthry; an' that the *colleens* wor his friends, notwithstandin' his wicked ways—the poor crathurs has always soft hearts, Miss, looks more to the outside nor they should, help thim! Well, Miss, the place that's in rom bein' the safest, in the regard of robbery, ıe world, all at once began to get a bad name; ıle wor stopped an' plundhered at night, and ss wor on the look out, bud never wor able to e out the miscrayants. The priest, Father phy—rest his sowl in glory, amin!—addressed *people from the* althar, an' more particularly,

spoke to Shaun, who happened, fur a wondher, to be present—bud all to no purpose; the robberies becum more darin' nor evir—and as he was suspected be the priest, his raverence towld him never agin to enther his presence, unless he wint to his duty; which, God pity him, he'd woefully neglected. Well, Miss, his reverence had a niece livin' with him—the gentlest an' sweetest crathur evir brathed; as innocent as a young lamb, an' good an' vartuous as an unborn child. Shaun was, as I sed, a handsome dashin' boy; an' shure enough, he contrived, unknownst to the uncle, to creep into her little heart; and she loved him—the dove, she loved the raven! Bud the heart of a young girl, Miss, is soft, and her affection isn't her own, afther a manner. [Little did the narrator know she was giving Byron's—"Is human love the growth of human will?"] Well, Miss, she marrid him agin the blessed priest's consint, and agin the will ov all her frinds; bud who can controul passion when it gets, as it did on her, a howlt of reason, an' mind, an' prenciple, an' all? From the day ov her foolish act, her uncle, though he forgave her, never would admit her to his house—an' she was thrown on the world, thrustin' to Shaun's purtection alone! Oh, Miss, girls ought to be very careful ov whom they rely on, for snares an' pits are always on their path! The robberies still continued to be repeated, an' Dor-

was at last found out as the villian, an' a watch set on him, an' a reward offered for his sazure, an' then it was he furst tuk to hidin' in this cave, sleepin' in id like a hunted wild baste, wid the poliss all about the mountain—fur they knew he was somewhere in the neighbourhood. One night, his wife, fur the first time almost since her marriage, enthered the village, and wint into a huxther's shop, where she bought a loaf an' other things; an' oh, Miss, they say the mother that bore her id scarce know her child—for her eyes wor red wid weepin', an' her face pale, while she was worn to a shadow with the fare dint ov frettin'. A sorrowful heart, Miss, soon takes the roses from the cheek, an' the di'mond from the eye! Well, Miss, to go an. Shaun Doran was sittin', athout light or fire, in this very cave, listenin' to every whistle ov the cowld winther's wind—an' a dark rainy night it was—when he thought he hard a step near the entrance—"Iv I'm sould," sis he, sazin a loaded pistol—"I'll nevir be taken alive." Oh, bud he was mortual wicked, Miss, an' still full of courage! Well, whin the noise cum nearer, as ov some one creepin' on their hands an' knees, he shouted "who comes?" in a voice of thunder—an' no answer was given. In a moment or two more, Miss, he seen a dark figure creepin' into the cave, an' murdher was in his heart; for the devil—*God be betune us and* harm!—was always at his

side; an' whin id spoke not, but still kept movin', his finger touched the thrigger, thinkin' id was a spy ov the poliss; an' the report echoed in the cave, but louder rose the shriek, Miss, jewell! ov his poor wife, who had been obliged to stale up (fur the whole hill was watched) wid somethin' for him to eat; an' the last spring she ever gave was to his knees, when, thryin' to wind her arms—with love uninjured even by death, received from himself—round him, she fell, an' wid a low groan, brathed her last. Oh, Miss, darlin', no language could spake his feelings thin—he raised her up, bud she was cowld an' still, an' her blood clotted his fingers—her heart's blood, which he had shed!

"Well, Miss, the soldiers an' poliss, atthracted be the shot, kem up the hill, an' wor entherin' here to sarch—when, like a madman, he dashed through them, shreeking wid agony, an' afore one could stop him, escaped down the hill. They found his poor wife dead, an' not yet quite cowld, with the pistol-wound in her breast, an' her long yallow hair thick an' matted with her black blood. Oh, Miss, jewell! to die be the hand ov her husband, fur whom she gave up every thing, an' to whom she was comin' with food, through storm, an' cowld, an' danger!

"Well, time flew by, an' there was no tiding ov Doran, an' the young an' handsome becam *ould* and wrinkled; bud it's not the smooth che

an' the red lips we ought to look to, Miss! The heart never grows wrinkled, iv id be vartuous and good—honesty's before beauty, an' purity before loveliness! The place, Miss, got a bad name—an' there wor thim that sed the sperit of the poor murdhered crathur was seen at night here, in a long white dress, spotted wid blood; an' soon the fearlessest boy about, id die afore he'd come near id afther nightfall. Well, Miss, the ways of Providence are wondherful ontirely. Many a long year afther the murdher, some childhre strayed up here one day, and wid their innocent curiosity, enthered the cave; for a child, Miss, don't have time to know the fear ov anything wrong, till their little hearts are tainted with the world, an' it's God himself gives them courage! The poor little crathurs found, on the very spot where we're sittin', Miss, the body of an ould man, with white hair, an' covered wid rags—doubled almost in two, as iv wid sufferin' an' torture. Well, the darlins, ov coorse they run fast enough thin—fur even to a child, Miss, there's somethin' awful about the dead! an' whin, afther much ado, some o' the boys kem an' removed the body, id hardly kept together, they say, goodness preserve us! There wor old people that knew id was Shaun Doran; who, afther eludin' all sarch, an' bein' almost forgot, had cum back to die on the spot where he had killed his poor wife. It's been evir sence called 'Doran's Cave,' Miss!

an' its thrue for me to say id, Miss, darlin'—the wicked can never escape from the Almighty, nor will guilt or murdher ever be onpunished!"

It may easily be supposed, that this wild tale did not add much to their inclination for sleep; and at the first blush of morning, Mr. Hemple, on going to the entrance, found Mulligan and another lying at a respectful distance from the region occupied, as they believed, by spirits. Their coats were buttoned loosely round them; but they had no other covering whatever, although with a heap of plucked fern beneath them, they certainly appeared to be in the enjoyment of a rest as comfortable as if on a bed of down!

That day, they were not suffered to leave the cave; and, with the exception of their detention, were as happy as need be; for Dunn and his wife did their best for their entertainment, treating them with the greatest respect. On the following morning, he informed them that the carriage was ready on the road, adding—

"Now yer honor, and you, Miss! must promise to forgive us; an' in troth, to look into thim angel eyes—I know *you will*. Bud Ryan's elected—good look to him, an that's all we wanted!"

On reaching the place where they had been stopped, they found the horses sleekly rubbed, and well fed, with the postillion grinning and touching *his* cap—having evidently acquired during his so-

journ with the "wild Hirish," a much better opinion than he formerly entertained of them. When they entered, and drove off, Dunn and a crowd of his party, saluted them with a cheer, which reverberated through the hills with many an echo; but this was not their parting—for the wild group kept running for miles beside the carriage, and when it entered the little town, all panting and jaded as they were, they took the horses from it, and yoking themselves—willing slaves! in their stead, drew him, with shouts of triumph, to the hotel.

To Frank, the loss of his election was made up by Emma's acceptance of his hand; and she did not disdain at her wedding, which was on the estate, to introduce him to Dunn and Mary, who turned out to be her father's best tenants.

With regard to the others; Tim got his head broken by foolishly knocking it against a stick, on a tipsy pugnacious fair day, and Mulligan was sometime after transported for joining the White-boys.

DENIS O'DONOHOE.

THE LEPRAWHAUN.

SONNET INTRODUCTORY.

The winter's nights are long, and storms are rife,
The dashing hail careering to the earth,—
The wild wind shrieking in their savage mirth
And mingled roar of elemental strife ;
Place me on such a chilling night, beside
The lonely cottier's hospitable fire,
And let me hear the grandam or grandsire
Tell how the fairy lights such times deride
The way-worn traveller, on his painful way,
With hope of shelter nigh ; and then relate
How in times past, for which they have no date
The Elfin court at midnight used to stray
From *forth** to glen ; and how upon the lawn
At eve, they met the wily Laprawhaun.

In the note on the following verse in one of 'Moore's Melodies,' he says that he always thought that the spirit alluded to was called the Laprawhaun—but that Lady Morgan, a high authority

* The name given by the peasantry in some districts to *the rath* or mound so very frequently met with in Ireland, *and so* celebrated as the resort of the fairies.

on such subjects, has assured him that it was not: at the same time he does not tell us what sort of a fairy imp it may be, or to what class of the tribe it does really belong. The one (class) generally known by the name of fairy among our peasantry, are those which are said to be seen assembled in multitudes, engaged in their antic, grotesque, and wild gambols—or parading in all the state of olden courts, with plumed warriors and ladies bright. Then follow the pooka, will-o'-the wisp, the spirits or fairies of the water—which class partakes more of the wizard and magic character—the banshees, the fetches, an undefined and vague class, and the Leprawhauns—

Her smile when beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted;
Like him the sprite,
Whom maids at night
Oft meet in glens that's haunted;
Like him, too, beauty won me;
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
O! winds could not outrun me.

The Leprawhauns are supposed to be the artizans f the fairy kingdom—the tailors, brogue-makers, miths, and coach-builders, &c. &c., and are ac- uainted with all the hidden treasures of the earth. till they are but a very inferior grade, and partake ore of materialism, if I may use the word, than ny of *the rest of the* fairy tribe. They are said to

be usually seen in the evening, in some lonely shrub-by spot, pursuing their avocations, during the fine weather; and when caught, have not the power of flying from you while you keep your eyes fixed steadily on them; keep him in this manner if you catch him, without losing sight of him even for a twinkling, and you can command treasures to any amount your highest and most extravagant wishes may lead you to demand. The tiny little creature will use every exertion to free himself from your grasp or the fascination of your gaze; and as he is wonderfully wily, and wise, and cunning, there is a possibility, amounting almost to an actual certainty, that he escapes without making the captor a penny the richer. Whether it is considered a disgrace to be caught and commanded, or overreached by the dull children of mortality, or that they do not wish, unless in cases of the utmost necessity, to deliver up the treasures of which they are entrusted with the secret, or keep the key, is not thoroughly known. But it is the general belief, that sooner than comply with the wishes and commands of man on the subject, they will try every device that their cunning can invent, to cause him for an instant to divert his attention or his look, and then, like the grasping of a sunbeam, they are vanished into airy nothing. Such is the character of the Leprawhaun; and if Moore's sprite is not one of the class, I do not know what

is. I imagine, from my spending a long period of an idle life among our peasantry—entering into the privacy of their dwelling, and the feelings of their hearts, that I ought in some measure to be acquainted with their thoughts and faith upon, to them, so important a subject as the secrets of the invisible world of spirits and fairies. But my introduction is best illustrated by the following tale, told as an actual fact.

There are few who ever travelled in the south of Ireland but have seen or heard of the beautiful and exceedingly romantic ruins of the very old Castle of Carrigadhroid. It is situated on a steep rock which rises in the river Lee, about two miles and a half to the east of Macroom, in the county of Cork. But few have ever heard how Carrigadhroid was built, or why it was built in that lonely and wild situation. My legend, which is popular in the district, must give the world the wonderful secret.

Old times must have been very curious times, when a man could not go outside his cabin door after nightfall without meeting with the fairies and lunawnshees—when one of the ancient Milesian families could not depart this life at home or abroad, in battle or peaceful bed, but half the country was frightened from its propriety by the dismal wailings of the banshee;—when it was the most dangerous thing *in the world to* insult an old woman, espe-

cially if she was a stranger, lest you might draw the spiteful vengeance of an old witch upon your back; then where went your sleep at night, or your appetite by day?—then what caused your teeming churn to withhold its sweet rich store of butter?—what caused your most fruitful milch cows to become suddenly dry, and your young cattle to die of strange diseases? when leprawhauns were to be met with in every silent glen, and music heard in every rath. These were old times; but who would like to live in such times?—yet in these old times was the celebrated castle of Carrigadhroid erected.

Donogh *Caum** O'Driscoll, the poor son of a lonely widow, lived by the side of the river Lee, in a rude cabin secluded from the world. Donogh tilled his spot of land and tended his solitary cow on its banks; and at times fished in the river and carried the produce of his skill and industry to dispose of them in the town of Macroom, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Now though Donogh was poor and crooked, with a hump on his back, yet he was a warm hearted, good kind of a generous little fellow; and one day as he went to sell his fish to Macroom, and as they were very fine, he took them up to the castle, where lived the great Tegue More M'Carthy, surnamed the Ma—

* *Donogh Caum*—Donogh, or Dionysius the crooked—

nificent, from the splendour in which he lived. His extravagance and high living had, however, reduced him to the last, at the period when our story commences; and as my narrator has it, "he couldn't get a farthin' more for love or money to keep up his goin's an." M'Carthy, and his beautiful daughter Maiga, were at one of the casements as Donogh approached, and enquired, with his *Bereadh** in his hand, and his little willow basket on his arm, for the steward. The chieftain prompted by some unusual spirit of curiosity, or, perhaps, surprised at his curious figure, asked what he had got in the basket. Upon which Donogh displayed his piscatory store to the admiring eyes of M'Carthy, and his daughter. While they were gazing at the fine fish all alive, Donogh was lost in contemplating the wonderful beauties of the lovely Maiga, and replied, he did not know what, to all their questions. The steward came, but as he had no money, and as the chief and his daughter so much admired the fish, he did not know how to procure them from Donogh, who was well known as the most exact man in his calling that visited Macroom. However, as my informant said, "the mischief cracked a rib in him that time," and he told the steward that he might have them till he came again.

* *The name for the Irish cap or bonnet.*

Donogh Caum returned, with a new heart, or without one rather. He could think of nothing but the lovely Maiga, and her long, rich, flowing tresses of black raven hair—her large commanding dark eyes, and her graceful and queenly form, and the deep sweet tones of her voice, that still echoed in his soul, as she addressed him in a tender voice by the titles of poor man, and honest man. Twice he went the wrong way on his return, so wrapt was he in the feelings that were kindled for the first time in his bosom; and it was not until the shrill tones of his mother's voice broke upon his ear, that he awoke to the sad reality of his own desolate and miserable situation. His supper was left untasted, and the night passed sleeplessly away, and his fond mother became uneasy when she found her only child in trouble; for, deformed as he was, she loved him with all the sincere and warm affection of a mother.

The next evening, as Donogh was straying by the lonely banks of the Lee, wrapt up in the picture which his fancy had wrought for him, he wandered into a little wooded dell that gently sloped to the brink of the clear water. It was a silent and secluded place, where the hazel and the white-thorn were closely mingled, and the low sloe-thorn formed a cherishing defence round their roots. He paused as he came to the brow of the sloping dell. The summer sun was just sinking far away in the

west, and cast his departing beams into the bosom of the glen; tinging the trees and shrubs, and the curling ripples on the clear river with a golden hue. He paused to admire the scene; for though he often trod its woody mazes before, yet he thought it never looked so rich. Suddenly a slight tapping noise at a distance caught his attention, and he turned his head towards where the sound was arising from a close entangled clump of hazels, blackthorn, and brier; out of the centre of which arose a tall, wide spreading ash tree. He stole round the clump on tip toe, and at the sunny side he beheld a little figure not the height of half his leg, sitting on a little stool, and hammering away at a little shoe which was laid across his knees. He paused for a moment to gaze at the unearthly being, who appeared so busily engaged at his employment as not to notice the mortal intrusion. He was dressed in an old and long disused habit, with a curiously formed covering on his head; and his little features were tawny, puckered, and spiteful, like those of a crabbed old man. Donogh often heard of the leprawhauns; and he knew the tiny creature before him was one of that tribe; so summoning his faculties to the task, he approached the fairy shoemaker.

"A fine evenin' for your work this, my little man," said Donogh, fixing his eyes steadfastly on the leprawhaun, and determined to hold him fast *despite of consequences.*

"It is indeed, Donogh Caum," replied the little man, looking somewhat startled, but with a spiteful and malicious grin.

"Wisha, then, you're a fine little brogue-maker," said Donogh.

"Sure I'm nothin' to that man ahind you, you crooked thief;" said the leprawhaun.

Donogh having often heard of the tricks and wiles resorted to by these beings, to release themselves from human power, and aware that this was only said to induce him to look aside that he might escape, replied,

"I'd rather look at yoursel' my purty little man."

"Who's that man comin' over the river there?" said the leprawhaun, pointing with his finger in the direction of the water.

"Yea, thin, go look and ax, you schamer," said Donogh, stooping down, and seizing the little man by the middle, "come tell me where there's a power o' money, or as sure as I stand here, I'll stick my *skhein** in your tripes;" and he drew a large clasp knife from his pocket, which he opened with his teeth, still keeping his eyes unwinkingly on the leprawhaun.

"Sure you wouldn't murdher the likes ov me, then?" said the unearthly man.

"I don't want to curse or swear, but iv you don't

* *The Irish for knife*—a kind of dagger used in battle.

me have the goold 'ithout any nonsense, I'll
'e you your guts for garthers this mortual min-
," said he, with a wicked and determined look.
" Oh, thin, don't look so black entirely, an' I'll
l you all about it; but take the pint ov that ugly
ife away from me, an' don't squeeze me so hard
t an' out;" and Donogh relaxed his pressure
d withdrew the knife. "Do you know where
e Giant's Causeway is?" said the little man.
" I hard talk ov id," said Donogh.
" Well, then, at the foot of a big rock where
re's a lone bush, on the very top ov the cliff,
re's a crock ov goold that id buy the whole ov
e county of Cork;—now let me out."
" Ketch me at id, my gay ould codger," said
nogh; "it's not me that you'll get to run from
e ind of the world to the dother, on your fool's
rand; that won't do, you must tell me where it's
arer than that, why, or by the—"
" Oh! then don't curse, you unforthenate *dis-
ple*,* said the leprawhaun; do you know the hill
Tara, then?"
" I only hard talk ov id," said Donogh.
" Then it's there in an ould dhraw well, on the
st side, that there's as much goold an' dymens,
' plate, an' silver, as id purchase the province of
unster: wisha, then, would you like to get it?"
id the little wrinkled man with a sneer.

* *Idiomatic and figurative*—wretch—a decrepid creature.

"It's no use in your talking this way, I tell you," replied O'Driscoll; "tell me where's the money, that I can lay my *crang** on id: recollect I have the knife at your sarvice."

"Oh! its a purty way your talking," said the leprawhaun, looking about him in alarm, "and there's Manus O'Mahony's mad bull breakin' his neck, running to kill us both, you lame *omedhaun*."

"Where! where!" said Donogh; who was lame, and could not run well, looking in the direction pointed out by the little man. At the same instant a wild, unnatural laugh rung in his ears, and on looking about again his hand was empty, and the leprawhaun vanished. Oh! bad win to him the *sleeveen*,"† said the disappointed Donogh; "but its the puck you are entirely, you weeny blackguard never mind, maybe its ketching you again I'd be."

Donogh returned home and told his mother the adventure he had with the little old man, and how he tricked him. The old hag, who was deeply versed in all the old rules in such cases, shook her head.

"You'll be either a lucky or an unlucky mimber," said she; "if ever you meet him agin don't be wantin' to know where it is, but make him give it to you on the spot; an' lay his back up again a stone,

* Claw or hand—expressive of the act of clutching eagerly.

† A sly deceiving creature. This word is full of varied and strong expression.

an' swear if he doesn't give it to you afore you count a score, you'll grind the pint of your knife agin the stone through him at his back; an' don't be palaverin' wid him at all at all."

In the mean time Donogh went to fish the next day as usual; and being very successful, he trudged to Macroom the day following, and never paused on his way until he reached the castle of Teige More M'Carthy, the Magnificent; but who now could, with more truth, be called the beggar: for though he still held his rank and his castle, yet he was indebted to the charitable donations of his serfs and tenantry for the support of himself and his daughter, the fair Maiga. Donogh entered the castle, and again beheld the sun of his heart with her father. He approached them cap in hand, and displayed the contents of his basket before them. The steward came and made excuses about the money; but Donogh could neither hear nor see; his attention was fixed, and his senses all engaged in contemplating the perfect form and peerless beauties of the chieftain's daughter; and when she retired with her father, the love-smitten cripple turned away, forgetting that such things as his fish and basket were in the world. His mother was surprised at the alteration in her son's demeanour, no less than at his returning from Macroom without certain articles which she desired *him to bring;* but, when questioned, he

answered so foolishly, and so wide, that she deemed for certain her only child must have been fairy-struck, and, consequently, beyond human relief.

Carrickadhroid was at this time a wild, uninhabited spot; and the rock rose craggy and steep from the centre of the river, with here and there stunted shrubs starting from the fissures; and the banks were wild, steep and rugged. This river was the favourite resort of Donogh Caum: its silence and gloom accorded with the tumult within his mind; and from morn to eve he used to lie stretched listlessly on the green turf in a tangled copse, poring over the running river, and picturing to his mind's eye the enchanting form of Maiga, or cursing the lot of poverty and wretchedness that was cast for him. One evening while thus extended beneath the rays of the setting sun, he heard again the quick continued, though light tapping, which led him to the haunt of the leprawhaun before; and bending his ear to listen, he silently gathered himself to his limbs.

"'Tis he again," said he to himself, "there's no one ever heard him once, or seen him once, but heard and seen him three times, iv they didn't obtain their wish at first: the third is the worst chance—now fortune befriend the poor cripple!"

He anxiously and cautiously stole to the spot from whence the sounds issued, and seated at the foot of a dwarf alder, he beheld, busily

engaged at his old employment, the withered little man of the brake. Donogh fixed his eyes upon him, and drawing his skhein from his pocket, opened the blade stealthily, and then approached the old man with a rapid stride. The ill-fared tiny thing grinned up in his face as he darkened the sun-beam with his shadow.

"It's you again, then, Donogh O'Driscoll—an' how are you? an' how did you get away from Manus O'Mahony's mad bull?" said he.

"I have you agin, you treacherous ould miser," said Donogh, seizing him with a firm grasp; "an', be my conscience, you won't get away so easy as you did before."

"Look at that fellow there," said the old man, "making game ov your hump an' crooked leg?"

"I'll not question or answer with you," said Donogh; "but as sure as I stand here, crooked and deformed as I am, if you don't bring up this minnit as much raal goold guineas as I'll be able to carry home, I'll have your blood to manure this barren spot where I stand."

"Wisha, then, it's very wicked entirely you are this evenin'," said the leprawhaun; "but there's the beautiful Maiga, and her father, Teige More, comin' up alongside the river yandher."

Donogh started—the old man touched his heart strings, yet he paused, and at once perceived the

drift, and determined not to change his look if death were at his back.

"Speak to me no more," said he to the old man; "don't speak to me one word, but bring up the goold here afore me this minnit, an' give it up, right and title, into my hands afore I count a score, or it'll be your last iv it was to be my own last the next minnit:" and he laid the leprawhaun's back against a stone, and the point of the knife to his breast and began counting as fast as he could—"one, two, three, &c." until he reached the fifteen; and seeing the old man had not spoken he grew furiously angry, and pressed the knife tightly against his body.

"Stop, stop!" cried the leprawhaun—"you're a lucky man, Donogh O'Driscoll, and you've won the day. I'll give you more than you ask, or more than you require;" and he stamped with his foot upon the spot where he stood, which opened, and disclosed a long deep earthen vessel filled to overflowing with gold and silver; in which several antique and uncommon wrought ornaments, flaming with gems and diamonds, were mingled.

"But is this all raal gold now; it won't turn to *cockbo*; an' will you give it all to me?" said Donogh, between doubt and joy.

"Fool!" said the leprawhaun indignantly; "*isn't my* word pledged; and do you imagine

like the clayey sons of earth, that we children of a brighter sphere will cheat and break promise, when once that promise is given? Let me go;" and with a violent jerk he flung himself out of the grasp of Donogh; and, as rapid as thought, changed from the wrinkled old man to that of a young and fair-formed, though still small and tiny being; and waving his hand—"Donogh," he said, "you will be happy—I have said it;" and breaking a branch from the dwarf alder bush, he struck Donogh a smart blow across the face, which deprived him of sight for a few moments; and when he again looked about him, the leprawhaun was vanished. The little cavern was still open; and beneath, the treasure shone up, dazzling the eyes of the bewildered Donogh. He stooped and gathered some of the gold and silver, with which he filled his pockets; and replacing the cover on the broad and deep earthen unformed vessel, covered it up with clay and moss, and returned home to his mother. The old woman started when she beheld him.

"Wisha, then, who are you?" she asked in surprise and fright: "your face is the face of my own bouchal—your voice is the voice that used to gladden my heart; but he was humped and lame, and you are straight and clean-limbed."

"Donogh, in the joy of his heart, never observed the change for the better which the fairy

had made on his appearance, and he now became doubly rejoiced. His store of riches was inexhaustible. He purchased all the lands belonging to the great chieftain, Teige More M'Carthy; and wooed the fair Lady Maiga, who promised to marry him when he had a castle built for her reception on the romantic rock of Carrigadhroid. 'Money is the grand mover;' and Donogh O'Driscoll, now no longer *caum* or *gurthough*,* soon had the magnificent castle built in the centre of the river Lee, the beautiful ruins of which still delight the eye of the traveller. He was shortly after married to the lovely daughter of M'Carthy; and here they abode during a long and happy life; but at his death the secret of the treasure died with him: the leprawhaun, as is supposed, claiming the reversion.

J. L. L.

* Poor, miserable, or miserly.

THE UNFORGIVEN.

Wat Shea was the son of a small farmer residing in one of the southern counties, and being a remarkably well behaved young man, and very attentive to the concerns of his father's farm, he was generally beloved by all that knew him, and considered of a character so worthy and inoffensive, that to have their sons seen in his company, was the ambition of every respectable farmer in the parish. Unfortunately, as it afterwards turned out, he was, like almost all men of his class in this country, passionately addicted to athletic exercises and feats of personal strength, in which, from his great activity, he remained at last without a rival. He had enjoyed this pre-eminence with the concurrence of all his associates for a considerable time, when the arrival of a farmer from a neighbouring county, who took some ground in the district, raised up against him a formidable rival. This man had one son, who, being a first-rate hand at such exercises, and unrivalled in the country *from whence he came*, began to nourish a strong

feeling of jealous rivalry against Shea, as soon as he heard of his superiority in the sports of which he considered himself the master, and took every opportunity of letting it be seen by their mutual companions. This conduct soon had the invariable effect of giving rise to correspondent feelings in the breast of the man he sought to provoke; and Wat soon gave symptoms, whenever his rival was present, of possessing that latent spirit of uncontrollable fierceness which exists in such a remarkable degree in the nature of the Irish peasant, and is very often found strongest in men whose general conduct, when it is at rest, is most correct and irreproachable.

This jealousy, from small beginnings, soon assumed a character of fixed inveteracy. At first it only showed itself in disparaging remarks, made by both young men, whenever they heard each other's qualifications spoken of; but this state of negative hostility soon assumed a more open and active appearance, and they were frequently to be found struggling personally for the meed of conquest. It was not long till these contentions caused a split amongst the young men of the neighbourhood, some of whom had in secret nourished sentiments of enmity to Wat, on account of his superior prowess, and were glad to gratify them by taking part with the stranger. Various were the *trials* which took place between the two rivals,

without any decisive results; however, the prize seemed generally to lean to the new comer, whose great size and strength certainly rendered him more than a match for his adversary. The consciousness of this inflamed Shea's anger the more, and at length he proposed that their rivalry should be brought to a fair test, by a general hurling match between the two factions.

On the day appointed for the grand struggle, the adherents of the rival leaders, Shea and Leary, assembled at the time specified; and a space having been marked out, the contest commenced with equal eagerness and bad feeling—both the rivals placing themselves so, that they should come in contact as often as possible. For a long time the fate of the game was doubtful—the two parties alternately enjoying the smiles of fortune; but at last Leary's faction began to have the best of it, being generally composed of the most active young men, who, from being more nearly on an equality with Shea, were necessarily the first to join his antagonist. Irritated beyond measure at seeing his enemy on the point of winning the game, Wat used the most extraordinary endeavours to renew the hopes of his party; and such was the success that attended his efforts, that victory began to be doubtful. This momentary success aroused Leary to additional action. Enraged at seeing the game *almost snatched from* his hand by the prowess of

a single man, he in turn redoubled his efforts, and for a time the chances of the game appeared in a great measure to depend on the action of the two leaders. Unfortunately, at this moment they met in such close contact, that a bodily struggle became inevitable. Both were young, strong, and active, and stimulated by a ferocious emulation, they tugged for the fall for some time with equal success, until at length the superior strength of Leary was near giving him the palm, when Shea, who was an expert wrestler, suddenly closed with his antagonist, seized him round the waist, lifted him from his feet, and then dashed him to the ground with tremendous impetus, turning the butt-end of his hurly against the breast of his antagonist in the fall, and coming down on him with all his weight. In a moment Shea jumped up, light and active, but Leary stirred not—he lay for dead at the feet of his vanquisher. The butt of the hurly had done its work—or, as the bye-standers expressed themselves, "his heart was bruck."

It was then, when too late, that Wat Shea's better nature began to show itself. In an agony of grief, he used every exertion to recover his inanimate rival, but in vain. At length the body was carried home, where plentiful bleeding, and the exertions of the village surgeon, in a short time restored animation to the sufferer. When he opened his eyes, the first face that met his view, of

all those who leaned over his bed, was that of the now repentant Shea.

"'Tim Leary, Tim Leary!" he exclaimed in deep grief, "forgive me for what I have done: I was savage, an' didn't know what I was about."

The vanquished man glared on his victor for a moment, with an eye of inveterate hatred, and answered in a voice calm and composed—

"'Wat Shea, it was done like a murdherer—my blood be at your door—I'll never forgive you!"

At this moment the entry of the priest, who had been hastily sent for to attend the dying man, prevented further conversation, and compelled all in the room to withdraw; but as they only retired to the passage outside the door, it was easy for them to overhear any thing particular that might occur within. For a short time they could distinguish nothing above the usual low hum, which marks, in such cases, the intercourse between the Roman Catholic Priest and those whom he is called to attend. However, shortly the voice of the former became more loud, it appeared in earnestly entreating some particular favour from the wounded hurler, but without effect. After the lapse of a few minutes, the door opened, and the confessor beckoned them in.

"'My good people," said he, as they entered, "come and assist me in urging this misguided young man from the present bent of his mind. He

is about to die in the commission of a deadly sin: he refuses forgiveness to his enemies."

They went over to the bed-side—the wounded Leary was evidently in his last moments: again his eye met that of the weeping Wat, and a dark shade settled on his brow.

"Wat Shea," said he, in a broken tone, "my blood be upon your head. I'll never forgive you."

A slight convulsion passed over his frame—his eye became fixed—his jaw fell—he was dead! Those who were present at that awful moment, long afterwards remembered the look of deadly inveteracy with which the dying hurler regarded his vanquisher.

"I'm afeard," remarked old Leary, when speaking some time after on the subject, "I'm afeard the boy 'ill have a dark end afther it."

Weeks passed away after the burial of the hurler, and time began, as usual, to blunt the grief which his family entertained for his loss. Even the remorse in which Shea indulged for some time after the fatal occurrence, was perceptibly yielding to its influence, and the soothing attention which his whole family vied in bestowing on him. But made one remarkable change in his general conduct. From the day of the fatal conflict, he studiously shunned the society of his former associates, and gave up the exercises in which *before* so much delighted. To the frequent

monstrances on his inactivity, of those who adopted him as a leader, he turned a deaf ear, and always met their solicitations with a calm but decided negative; always accompanying the refusal with a recommendation to them to give up such pursuits, as likely to "end in no good." Wearied with his perseverance, they at length discontinued further persuasion, and went in pursuit of a more amenable comrade. Left to himself, he turned his whole attention to the care of his father's property, and attended to it with such diligence, that the gratified parent thought himself too happy in the possession of such a son, and used often fondly to anticipate the comfort he would enjoy in declining age, from his steadiness and sobriety. In this state of uninterrupted tranquillity, the Sheas remained during the summer: but the catastrophe was approaching, so well foreseen by the father of Leary.

It happened late one night in harvest time, when the family were as usual collected round the kitchen fire, that Wat suddenly recollected having left open a gate leading from the fields where the cows were pastured, into a large tract of unreaped corn.—Fear lest they should get in and trample down the crop, made him start up, and signify his determination to go immediately and close it. Some indefinable presentiment of evil had been hanging over *the mother during* the whole day. She eat-

nestly conjured him to forego his intention, telling him at the same time of the fears that oppressed her. The superstition of the Irish peasantry is well known. At first her words made a strong impression on her son, and his face whitened perceptibly at her earnestness of action; but speedily recovering himself, he called to mind the (to them) serious loss which would accrue, was the herd to be left ranging the corn during the entire night, and endeavoured to impress the consequences on her, but in vain; she still remained inexorable, and refused to agree to his going out. At length the anxious father, who was also fully alive to the loss which he might sustain if the young man's apprehension should prove true, advanced from the arm-chair which he occupied at the fire-side, and signified his determination to end the dispute by going himself. This movement at once decided the controversy, and Cauth Shea agreed to her son's departure without further opposition, being well aware that, when the deed was to be done, Wat was the fittest messenger, as age and its accompanying infirmities were already fast rendering her husband unfit for active exercise. She accordingly attended him to the door, and dismissed him with a trembling prayer for his safety.

As soon as Wat had departed, his sisters endeavoured, by renewing the conversation, to draw away their mother's attention from the fears which

alarmed her—but their endeavours were without success. Still she listened in breathless terror to the sigh of the night-breeze as it fitfully moaned by the cabin, as if she thought its voice was about to herald the approach of misfortune. At length, when sufficient time had elapsed to allow of her son's return, without his having made his appearance, her fears began to be shared by the rest of her family, and every ear was anxiously bent to catch the first sounds of his approach, but still no step rewarded their watchfulness. Half an hour more passed in this silent and sorrowful suspense, without the wished for sound saluting their ears. It was then that poor Cauth Shea, thinking her worst fears realised, burst into a passionate fit of lamentation, and paced the floor of her humble kitchen, wringing her hands in the most intense grief. Her husband, more surprised than alarmed at Wat's stay, affectionately demanded why she troubled herself so much at a very natural occurrence—reminding her of the peaceful state of the country, the shortness of the distance he had to go, and the little likelihood there was of any accident happening to him on the way. To all this she only answered—

"Oh! Tim Leary's last words—they are always afore me, since ever I hard them tould."

Another half hour having elapsed without tidings *of the absent* Wat, the old man became

himself greatly alarmed, and set out, despite of every remonstrance, to explore the way, and make out the cause of his delay. In about twenty minutes he returned in a dreadful state of agitation, bearing in his hand the straw hat of his son, which he found in the field where the cattle were grazing: nothing further, however, he had learned of him, notwithstanding all his search. But though so much alarmed himself, he strove to comfort the listeners with the hope, that the young man had met with some friends on the way, who had carried him off to a wake which was holding at some distance. While the rest of the family were consoling themselves with this conclusion, the mother remained uncomforted.

In this state of uncertainty they remained for an hour longer, when suddenly the approach of footsteps gave new life to all: but their joy was of short duration, for on a nearer approach, the tread appeared far too slow and too heavy to belong to the light and active Wat. They looked at each other as the noise approached, and a strange mixture of fear and doubt prevented any movement, until a heavy push at the door, as if the stranger had thrown himself against it, accompanied by a deep groan, roused the unhappy mother to action, and she hastily arose from the settle on which she was sitting, and raised the latch. The moment the door was opened, a man rushed in,

e a loud cry, and fell senseless near the fire—
'as Wat Shea!
t would be needless to relate all the measures
en by the agonized mother, assisted by the rest
he family, to restore animation to the lifeless
:y of her son. Let it suffice, that he was hastily
ne to bed, where, in the course of a short time,
ir endeavours were crowned with success. On
t opening his eyes, the patient gave a deep
an, and—
'Tim Leary, Tim Leary!" he exclaimed with a
ıvulsive start of horror, "you've had your re-
ıge at last." Then perceiving his mother, who
tched over him with breathless solicitude, he
ıcluded—"Mother, send for the priest—I'm
ng!" He was a corpse before morning.
The relation which he gave was wild and strange
ı degree. When arrived at the field, he stated,
proceeded towards the gate which he had left
:n, but had got only a short distance, when his
gress was arrested by the appearance of some
ving object fixed right in his path. On ap-
aching it, he perceived a large white dog facing
ı, as if ready to oppose his further advance.
sudden terror came over him, he continued,
:h as he had never known before, and he drew
:k a few steps; but still as he retreated, his
rsuer advanced with equal pace, increasing in
at every step. Terrified at the apparition, he

ran with the utmost speed towards the nearest ditch, and had nearly reached it, when, on looking back, he perceived the object of his alarm, now increased to an immense size, close at his back, with its fore-paws just descending on his shoulders, as if to bear him down, each eye of the gigantic phantom red as a flaming torch. In that moment, as he was hurled with tremendous violence to the earth, he declared that he distinctly heard the following words—"Wat Shea, I told you that I'd never forgive you."

More he could not relate, save that, on reviving, he found himself deprived of all strength, and for a long time scarcely able to move a limb, like one after receiving a dreadful beating. In such a state he had reached his house, as already related. The most surprising feature of the story was, that his body exhibited no marks of outward violence whatever.

The circumstances detailed in the foregoing narrative, singular as it may appear, are corroborated by the concurrent testimony of the whole family of the unhappy man whose fate it details, as well as of many others cognizant of every circumstance in the extraordinary recital.

THE RED SPIRIT.

" A sad tale 's best for winter ;—
I have one of sprights and goblins."
Winter's Tale.

It was a fine morning in January, in the year one thousand five hundred and ——, that the governor of an inconsiderable castle, on the marches of O'Byrne's country, was awakened by his son, a child of about seven years old, to tell him that he saw from the window a number of strange looking people, approaching from the direction of the mountains. " What kind of people, boy?" demanded the governor, starting up, " are they cased in armour?" " No, papa," replied the boy," they have no armour, but as well as I can discern, they have bright yellow garments." " By St. George," exclaimed the governor, rushing out, " the O'Byrnes are upon us. What! ho! to arms, to arms—the foe, the foe!"

But it was too late—an advanced party of the enemy *had already* surprised the castle; and hav-

ing first contrived to transfix the careless sentinel (who had slept in his cups) with as many arrows as sufficed to prevent him being ever able to tell tales, a few of them contrived to steal in through a badly secured window. With the assistance of these, their comrades outside soon forced open the gate; and their shrill war-cry, as they rushed into the hall, replied to the ill-timed commands of the governor.

The inmates of the castle, however, though hastily collected, made a gallant defence; but the arrival of the reserve party of the O'Byrnes, headed by no less a personage than Phelim Mac Hugh, the celebrated "mountain king," turned the scale of victory in favour of the assailants; and the sun that shed his wintry beam on St. George's flag, as it gaily floated on the morning breeze, beheld from his meridian tent of purple grey clouds, its place occupied by the banner of that extraordinary chief, who was for thirty years the terror of government, although living almost in its immediate vicinity. I must, however, do the assailants the justice to mention, that they used their victory with great moderation. Not a drop of blood was shed from the moment the castle surrendered, and the inmates were not only treated with lenity, but even with kindness; but *for* all this, the mountain warriors did not neglect *to* appropriate to themselves every thing valuable

in the castle; acting, no doubt, on the maxim of war afterwards adopted by Hudibras towards the vanquished astrologer—

> "I give you quarter—but your pillage,
> The conquering warrior's crop and tillage,
> Which with his sword he reaps and plows—
> That's mine, the law of arms allows."

On the following day the chief of the O'Byrnes returned to his dwelling in the mountains, with the greater part of his clan, leaving the rest to protect the castle. All the prisoners accompanied him, with the exception of one, who, although the poorest man in the castle, had alone, of all its defenders, as much money in his immediate possession (being the amount of his good luck at a gaming-table in Dublin a few evenings before), as the victors deemed an equivalent for his freedom: this was one Ralph Goldthorn, a Londoner by birth, and "a poor gentleman" by profession, as indeed his well darned hose, and the hue of his velvet doublet, changed by long wear from dark blue to azure, proclaimed him at first sight—who, having wasted his youthful patrimony in dissipation, entered the army, and after mounting many a breach, and helping to change the colour of many a "tented field" from green to red, returned to England as poor a man as he set out—the bounties of Mars being soon lavished at the shrine of *Bacchus*. *He* had come to Ireland a few weeks

before—"claimed kindred" with the governor of the castle, whose capture we have just described, and had his claim allowed; for in the days of good Queen Bess it was not so difficult a matter for a man like Goldthorn to "live on his friends," as in the present age of refinement, when most men choose their friends by the length of their purses.

Goldthorn was about to depart from the castle on the morning after it surrendered to the O'Byrnes, when he received a pressing invitation from Rory Oge O'Byrne, the commander of the new garrison, and a near kinsman of Phelim Mac Hugh, to remain as long as he pleased, which he the more readily accepted, as he had few such friends as the *ci-devant* governor in Ireland. Moreover, he loved the good cheer and deep potations of the new master of the castle. Rory Oge was a being of much light and shade. He was young (as his name implied), handsome, gay, generous, and brave: but on the other hand, he was a hard drinker, and extremely capricious and quarrelsome. He, however, agreed remarkably well with Goldthorn, who possessed a very even temper, was able to drink his host under the table, and could entertain him with stories innumerable, of foreign lands, battles, and sieges; in relating which, he was an admirable adept in selecting his materials from the world of fiction, when the world of reality *ceased to* afford them. In the mean time, the

foray of the O'Byrnes having reached the ears of government, a considerable force was sent to dispossess the mountain warriors of their new stronghold; but being foiled in several attempts to surprise the castle, through the address and vigilance of Rory Oge, the English commander deemed it more advisable to encamp his little army at some distance, (yet not too far for observation), with a view of obliging the Irish either to surrender for want of provisions, or come out and fight on more equal ground.

It happened on one night, as Goldthorn sat drinking with Rory Oge, and a few others of his sept who could understand English, that having exhausted his entire stock of *real* adventures, he had recourse to *imaginary* ones for the entertainment of his audience, and accordingly commenced relating such a series of improbabilities, as, had Baron Munchausen been then in existence, would have thrown that Utopian traveller completely into the shade. "I have been," said he, "in Araby, where the sun is so near the earth, that I have often lit a candle with its rays; and in Egypt, a country governed by a queen called Sphinx, who is half a woman, half beast, with the wings of a bird. Not to speak of my encounter with a fiery dragon in the land of the Æthiops—my escape from shipwreck in the Baltic sea, on the back of a *kraken or sea-serpent*—or my ascent of Mount

Ætna, one of the entrances of hell; through a chink in which I could see Beelzebub and his whole conclave of devils, red, black, and blue——— but all this is nothing to what I saw outside this castle a few nights ago."

The simple mountaineers, accustomed from their infancy to stories of fairies and magicians, heard all these lies with the most implicit credulity; and now that he was about to mention something which occurred so near, they bent forward with gaping mouths and breathless attention to hear the sequel.

"Wot ye not," said Goldthorn, "of the fellow who possessed the rath, on the site of which this castle was built?"

"Aye do we," replied Rory Oge, "he was called in Irish, Donnil na goun laun—which signifies Donald of the blue steel; and a devilish brave fellow he was—it gave the Saxon churl some work to dispossess him: they cut off his head for spite, because he attempted to set the fort on fire over their heads, after having surrendered;— ;— but no matter—with the blessing of our Lady, we shall have many a head for his ere long. My curse on the race of the stranger, root and branch."

Goldthorn, who well knew that Rory's rising petulance was a sure symptom that the "thief" which he had "put into his stomach" was rapidly ascending "to steal away his brain," took no

tice of his offensive manner and language, but proceeded with his story.

"By my foes," continued he, "it must be this very Daniel, the long worm, or whatever you call him, that I saw. On the night to which I have alluded, having indulged somewhat too freely in strong waters, I thought a walk in the cool night air would be of service. After taking a turn or two before the castle, I was astonished mightily to see a tall figure suddenly start up before me; but what was my horror, when I perceived that it wanted a head from the neck. You all may be sure that I instantly took to my heels; nor have I ever since ventured outside the castle after sunset."

As Goldthorn concluded, "the palled mantle of fear" (to use the elegant language of the Tales of the Genii,) descended on every face present, except Rory's, who had now too much *spirits within*, to have any fear of *spirits without:* but there was one person present on whom the Englishman's story made a particular impression. This was a Gallowglass named Angus Dubh, or dark Æneas O'Carrol, than whom, a handsomer youth never danced of a bright summer's eve, among the blue-eyed daughters of Glendalough; or a more daring spirit never went to the wars of Phelim Mac Hugh. I may safely say, that he feared no man *living*—*but that he feared* no man *dead*, is an assertion in

which the melancholy sequel of my narrative [illegible] would not bear me out. It is therefore not to be wondered at, if the sound of the castle bell was peculiarly unwelcome to Angus Dubh, as striking twelve just as Goldthorn had finished, it announced the hour when it fell to his turn to relieve the sentinel outside. His pride, however, prevailed against his fears, and he went forth without uttering a word of remonstrance. It was a dark and tempestuous night—the winds were rocking the surrounding trees, and moaning among their leafless boughs: large masses of watery clouds were drifted athwart the face of a starless sky; and [illegible] drizzling rain, blown right in his face, was alone sufficient to prevent Angus from discerning objects very distinctly, even if Cimmerian darkness did not envelope all things. This last circumstance tended to give him some courage, for he very philosophically concluded, that it would be very hard for him to see a ghost, when he could not see his hands; and accordingly, having devoutly recommended himself to Patrick, Bridget, and Columkill, he determined very wisely to put all ideas of the *supernatural* out of his head, and to turn his thoughts to what was very *natural*, his approaching nuptials with Kathleen O'Dempsy, one of the prettiest lasses in the valley of the Seven Churches. He had already entered into many a gay dream of *future* happiness, and constructed many an [illegible]

tower of hope—"when the bell in the castle tolled one." Away flitted all his pleasing visions, as this hour of spectres brought Goldthorn's appalling narrative more vividly than ever to his mind.

But we must leave him for a while, and return to the party inside, who had all this time continued in high wassail, until they—that is to say, Rory Oge and Goldthorn (for all the other inmates of the castle, with the exception of a few below stairs, who sat "like sacrifices by their fires of watch," were buried in sleep,)—made the unpleasant discovery that their bottle of aqua vitæ was out—but they should have more: Goldthorn declared that if he took not another cup, sleep would never visit his eyes that night; and Rory swore that if he did not get more drink, he would set the castle on fire. The sagacity of the former, however, soon hit upon an expedient which supplied their lack. From the time the castle was invested by the English forces, Goldthorn had observed a strict neutrality, and unlike many who adopt a similar line of conduct, he preserved the friendship of both parties. He had continued, from time to time, to hold conferences with reconnoitering parties from the British camp, unknown to the Irish sentinels: among one of these parties he recognised an old fellow-soldier, who told him, "that being indifferent well supplied with aqua *vitæ, a bottle* should be at his service whenever he

could procure a trusty messenger." He now availed himself of his friend's offer—a messenger was procured—in less than half an hour the bottle of aqua vitæ sparkled on the table—and the first cup set Rory Oge completely free from the long relaxed reins of sobriety. Now, it was Rory's misfortune that he never yet got drunk without also getting into a quarrel. Heretofore he had, even in his cups, so far preserved his national courtesy to strangers, as not to quarrel with his guest, but contented himself with attacking one of his own people, who, knowing the humour of his leader, indulged with a show of resistance; but all the Irish in the room being fast asleep, the temptation presented by Goldthorn, a national enemy, and one who had fought hard on the day the castle was taken, was too powerful for Rory to resist. Accordingly, the little wits which the aqua vitæ left him, were instantly set to work, in order to find a proper cause of quarrel; but when a man is once determined to fight, he will never be at a loss for an occasion. Rory Oge instantly commenced giving the lie direct to all his guest's marvellous relations.

"Hark-ye, master Saxon," said Rory, "do you imagine me such a fool, as to believe all your lying tales? Egad, you were no more in Araby than I was. You fight a dragon!—egad! a *good* cut would make you run like the wind—

not to say a dragon, that if he only snorted, would blow you into atoms. Pah! I suppose you think me drunk, to think such lies can go down with me. And as to hell—sure any one knows, that if such scant-o'-grace as you were to go so near the devil as you say—why, he would never let you back to vend lies in Ireland."

"Why, may I never eat mutton," replied Goldthorn, "an' I have not told you verity."

"You shall never eat mutton here again, nor beef neither," replied Rory, "for by the hand of my father, you shall quit to-night, and I'll set every dog in the castle after you. I'faith, you shall be in sadder plight than when on mount—mount—oh, curse on it—where the fire is. I'll so beat you this moment, that you shall be a greater wonder to look at, than the Spinnet, or Spinnix, or whatever you call the fellow in Egypt; or the—the—pah! the fellow in the red sea, or whatever sea—hang him—what care I who or where he is; I warrant me, whatever he is, he could not give you such a blow as this."

So saying, he made a hundred pieces of the aqua vitæ bottle on the head of Ralph Goldthorn.

I have already remarked, that Goldthorn possessed a good temper; but like many well tempered men, he was of a nature, which once roused, was not easy to be subdued. Springing up (for *the blow had* prostrated him), his face wet with

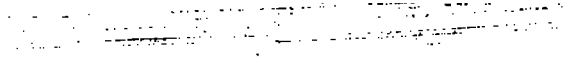
the contents of the bottle and blood, he drew his sword, and exclaimed,

"Rory O'Byrne, I call you a coward and a braggart. If you possess a spark of courage, I demand instant satisfaction for the insult which you have given me."

"Satisfaction you shall have, false Saxon—and so will I," replied Rory, unsheathing his sword, overturning the table and staggering forward;—"depend upon it," continued he, "you'll find me a worse antagonist than the dragon. If you can ever come from where I'll send you presently, you will be able to say with truth that you saw Beelzebub."

In the next instant the steel of the Gael and the Saxon clashed together in combat—but poor Rory was not so good as his threats: before a dozen blows were exchanged, he dropped lifeless on the floor—not, however, beneath the sword of his adversary, but from a shot that was fired into the room. The report of the shot awoke the mountaineers: they quickly started up—but ere they could seize their arms, the room was filled with British soldiers, and they were made prisoners. Goldthorn, being well known among the soldiers, found no difficulty in getting down stairs, where he found the royal forces in complete possession of the castle. All the Irish were prisoners, except a few, who, being awake on the entrance of the

THE RED SPIRIT.



English, lost their lives in making a brave but fruitless resistance. But how the English could have surprised the castle, was still a mystery to Goldthorn; and he was about to make inquiry, when two harquebusiers entered, bearing between them the seemingly lifeless body of Angus Dubh. On examination, no wound could be discovered on the body of Angus; and after a short time his senses slowly returned—but his intellect appeared disordered, and he gazed intently on one spot, as if viewing some object invisible to others.

I shall now proceed to acquaint the reader with what befel O'Carroll. The castle bell tolling one, as has been already mentioned, put all matrimonial visions to flight: the vague fears which succeeded were soon increased, as he beheld a distant light advancing towards him. As it came, however, from the direction of the English quarters his fears for a while struggled against his apprehensions; and thinking that it might be a spy, he laid down his battle-axe, and stringing an arrow to his bow, prepared to take aim; but he soon dropped bow and arrow, and dropped himself after them, on his knees, as on the nearer approach of the light, he perceived it to be a column of bright red fire. Trembling and breathless, yet unable to avert his face, he awaited the coming of the phantom; but as it drew nearer, his senses completely *forsook him* when he made the horrible discovery,

that it was a walking headless body, enveloped in flames and blood. A reconnoitering party of the English soon discovered that the Irish sentinel was not at his post: encouraged by this circumstance, they ventured to approach the castle, when one of them stumbled over the senseless Gallowglass. Believing him to be dead, they immediately carried the intelligence to their commander, who instantly led his men towards the castle, which they surprised in precisely the same manner as the sept of the O'Byrnes did a few weeks before. The account of the apparition was obtained with great difficulty from the unfortunate Gallowglass, on the transient return of his senses. He shortly after became delirious; and ere the sun arose, poor Angus O'Carrol was no more. The "Red Spirit" had deprived him of reason and of life.

Many years after the period of this tale, there died at the residence of the celebrated Bishop Bedell, a venerable old man, who had been, for some time before, a pensioner on the worthy prelate's bounty. This man was much esteemed in the household of the bishop, for his upright conduct and entertaining conversation; and many an evening did he entertain the domestics with stories of his earlier years—"for he had been a soldier in his youth;" but he ever referred to that period with a sigh, as time misspent in vanity and vice. He often spoke on the evil of lying, as an example

of which he would relate the story of the Red Spirit. "It was not until long after," said he, "that I came to know how I had, by idle and pernicious tales, been accessary to the poor, simple, wild Irishman's death. The messenger whom I sent to the English encampment for the aquavitæ, was an old woman who had followed the O'Byrnes to the castle. In consequence of the intense darkness, she carried a light, which on her return the high wind obliged her to keep beneath her crimson mantle, the hood of which she drew over her face, in order to avoid the rain—as long wear had given it a degree of transparency—that, with the assistance of the light, enabled her to see perfectly well through it; and the superstitious sentinel, his mind being filled with phantasies wild and terrifying, took this old wife for a spectre such as I had described; the consequence whereof was, that he was so affrighted as to lose his life."

It is almost unnecessary to add, that this old man's name was Ralph Goldthorn.

IOTA.

PADDY DOYLE'S FIRST TRIP TO CORK.

Mr. Editor.—As I saw in an ould number of the Dublin Penny Journal, a letther from Darby Doyle, giving an account of his thrip to Quebec; —an' as Darby was my own blood relation, being my first cousin jarmin by the father's side, I said to myself, if this Dublin jantleman printed Darby's letther, about his voyage to America, why shouldn't I make bould to throuble him with an account of my trip to Cork; for I'm sure an' sartin, if it was written out fairly by the schoolmaster above, an' if you, yourself, would take the thrubble of correcting it, it would be just as amusing as my cousin Darby's.

After Jillian Murphy, the mother o' my little grawls, went from us, I was forced to give up the sod of ground for want o' help. Jillian an' I wor tied for nine years, an' we had, in that time, as *many* little girls; for she was very fond, afther a *way she* had of having twins, poor dear woman,

an' in all that time, "ill you did it," wasn't between us. I left the ground, as I was saying, an' took a cabin on the road side, an' kept a bit of a baste at work on the new line that was thin carrying on by Mr. Griffith, (I suppose Sir, you hard tell of him,) an' a little dhrop o' whiskey to sell to the masons an' boys that worked on the road. In the course o' time, I picked up my crumbs so well entirely, that I put a stone facing to the mud wall of my cabin, struck a bit of a pavement from the door to the road, to make my place comfortable for thravellers; got a settle-bed in the kitchen, an' if the little girls didn't garnish the new dhresser with all kinds an' sizes of crockery-ware, tisn't day yet! an' instead ov buying my little gallon of christened whiskey, at John Sullivan's in Mill-street, I used to sind for it to Mr. Punch, the spirit seller, at Malla-lane, an' thin to another in Cork: an' at last, as I got stronger, nothing would plaze me, but to hoist off my sails to the beautiful city itself, for a full cask, from the fountain head at Murphy's still. So getting Shaune into the ould cart, an' putting a few good yellow boys into the heel of an ould stocking, I commenced my journey.

On arriving in Cork, I put up my horse at a frind's house, an' turned down Goulasporra, towards the *ould jail*, that is, where the ould jail *was, for they took* it out to the counthry some

time ago, to give the pris'ners a taste of fresh air, I suppose. As I turned Goulasporra, as I was saying, who should I meet, but my gossip, Jim Connor.

"Well met, Jim," sis I, "I'm going a bit beyant here, to dhrop a letther, from Father Foley, (which was thrue for me, at a sartin house,) an' thin we'll take the wetting of our lips together." Jim pushed on with me, an' on our return, afther laving the letther, we passed through a fine street, where all the shops were crowded with rumps o' beef, an' legs o' mutton, an' beautiful fish; but the sight o' the roast beef, an' delightful perfume, knocked me up entirely.

"Jim, avick," sis I, "that's a grand sight, I wondher what sort o' people ates all that mate."

"Thrue for ye Pad," sis he, "I suppose they must be people that have teeth an' stummucks like ourselves."

"O, more sorra to ye," sis I, "Jim Connor, for Eagan O'Rahilly wouldn't bate you at a joke,—but I wondher would they let two *cabogues* (vulgar persons) like us, taste it at-all, at all."

Jist as the words left my mouth, an' I standin' in the street, a fine flahool lady came to the door.

"'Walk in Pad," sis she, "and take a bit o' dinner,—you must have an appetite afther your *journey*."

"*Long* life, an' a thousand thanks to your

ladyship," sis I, taking off my hat, an' making a ginteel scrape with my leg, that sent the gutther five yards beyant me, an' a bow a little below my knees. "Your ladyship must be from Duhallow, to know my name,—do ye belong, madam, to the O'Driscolls, or the grate Kelihers of that counthry?"

"O! I hard tell o' thim," sis she, "and many's the Duhallow man, besides you, throubles me here."

"Walk in an' make much o' yourself, Jim," sis I, "for what do ye stand grinnin' there like a Kerry goat; sure you know a man can take a stocach (an attendant) with him any where he's invited,—be bowld man."

In we wint.

"What'll ye choose, sir?" sis the lady, "would ye have some beef an' cabbage, a nice bit o' mutton an' colicflower, (cauliflower,) or a porcupine o' vale, or ——"

"Go no further, madam a-chree," sis I, "as to the porcupine, the sorra a wan I ever saw cooked, let alone ate—we'll pass that—the colicflour must be good for the stummuck—and by the same token, I had a spice o' the gripe all day;—so we'll thry that an' the mutton, with your lave, afther we taste a thrifle o' the beef and cabbage."

"*Molly,*" *sis she,* "show the gintlemin up stairs, *into the small room.*"

Molly was a good-looking girl, with a mighty roguish bit of an eye, an' a smile that id coax a wild plover.

"Molly," sis I, "ma colleen bawn," (she had fair hair, beautifully curled,) "I wish I had you in the sporting barenny o' Duhallow, where I have a snug stone-wall house o' my own, d' ye see;—I'd keep ye like the first lady o' the land."

"Keep your freedom, my good man," sis she, "till ye meet your own equals." An' she looked mighty grand, and tossed her curls, and whisked out o' the room.

"Jim, a vrahir," (cousin) sis I, "we're dished; I'm sure an' sartin that is noboddy else but her ladyship's daughter that I affrinted with my rollicking."

The dinner kem up in grate style, but the colic-flour was neythur flour nor male, but bunches of some stuff, like the tops of eldher; the musthard would make you hould your nose for an hour, and the beer was mighty tart, 'twould fissick a snipe, and the mutton 'id make you keep your head a good bit from the wall; so Jim an' I stuck to the beef an' cabbage, till we left short commons of it.

As soon as we had done, "Jim, avourneen," sis I, "let us gather up our scrapers an' be going, I don't feel quite at aise here."

We walked down stairs as softly as our brogues

PADDY DOYLE'S FIRST TRIP TO CORK.

"Where's your husband," sis I, flourishing my shillelagh over my head, and dancin' up the life o' my hat, to see the heroine before me.

would let us—but who should be standing at the bottom, but the landlady herself.

Sis the lady, sis she, "I hope your dinner was to yir liking."

"Long life to your ladyship," sis I, "that was what you may call a flahool dinner—the sorra bether from this to the Causeway; an' whin we go home to Duhallow, I'll let O'Collins's seven plough-lands, at any rate, know yer hospitality."

"Ye have only wan shilling and six-pence a piece to pay," sis she, "an' I'll expect your custom in future."

"What, madam," sis I, "sure you wouldn't be afther axing us in to our own expinse."

"Pay down the money, honest man," sis she, "there's nothin' for nothin' on Cork stones."

"O, musha, bad manners to ye," sis I, "ye brandy-faced ——— if that's yer hospitality, to take in at such a rate, a pair of simple gomuls, that havn't a cross o' money, goold, silver, or brass, to bless themselves with, we wor the two unlooky crathurs to be so deceaved by such an imposther."

"Where is your husband?" sis I, flourishing my blackthorn, an' slapping up the lafe o' my hat, at the same time, to see the bether before me.—"Where is your husband?" sis I, "an' as sure as you're livin', if it was any wan waring a

britches, that took such an unfair hoult of a poor soft boy like me, but I'd dust his jacket for him."

But what do you think, my honey, she sint for a constable, undherhand.

"Mr. Slyman," sis she, "here's two country spalpeens came a sconcing my house, an' running off with the reckoning, and 'saulting a respectable house-keeper.

"Pay the woman, my good fellow," sis he, "or come before the Mayor."

"Yis," sis I, "I'll go before any mare or horse in Ireland, agin the garrin that took an advantage, an' soothered me into her house, an' not a keen-ogue in my pocket."

So he boned me by the collar, for fear I'd give leg bail, d' ye see;—Mr. Jim, like a sleeven, med off.

When we kem before the mare—"meela milloon mulla!" sis I to myself, "what a wonderful city this is: this mare is a rale jintleman, what a dhroll name they call him."—So I up an' toult him my story, and she up an' toult hers, and afther a power of fending and proving, the mare—long life to his honour, afther larning that I hadn't a pinny in my pocket,—an' that was the raal truth, for I slipt every marvidy of my money, notes an' silver, into my brogues,—the mare said *she* had no right to thripan (that was his word,)

poor simple counthry people into her house, and dismissed the case altogether, and my kishough* waddled home like a grampus, with her finger in her mouth.

So far, so well! for I left the Mare-ill-three-house with flying colours—picked my thrifle o' money out of my brogues, at a convenient place, and wint to the still for my whiskey, an' took out my permit, an' was dhriving up Blarney-lane, thinkin' of nothing at all, whin a talla-faced man kim up frinting the horse an' load—my baste stopt up.

"Wheeps Shawn," (Jack) sis I, "do ye think I stole you."

"Is your name Paddy Doyle," sis the talla-faced man?

"Yis," sis I, "what's yer will o' me? My name is Paddy Doyle of Shandangin, above board.—Paddy Doyle that's neyther afeard nor ashamed of no man." I spoke big, for I didn't like the cast of the fellow's eye, an thought he was wanting to throw the gawmogue over me.

"I don't at all doubt it," sis he, "for if you had fear or shame in your forred, you wouldn't be afther robbing that jantleman yonder on the flags," an' he pointed with his finger across the street.

* Shapeless mass.

"None of yer tricks upon thravellers, my gay fellow," sis I; "I never put the two eyes of my head on him afore."

"That's Mr. Punch, the publican, from Mallahune," sis he, "an' he has taken out a decree agin ye for a debt of four pounds, due for goods sowld and delivered, an' I must seize upon the whiskey."

I kept a stiff hoult o' the horse's head, an' Mr. Punch drew near—

"Are you Mr. Punch, Sir," sis I; for I didn't know him, on' taking off my hat, "may-be your honour would have marcy on an unfortunate angishore, that wouldn't intend to desave you at-all at-all, and I'll pray for marcy on your sowl, an' the sowls o' the seven ginerations that left you."

Mr. Punch shook his head.

"For the sowls of all your nearest an' deares relations, your gran' father, an gran' mother, your uncle an' aunt, your brothers and sisters, the father that reared you, the mother that bore you, an' if there be blot or blame, pain, or punishment, consequence o' confession, missing o' mass, pinnance unperformed, or freaks o' folly on their sowls, the prayers o' the poor widdy, (widower) an' the blessing of the orphans, go to their cumfort for ever an' ever, an' don't be the ruinashun of an industrus man, with a cabin full of femul grawls."

Another shake o' the head.

"The blissing o' the motherless children 'ithin an' 'ithout ye, above an' below ye, over an' undher ye, lying an' rising, sitting an' standing, sleeping and waking, eating an' dhrinking, late an' airly, dhrunk an' sober, an' let go the dhrop o' whiskey to Jillian Murphy's crathers."

Here Mr. Punch smiled, which made me think I softened him a thrifle, an' thin I detarmined to stick a little longer to the blessed litany I was saying for him.

"The blessin o' the twelve tribes, the twelve patriarchs, the twelve prophits, the twelve apostles, the twelve martyrs, an' the twelve heavenly signs o' the zodiac on your seed an' breed, an' don't dhrive me on the belly o' the high road—Mr. Punch, avourneen,* by taking the support o' the heavy femul burthin from me."

Not a word from the Buddah.

"I'll take all the bravery's (breviaries) in Rome, all the books in Father Foley's house, the holy Batha Phadrig, an' the wondherful Ranigh O'Reefe that id twist the mouth o' the false swearer *west*, where his pole should be, that I'll pay you yer money, an' don't take me short, an' that death mightn't take you short."

It was all to no use to butter Mr. Punch up; if

* *Beloved.*

I prached a sarmunt, and said a high mass for him, I couldn't soften his naythe, an' he beckoned to the thief o' a bailiff, who wheeled about the horse an' car; an' my taste o' whiskey was taken before my face, and lodged in his consarns; but my poor baste was let go. I left Shaune at the ould place, and strolled into the city, jest to look at the Yalla House. I was quite down-hearted, an' looked for all the world like a motherless calf. I stood on Parliament-bridge, an' as I laned over the battlements, it ran into my head, some how or other, to dhrown myself, out an' out, but the height o' the bridge made me afraid of braking my nick in the wather. At last, I turned about to dhrive away wicked thoughts, whin I saw a fine-looking jantleman coming up the bridge; I rec'lected that I seen him in the morning, whin I took out the *permit*.

"Now's the time!" sis I, "that's a gauger, if I live, an' I'll make Mr. Punch sup sorrow."

"I up, an' off with my hat, an'," sis I, "would it be the will of yer honour to let a poor man know where he'd be likely to meet a gantleman o' the oxcise, (excise.")

"I'm shuperwiser, (supervisor,) myself," sis he, "put on yer hat, poor man."

"Sur," sis I, "don't suspect me for an informer, *at* all, at all; my seed, breed, an' gineration al*ways scorned* the like, but a scoundhrel in Malla-

lane, has played the puck with me, an' I want a little revinge on him."

"'It's all nathral," sis he, "if he ill-used ye."

"'He's the ruinashon of myself, an' nine motherless grawls; an' he has, at this blessed minit that I spake to ye, forty gallons o' whiskey, in his back-house, unnonst to the gauger."

The gentleman's eye glistened with delight.—"Come along," sis he, "an' if we make a sayshure, I'll give you a guinea to boot."

"'Long life to your noble honour," sis I, "I knew yer honour looked like some grand jantleman, an', p'rhaps, yer honour would want a baste to remove the whiskey, an' I have a snug horse an' car at yer honour's service."

My hand for ye, we let no grass grow undher us, till we we come to the right place, an' I had Shaune an' the car ready in a jiffy.

The whiskey was saised an' conveyed into my car; an' as we came down towards the guard-house, the shuperwiser slipt the guinea into my fist.

"You desarve it," sis he, "an' here's a crown to dhrink the king's health, besides."

"O, you're the jewel of a jantleman," sis I, "long life an' good luck to your noble honour—wheep Shaune—an' I turned up Blarney-lane.—The jantleman *turned on his heel*"—

"*This is our way, over* the bridge," sis he.

"But this is my way up the hill, Sur," sis I,—"wheep, Shaune."

The jintleman got into a high passion, an' collered me. "Fair an' easy, ma boohil," sis I, "that's my whiskey, an' here's my permit; an' if I hear another word coming out o' your ugly mouth, I'll get a *posse* o' them thripe-women below, to cool your courage in the river."

But for all that, he throttled me still, an' flung a hawk's eye round for a constable: A crowd o' brogue-makers an' thripe women now gathered round us.

"Jack Begly," sis a fat thripe woman, to a big brogue-maker, "Jack Begly, have ye the spirit o' a man to stand on yer two pins there, an' see a blackguard gauger, throttle any fellow christian."

"Let us have at him, Poll Dooly, the squinting thief," sis another fierce virago, brandishing a large thripe, an' before ye could say Jack Robinson, he received a shower of thripes right in his face.

The sogers at the guard-house, hearing the row, rushed out to see the sport, an' while the thripe-women, an' brogue-makers were busy amusing themselves wid the gauger, I slipt away the car as quietly as possible, an' whipt Shaune to the top of his speed, up Blarney-lane. Stopping for a minit to *brathe* the horse, I heard below, at the distance of *half a mile*, the roar o' the thripe-women—the

h o' the sodgers' bagnits, an' the rattling o' stones along the sthreet. While hundreds ıe rushing agin me to the bottom of Blarney-ɔ, I was clearing out at the top of it, an' laving the fun behind me. From that day to this, I er inthered Cork—nor, if I can help it, will I · again, till the day o' my death. An' wishing long life an' prosperity,

I remain yer humble sarvunt,

For PADDY DOYLE,

E. W.

ıdangin, May 1833.

PETHER BRIERLY'S INN ADVENTURE.

"Pether Brierly," as he was universally called by all who knew him, was most indubitably a great—an exceeding great man in his own estimation. His ancestors for ages before him had kept up the respectability of the noble house he sprung from, by being hard fighters, hard drinkers, close dealers, and great story tellers; and now those accomplishments, one and all, were centered in the somewhat insignificant but portly person of Pether T. He cultivated the small portion of land he held with care, was up early and down late, and so, by his industry and perseverence, was enabled to hold up his head amongst the wealthier and more respectable portion of the neighbours, who looked on him as their equal, in consequence of his seeming independence. Now, Pether had one propensity more violent than any other—the pleasure of hearing himself speaking. He would talk for an hour together; and, if he could procure a quiet listener, with a full dhudheen and a lighted turf to ignite it, he would sit under a hedge for the length

of a day, and neglect everything for the indulgence: but this was to be pardoned, as for nothing else in the world wide would he suffer his mind to be led away from business. Peter had *travelled*—actually *travelled*; and amongst the persons round him who were never perhaps out of their own county, this fact gave his marvellous relations an air of interest that perhaps if they were merely local, they would not possess. Amongst the boys and girls Pether's society was anxiously sought, and a merry-making or a wrestling match could not go forward unless he were present. Above all others there was one gentle, dove-eyed village girl, named Patty Healy, that he particularly liked to see present on such occasions, as she never laughed, but always credited what he said. Report said, that he was seen so often at her father's, it would be a match, and, strange to say, report in this instance told the truth. Patty loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she *believed* them. Having thus introduced the c aracters, we shall now take the liberty of introducing in propria persona to the cabin of Phil Healy, Patty's fond and industrious father.

The largest apartment where "the chimbley" was, and the white dresser stood against the wall, had been well swept over, and as it was September, a bright fire blazed at the upper end, the light of which gave a bright red tint to every

thing round about, and shed a gentle and pleasing warmth all through the cabin. Round this fire were seated five or six individuals engaged in that species of *crusheenini* or gossiping which the Irish peasants of both sexes take equal delight in, and refreshing themselves by a quiet whiff of the pipe or a glass of the native, both of which were liberally provided. The owner of the cabin sat on the right hand side, and opposite him was Patty, engaged in knitting, while, with his eyes now and then resting admiringly on her bonny cheek, and and full though graceful form, Pether Brierly sat, within a few feet of her on the same side. Next him was another female, who was Patty's aunt, and acted in fact as mother to her, as hers had died while she was very young. A couple of young men and *ov coorse*, colleens, made up the group, who were apparently as contented and happy as possible, and were all chatting quite agreeably together. A quiet scene like this always makes us feel that it is not in worldly, ambitious pursuits and strugglings that true and unalloyed pleasure is found.

"Cum, Pether," said one of the young men who sat near him, "give over yer smokin' fur a bit, an' tell some ov yer own adventhurs. Idunna whin I seen you so long remainin' silent afore."

"*Don't* you remimber the last I tould you," an*swered he,* in a reproachful tone, "an' how you

an' a bunch of yez set up a laugh at me, because Dan the pedlar said there was no sich thing as a black *loch* in the countherey, bud had fishes livin' in id, an' other things besides ?"

"Pwhat ! no, Pether, jewel ! id wasn't at you we laughed that time at all ; id was at Dan's attimptin' to doubt yer word," gravely remarked Patty's father, evidently for the purpose of drawing him out.

"An' besides," added Pether, "haven't I already tould yez more wondherful things than ever happened to any livin' man bud myself, not lavin' out the grate books that some ov them have written ; bud shure iv I had the edhicashun, wasn't there the curiousest thing occurred me, not seven years ago, at Cullen, that id make the people stare iv they only knew id."

"Tell uz that, Pether, *do* now," interrupted one of the colleens in a tone of entreaty ; but Pether, "fur a rason he had, gave her the bothered ear."

"Do, Misthur Brierly, iv you plase ?" asked the gentle voice of Patty, and his ears immediately became open, and he laid down his pipe, and with a gracious smile directed to her, pulled up his breeches, glanced round with an air of triumph, and commenced.

"It was about this month seven years ago, as *well as I can now* recollect, whin I was afther

bein' in Dublin all the ways, sellin' some cattle, an' had me bran new shute ov clothes on me back, an' me bag ov goold in my pocket, as stiff as the furst lord in the land, an' stiffer. Well becums me, Miss Patty, bud like all persons whin prosperin', I didn't know well what to do wid myself wid pride an' all that; an' so whin I bought *ould black Bess*, an' got fairly mounted on a second-hand saddle into the bargain, sorra purshue the bit, bud like a foolish boy as I was, I thought meself as grate a man as any in Ireland. Id was about five or six in the evenin', as I was joggin' aisily on, not wishin' to tire the poor baste, whin I began thinkin' ov all I had hard ov the beauty of Cullen, an' so as I was athin a few miles or so ov id, sis I to myself, 'bedad, Pether, now's yer time or never,' sis I, 'there's no use in havin' a horse iv a man doesn't work him, an' so, what do you think iv you turn his head round that-away, an' spind a night there; it'ill only cost a couple of shillins', and better money might be worse spint.' Well, sorra taste ov a lie in id, bud *black Bess*, as iv she knew the words I was spakin' at that minnit, turned round and faced the indentical road I was thinkin' of follyin'; bud as iv to show me she didn't know my manin', she begins aitin' some hay off a cart that was goin' the same way. 'Whoo! *Bess* darlin',' sis I, 'we'll both go together,' an' so I just gev her the rein an' let her go an. Think

o' the cuteness ov the dumb crathur, never to lave the back ov the cart at all at all, an' whin it stopped at a *shebeen* house on the road she stopped too. Well, thin, as the boy belongin' to id was a civil boy an' well spoken, an' had a sowl above noticin' the taste ov hay she eat, I axes him in to take a dhrop, an' be coorse he didn't attimpt refusin'. I thin began discoorsin' him about 'the place I wor goin' to, an' axed him how I'd be able to spind the night chapely, an' he tould me that the best inn the town had was near the middle ov id, with a grate sign painted over the doore, an' a power of bottles in the windy; an', sis he, the louder you call about, an' the more you seem us't to id, the less you'll be axed; fur they'll be afeard ov attimptin' to impose an you.' Well, afther that we parted, an' I throtted on one way an' he another."

"I dare say the *cute* baste wasn't over an' above plazed at lavin' the hay," gravely remarked one of his auditors, on whose face an incredulous smile had begun to appear.

"Now, Phelim, I wondher *you* wouldn't have betther manners nor to interrupt Misthur Brierly," said the gentle Patty in a tone of displeasure, "an' he becomin' so entertainin'."

This last remark effectually mollified the anger that was beginning to rise up within Pether, and *smiling "tindherly"* on her, he continued:—

"Whin I enthered the beginnin' ov the town (an' as purty an' clane a lookin' town it is as any in the world, an' that's a big word) I was struck all in a hape wid the nateness of the houses, an' the purty little gardens afore thim, an' the woodbine an' all that growin' into the little windys—'Och, Pether,' sis I to myself, quite in a longin' way, 'bud id's you might be as happy as the day's long here iv you had a *sartin person* along wid you.'" As Pether, when passing this last remark, had thrown an air of tenderness into his manner, and glanced slyly towards Patty, it of course became her to blush, and that slight pink effusion, delicate as the last tints of eve, spoke volumes to the observing narrator, and his eye lightened and his face grew bright with exultation as he continued.

"Well, howsomedever, as the sayin' is, *now* that's neither here nor there, only somehow a body can't help havin' thim kind ov feelin's at times, an' shure iv we hadn't we'd be no betther nor the dumb bastes, poor crathurs! I was jist quietly lookin' out for the place the boy tould me ov, an' blessin's on my cute eyes, at once I seen id—a large white house, wid a plot of butyful flowers growin' be the side ov id, an' right over the door a grand sign, not stuck out, an' in a swingin' pos*thure* like all tothers I had seen, bud agin the *wall*, close between the windys.

PETER BRIERLY'S INN ADVENTURE.

"'Hollo, my lad!' sis I to a customer I sees comin' up, to make all shure, 'is that the tip top inn?'

"Well, my darlin's, he eyed me for a long time afore he gev an answer, and thin he grinned like a young devil as he answered,

"'Inn? ay shure it is, doesn't any gommoch know that?' an' thin, still grinnin', off he wint, an' up I goes to the doore, an' id was closely shut, an' though I looked close, deuce a bottle was in the windy good or bad, except a couple havin' tall flowers growin' out o' them; bud thinkin' that maybe they shut up early *there*, I ups wid the handle ov me whip, an' I gives three loud whacks that id rise the dead in a manner, an' thin, all in a suddint, bang opens the doore, an' out runs a floury-headed fellow wid a dhress as grand as a prence, an' silk stockin's, an' goold buckles.

"'What's wantin', sur?' sis he, quite angry and vexed at bein' called out; an' I was fur a time in a quandary as to what I'd say; fur to see sich a dressed fellow as that sarvant to an inn, bate Banagher to a complete stand still.—'What's wantin', sur?' sis he agin—'do you look fur me masther?'

"'To be shure I do,' sis I, quite bould, an' gettin' off *black Bess*; 'bud here, take the poor baste to the stable.'

"*Well, to be* shure, he stared at me thin in

arnest, an' I wondherin' all the time at how murdherin' grand I was doin' id (bud id must have been the whiskey prompted me)—slings the bridle over her neck, an' pushin' by him, goes into the house. Well, the grandeur ov everything inside bangs belief. There was carpets every where, that a body id be ashamed to stan' on fur fear ov crushin' the purty flowers all over thim, an' mats to wipe the feet in, as purty little articles as ever wor seen, an' no more fit fur *that use*, nor Miss Patty here is (blessin's on her soft eyes an' rosy cheeks!) to become the wife ov an ould cripple or *boccoch!*

"As I was standin' inside, and me powdhered customer standin' outside lookin' one time at me, an' another at the baste, whoo! a side door that was all gilt an' painted opens, an' out steps a tall an' grand-lookin' ould gintleman, wid white hair an' a good-humoured face. 'Bedad,' sis I to myself, 'here's the masther himself, an' a main rich one he must be,' an' thin turnin' round, I bows to him, and smirks, fur politeness costs no money, an' sis I, 'God save you, sur,' sis I.

"'Oh! I thank you,' sis he, bowing quite stiffly, an' not addin' 'kindly,' as one might suppose he would from his looks, but sorra bit ov that daunted *me*, fur what did I care whin I could pay *for* what I'd ordher?

"'I suppose,' sis I, 'you're the landlord ov the head inn?' sis I.

"'Oh, no—that is—yes! I am the landlord,' sis he, hesitatin' at first, an' then quite quick, givin' a wink at the same time to the sarvint.

"'Faix thin,' sis I, 'an' iv you are, you're the the stiffest ould codger ov a landlord I ever met; an' there's your sarvint, iv he is one, standin' there laughin', instead of bringin' the baste to where she'd get a mouthful ov hay; an' here you are yerself keepin' me in yer hall, an' a purty hall it is I must acknowledge, bud, atween ourselves, I'd rather, iv id plases you, see the inside ov the tap-room, an' the outside ov the loaf.'

"Nothin' in the world like spakin' up!—whoosh!—the altheration this speech made.

"'Beg a thousand pardons, sur,' sis he, bowin' to the ground: 'walk this-a-way,' an' he opens another doore, an' thin turnin' to the sarvint, 'Tom,' sis he, 'bring thn gentleman's mare round an' see her fed!'

"'Step in, sur, an' take a sate,' sis he, seein' me hesitate, an' no wondher I shud, 'an' I'll get the bill ov fare in a minnit.' An' wid that in I goes, an' he bows an' sis he'll be back in no time, an' laves me be myself.

"Miss Patty! ov all the wondherful grandeur ever I heerd ov that room contained; on the flure *was a carpet, the most* beautyful thing in the way

that could be, an' long blue silk (raal silk) curtains hung to every windy, wid raal goold edges; the chairs wor all blue silk, an' the sofees the same; an' there wor ornaments ov china an' ivory, an' different darlin little boxes, on all the tables: bud I didn't like to stir for fear of the carpets, an' I didn't like to sit down, be rason ov my breeches (Miss Patty, I beg pardon!) not bein' the natest in the world.

"Jist as I was thinkin' what a pity it id be to dhrink ale or porter off one ov thim shinin' tables, in steps me bould powdhered sarvint, bowin' an' scrapin', wid a long slip ov paper in his hand, an' not wishin' an ignoramus like him to see *me* bothered down, I sits quite unconcerned, while he begins readin' out a lot ov out-o'-the-way names ov Frinch mates and vittals, so I stops him at once, and sis I—'come,' sis I, 'I'm an Irishman, born an' bred, an' I don't like any ov yer *makes up* or yer *squashes*, bud,' sis I, 'bring me a beefsteak, done rare,' sis I, jist to show him the differ—' an' a mug ov beer, an' fur goodness sake lay somethin' on the table afore you do so, fur it id be a burnin' sin to destroy the polish!'

"That same sarvant was an impudent chap, fur whin he left the room I hard him, as plain as a pike-staff, laughin' aither at me or some one else, bud that didn't disconsart me. 'What's yer master's name?' sis I whin he cum in again, afther a while, an' began layin' out the cloth, which was as

fine as silk, an' the knife an' fork, an' a couple ov candlesticks which, iv they wor raal silver, wor worth a power ov money.

"'It's—it's,' sis he—

"'*Jack Fosther*,' sis the masther himself, comin' in at the same time, wid a white apron afore him, an' a jug in his hand; thin indeed he looked like what he was.

"Divil such beer as was in that jug ever I tasted afore or sence, an' the stake that was brought up thin on lovely china dishes beat all fur tinderness and sweetness. 'Musha, thin,' sis I, seein' the masther eyein' the mate as iv he'd like to taste id, 'bud maybe, Misthur Fosther, you'd sit down an' take a bite wid me—you'll be heartily welcum I can tell you,'

"'Wid the greatest pleasure in life, sur,' sis he, 'and mooch obleeged to you fur axing.'

"Well, we eat an' we chatted, an' a good ould talker he was, an' we finished our dinner or rather supper, fur worn't there two tall candles lightin' all the time? an' thin in the twinklin ov an eye, the things wor removed, an' a couple of glasses laid, an' tumblers, but sorra dhrop ov drink barrin' the hot wather.

"'Tell Emily to bring in the wine,' sis ould Fosther to the sarvant; an' thin a young lady cum through the doore, wid a cut decanthur in aich *hand, an' laid thim* an the table afore us. I had

been lookin' at the tumbler, an' had it still in me hand, an' she walked so like a fairy, I never seen her till she laid the things on the table, an' thin I looked up, an' smash wint the tumbler on the flure, fur I dhropped id wid the fare surprise. Och, Patty, *asthore machree!* ov all the butyful crathurs ever I laid an eye on she banged!—her hair was yallow, and glistened like silk, an' curled all round her rosy cheeks, while her eyes that smiled at my surprize wor as blue as the violet whin the mornin' jew is yet on its laves. She was dhressed as grand as any queen, an' well she becum the clothes she wore, fur she looked a a prin*cess* every inch ov her.

"'Och, Miss,' sis I, '*milliah* murdhers, Miss, darlin! bud the luck of you dhruv the tumbler clane out ov me hand, fur ov all the lovely crathurs ever wor born———'

"'Oh, no matther—no matther,' sis ould Fosther quite kindly—'my daughter 'ill forgive the loss whin id was caused be her beauty.'

"'Allow me fur forty minnits,' sis I, slappin' me pocket—'I'll *pay* fur what's bruk, an' no one shall ever say that Pether Brierly ever shirked off from settlin' the damage done.' Wid that she smilen sweeter nor afore, and curtseying—Oh, Patty, iv you could 'ave seen her curtzey!—glided like a butyful sperit from the room.

"Well, thin, ould Fosther an' I set to, an' we

dhrank an' talked, and talked and dhrank, till he and I both began to be very good frinds, an' id was over the raal whiskey, too; fur I didn't relish any ov thim things he called be sich out-o'-the-way names in the way ov wine, an' sich like, an' tould him so, an' got the *native;* an' maybe I didn't open his eye wid all I contained.

"Shortly afther I began to grow sleepy, an' ould Fosther tuk the light an' brought me up stairs, an' every step I wint I seen some new grandeur or other; bud the room he called bed-chamber beat out all, an' made me tell him that he must be as rich as a Jew to have everything in sich style; the curtains ov id wor white as milk, an' the bed had curtains too, aiqually white, an' id was so high, that I was a long time afore I could go to sleep fur fear ov fallin' out; bud at last, wondherin' at everything, an' gettin' half afeard ov all I might have to pay, I did sleep, an' never woke till broad day.

"I got up an' wint out, an' looked about me, an' peeped into some of th' other houses, but not a sign of the same grandeur ov the inn was about any ov thim; an' what made me wondher most was, that there was no sign ov any one in id gettin' up to look out for the customers a body id suppose the mornin' might bring. Well, when I goes back *agin,* an' had my breakfast, which was *ov illigant tay, I calls* for the landlord an' the bill,

as he wasn't yet out ov bed, the lazy thief! bud think ov the greatest wondher ov all to cum yet—the sarvant cum back wid Jack Fosther's compliments, that there was nothin' to pay—all me pressin' was no use, sorra *stiver* he'd take, not even a shillin' fur himself; an' so biddin' him give me thanks to his masther, an' to tell him that iv ever he cum near this village, to call on Pether Brierly, an' he'd give him *cead millia failtha*, an' whiskey galore, I mounted the baste, who looked sleek an' well-fed, an' an rode off on me journey.

"Now, Miss Patty, only think ov who I found out me landlord to be afther?—bad luck to the young thief that misled me!"

"Indeed, Pether, I have no idaya."

"Faix no other bud *Jack Fosther, Earl of Ferrard!*" exclaimed he, with exultation at their gestures of astonishment, "an' it was *his* arms over the door I tuk fur a sign, an' *his* grand house I tuk for an inn!—did you ever hear the like ov that?"

"Yis I did," said the same sneering young man whom Patty had to correct for interruption before, "fur iv I don't mistake I heerd the very identical same thing tould be Bartle the Pedlar, as happenin' to a travellin' jintleman—an' now that I think ov id, *you*, Pether, wor present."

Pether hemmed and hawed, and grew red and fidgetty, while a grin went round at his usual

detection, whenever he related one of his own adventures, and the seat he occupied was becoming very uneasy to him, when Patty put all to rights, by smiling, and exclaiming—

"Well, well! shure id's no matther for that; happen as it may, id's a quare adventure, an' Pether has tould id very well."

Pether looked gratefully at her for this extrication, and re-lit his pipe with renewed self-confidence.

Gentle reader! *She* now exults in the appellation of Mrs. Brierly, and listens to Pether's stories, and nurses her infant with equal seeming pleasure; while he is prouder of his pretty little wife than any man or boy in the village.

The foregoing sketch is founded on a *fact*, which actually did occur, as described, to this nobleman, who had his arms over the door of his residence in Cullen, till very lately, which gave it greatly the appearance of an inn; his name is John Foster, Earl of Ferrard, and he contributed much to the beauty and prosperity of this sweet little town by long continued residence.

DENIS O'DONOHO.

THE PATTERN OF THE LOUGH.

"Old times are changed, old manners gone."—*Scott.*

"The pattern," as it is pronounced by the peasantry, is the remnant of an ancient and religious custom which is now very much on the decline, or nearly extinct. At least, it is so changed and deformed from its original design, as scarcely to retain any marks of what it once was intended for. In the early ages of Christianity in Ireland, it signified a festival or holiday, instituted in honor of the patron saint of the parish or district, and hence called a pattern or patron saint's day. Formerly the people assembled at sun-rise, at a certain place, and performed certain kinds of prayers, called *stations*, which occupied some time, and consisted of certain forms of prayer, recited on the knees, and in companies—one person giving out, and all the rest responding; and this is repeated at several places, fourteen being the usual number. The pattern was usually held in the vicinity of a holy well, near a chapel, on a hill side, where grew a lonely tree, or such other place consecrated by custom from times long past away: but

now the good intention and the prayers are all forgotten—and "divarshin and dhrinkin" are the only ostensible motives for which old and young assemble. Tents are pitched around the site, as in a fair, for the sale of whiskey, and all the pipers and fiddlers, for miles around, are collected—and courting, dancing, drinking, and fighting prevail until the close of the day. This custom, I have said, is on the decline through Ireland; and, during a few years back, several patterns, in different places, have ceased altogether.

This custom was not peculiar to this country; for, during the primary stages of Christianity in England, *wakes* were instituted for nearly similar purposes as our Irish patterns. The people assembled near the churches, on the eve of the patron saint's day, and erected bowers of green branches (if it was summer weather), which they decorated with flowers, in a gay manner, and remained there all the night, praying and singing hymns. Hence it was termed "the wake," from the people being awake all night. The next day, as a thing of course, was devoted to feasting and rejoicing, being a holiday, when the devotees made amends, by their mirth and good cheer, for the penance and mortification done and endured during the former night's vigil. The wake is still held through England; but, like the Irish, they have *dispensed with the religious* part of the ceremony,

and only hold the holiday and the festival. The amusements, considering the different temperament of the people of both nations, are nearly the same. Ass races, running in sacks, *eating cakes for a wager*, playing single-stick for a collection, dancing, drinking, &c. &c. are carried on with that system, and in that dull spirit of method and rule, so different from what we know in Ireland. Yet, if their sports want the life, spirit, animation, and eccentricity of ours, they also want that character of violence and bloodshed which too frequently are seen to stain even the most trifling of the amusements of our peasantry.

We must come to the province of Leinster, where, I believe, above all other parts of this island, the patterns are still most frequently held. On the banks of the beautiful *Lough Ouel* or *Houel*, situated within two small miles of the town of Mullingar, there is still a pattern held on the first Sunday in August, called among the country people, the "Pattern of the Lough;" and the Sunday on which it falls is as marked among the festivals of the year as Easter Sunday or Christmas Day, and usually referred to by the title of "Lough Sunday." The tents are usually pitched on the Saturday previous, in a field adjoining to that in which the great crowd collects; and the principal attraction is the swimming of horses in the lake. Early on the Sunday morning, the mul-

titudes assemble from all quarters of the country; some for the purpose of amusement, or meeting friends who live at a distance; others to settle the preliminaries of a marriage contract; a great many, because it is the custom, and because others go; but the greater number to meet and fight the people of an adjacent barony, or to revenge some real or imaginary quarrel or insult. Swimming horses in the lake is a favourite feat, and affords much amusement to the spectators. It is also attended with considerable danger; and scarcely a year passes but some life is lost on the occasion. Matches are made; and as none but the most resolute young men, and the most expert swimmers, dare engage in the exercise, the sport becomes very exciting. Yet accidents more frequently occur from the terror and want of capability in the animals, so unused to such immersions and such efforts, in an element of which they are much in dread, than in the want of resolution, presence of mind, or agility in the riders.

There resided near the lake, a young man of the name of Donoghoe, who, for many years, was very successful in the lake matches; and even when he had to manage inferior horses to those against him, by his skill, adroitness, and quickness, always came off the winner of the prize.

At the time my story commences, the year 1818, *Peter Donoghoe* was solicited, by a sporting gen-

tleman in the neighbourhood, to swim a horse for him at the ensuing pattern, which he agreed to do. Peter, like all successful men, took a pride in his fame; and he could not bear the thoughts of not having "a baste" to swim on Lough Sunday; and indeed he was seldom without having his wish gratified. He accompanied the gentleman to his house—examined the animal—was highly pleased with his appearance, and recommended a certain kind of keeping and feeding to be practised before the pattern—but, above all, laid his strict prohibition against any thing like plunging him into the water, by way of preparing or inuring the horse for the watery struggle.

"Why, Peter," said the gentleman, "I have always understood 'twas better to give him a taste of it by degrees, so that he might not be taken by surprise, or too much in dread when entering the lake."

"Oh, by no manner ov means at all, Sir," said Peter, "they always get a dislike to the wather, and the more they get ov id, the more they hate it: bud you see, Sir, whin a sperited baste, like that, is dashed in o' the suddent, an' has a man on his back that he feels can manage him, an' whin he knows he can masther the wather himself, he'll get stout an' bould, an' shwim like a pig, 'tall the waves cuts his throat."

"*I* believe you are right, Peter," said the gen-

tleman; "but what do you think of 'Cock o' the Heath?'" [the name of a horse.]

"You may depind that I'm right, Sir," replied Peter, "an' it stan's to rason; bud I'm fearin' the young cock is too flighty—that he's not studdy (steady) enough. Nothin' like a studdy baste, your honour, for the *lough*."

"Then, perhaps, you wouldn't like to ride him, or is it afraid you are, Peter?" asked the gentleman.

This last observation struck Peter on the tender point; a glow of indignation crossed his brow as he turned his keen eyes upon the gentleman, and replied—

"Afeerd, your honor! afeerd to bring a baste into the lough! No, no; it's not Peter Donoghoe that id be afeerd to bring a puckawn goat into the very middle ov id: leave him to me, your honor: iv he's flighty, I'll manage him, I'll be bail; an' you may call me a coward an' a boast while I live, Sir, iv I don't bring him through the wather like a sea-gull."

The taunt conveyed, and the stain which he thought was so near being affixed to his good name, nerved Peter for the ride in the waves; and he set about preparing and training himself for the day, with all the eagerness and anxiety of his soul. Three times a day he sought the lake, *and played fearlessly* in its limpid waters—throw-

ing the stone, and wrestling with the young men of the neighbourhood, after his day's work, were practised, to give nerve and strength to his arm and elasticity and firmness to his frame and limbs; and hope was high in his bosom when the "Lough Sunday" drew nigh.

Peter was the only son of a widowed mother, and the sole support of two sisters and this one parent. He was their pride and their glory; and even the sisters looked forward to Peter's triumph on the lough with delight and joy. But the mother, though she did not approve of such dangerous amusements, said nothing to induce him to forego them. She had seen many a sad example of the temerity of the young, daring, and thoughtless; and she dreaded, even in idea, that any accident would deprive her of her darling—the prop of her old age, and the light of her aged eyes. Yet still she did not wish to oppose him in what she knew afforded pleasure to him she loved so well. Peter, too, had even a tender attachment; for, like most Irishmen, love, at a very early age, had made deep inroads in his heart. And as women are fond of the brave and the generous, Peter found himself loved in turn, with as pure and as tender a flame as ever the heart of woman could boast of. Yet Peter's was a particular situation: he loved his mother and his sisters; they could not think of Peter's marrying,

lest he might be induced to neglect them; and the father of his sweetheart Cicely, being a man of means and substance, would sooner see his daughter a cold corpse before him, than behold her in the arms of a cottier—a mere day-labourer. Peter was true to Cicely, and Cicely was true to Peter. Though many village belles displayed their finery, arts, and charms, to catch Peter, yet Peter was deaf and blind to all their allurements; and though many an advantageous offer, as it is called, was made to the father of Cicely, yet no inducement could make her think of another. Thus they lived, without a hope of being united; yet still determined to live single for ever, unless fortune or fate favoured their single-hearted attachment.

At length the "Lough Sunday" came round. 'Twas a bright and a beautiful morning, and Peter was up at the dawn, and preparing for the sport. His heart was throbbing with expectation, for it was the greatest match that was ever made of that kind in the country, and an immense concourse of spectators was expected: besides, Peter had that day to contend with a powerful rival. His mother was up as soon as himself, and trouble and uneasiness were painted on her countenance. She seemed seeking for an opportunity to begin a conversation, yet did not know how to open it. Peter *remarked her* as she sat opposite him, while

taking his frugal breakfast, consisting of oatmeal bread, butter, and sweet milk.

"Ah, thin, mother," said he, "there's somethin' the matther wid you—shure it's not sick you'd be this mornin'?"

"Why, thin, I'm not sick or sore, Peter, alanna," replied the mother; "but it's as you say, there's somethin' the matther wid me this mornin' abow (above) all the mornin's in the year."

"You got up too early, mother, maybe," said Peter; "and you know that doesn't agree with you."

"It's not that either, *awoughal*,"* said the mother; "but it's somethin' that's at my heart—somethin' that's hangin' over me, an' I dunna what."

"Och, rouse yourself, mother—it's only down in the sperits you are," said Peter, "and don't let any thing come over you that way."

"Oh, bud Pether," said the anxious mother, "I had such a quare dhrame last night, an' the thoughts ov id stick to me still, that you can't tell how throubled I am about you."

"About me, mother! Oh, then, never fear for me, anyhow—there's no danger ov me; them that's born to be hanged 'ill never be dhrowned, you know. Ha, ha, ha!" and he endeavoured to

* A provincialism—alias, ma bouchal, my boy.

make light of the old woman's apprehensions. His mother shook her head mournfully, as she rejoined—

"Ah, bud Pether! dhreams like mine never come for nothin'; an' if you take your mother's advice you won't go to the patthern this day."

"Oh, sure I knew what you were about, mother," replied Peter; "you're too much afraid, an' you're too fond ov me—bud never fear for me."

"Yes—bud Pether, *asthore*, I never axed you afore; an' if you knew the blackness that's on my heart, you wouldn't go agin my will;" and the old woman looked imploringly at her son.

"Aye—bud what would Misther Mac——— say, afther I promisin' that I'd ride his baste 'ithout fail; an' sure *you* wouldn't ax me to make a *behay** ov myself through the counthry, for a coward, an' a brag, an' a liar, an' a desaver—what I never was."

"Ah, bud the horrid dhrame, Pether," replied the mother, as if more in communication with the fears of her heart than with any outward or extrinsic passion or object.

"All *pisherogues*,† mother. Here, Kitty—

* I don't believe this word is either Irish or English, but yet is generally used among the people. "His making a behay of himself,"—i. e. "he's making himself ridiculous," is a common expression.

† *Foolish, superstitious* practices or belief—applied ge-

where's my green hankercher to tie round my head?" and he stood up to prepare to go out. His sister handed him a green silk handkerchief, which he handed back, saying, "why don't you spit on id, an' wish me luck and safe back, as you used to do?"

Here the mother seized his hand with an affectionate and impulsive movement.

"Take your poor mother's advice, Pether jewel," said she, with a tone and expression that chilled even his heart; "I never advised you to do wrong, an' don't make light ov my words. Stay away from the getherin' this Sunday; there's misforthin afore you, iv you go; an' God brake hard fortune below your feet; bud grant me this one request—don't go."

"Aw, mother," said one of the sisters, "one would think twasn't to a man you were tawkin'; sure there's nothin' to happen him more than another."

The old woman didn't heed the remark of her daughter; she was too much absorbed in her own feelings to hear them: for seeing Peter still preparing to depart, she fell on her knees before him and exclaimed, with all the passion of a prophetess,

nerally as a term of contempt to a belief in dreams, signs, or superstitious faith in charms or incantations—things common among the peasantry.

"Pether, Pether, stay at home this day, for the sake ov the Almighty, and for the sake of the mother that bore you, an' don't go agin my warnin'. Mind, I now warn you, that there's somethin' afore you—and that you'll lave your poor ould mother to sorrow and desolation, iv you don't take her advice. Pether, would you like to see your mother goin' from door to door? Pether, would you like to see her thrustin' to the hand of the stranger for her bit—an' to the cowld corner of the stranger's barn for her bed? Pether, would you like to see your mother, in her last days, like the baste of the field, 'ithout a hand to close her eyes in charity? I know you wouldn't, my own kind-hearted, good, an' ginerous *bouchal adowna*, I know you wouldn't—an' you'll take your mother's advice an' stay at home this one day."

At this moment Cicely entered the cottage, and casting a quick glance around her to where Peter was standing in gloomy silence beside his mother,

"Thank God," she exclaimed, "he is not gone yet."

This was the first time she had ever stood beneath the roof of him she loved. His mother and sisters gazed on her in wonder—for her manner was wild, and she looked like one who had come in haste upon some errand of desperation. She did not notice them; but approaching Peter, who

held out his hand to welcome her, she looked into his face with a mingled and undefined meaning.

"You're welcome, Cicely," said he: "what's the matter wid you—you look so frikened?"

"Oh, Peter," said the fond girl, "I had the shockin'est dhrame about you last night that ever was in the world; an' my heart's so sore, that I could not help comin' over to tell you not to go to the lough to-day."

"Why that's the very thing that my mother sez," said Peter; 'pon my word, I b'lieve yez med a match ov id; do you's always dhrame be couples, that ways, I wondher?"

"Oh, Pether!" said the anxious maiden, "you don't know the way my heart is, or you wouldn't spake that way to me."

"Well, then, Cicely, I thought you were sinsible—but let us hear what you dhramt about:" and he sat down on a kind of three-legged chair, and his mother and sisters formed an attentive group around them.

"Well," began Cicely, "I thought that I saw you swimmin' the horses in the lough, and that a big monsther, twice as big as the horse, follyed you; and that all the people shouted to you to take care of the monsther, who come up to you, and pulled you off the horse, and that you screeched and stretched your hands to the people to save you, but that 'twas no use; and that the

monsther pulled you, horse an' all, down to the bottom, and that the whole lake was covered with blood."

"Heaven pursarve us!" said the mother, "bud that's my very dhrame—the very dhrame I dhremt; there's somethin' in id, Pether, dear; now won't you take your mother's an' this dacent little girl's advice, that wouldn't advise you ill; don't go to-day."

"Well, well, but the nonsense of women beats the puck antirely," said Peter, rising contemptuously; "an' is this all the foundation you's have for all this fuss and botheration. Why, sorra doubt but by and bye you's ill be for wantin' me to walk on my head instead ov my heels."

His mother and Cicely endeavoured to persuade him to remain at home for that day, but in vain. The scorn of the boys, and the sneers of the girls would be directed against him. His word and promise would be broken; besides, his vanity and fame were engaged, and could he leave the triumph to another. Cicely, after a short time, gave up the argument and offered no more opposition to her lover's wish. The mother was not so easily conquered; she was more impressed, and felt more acutely and keenly the terrors of her forebodings, and the consequent miseries that awaited herself.

The gathering was already immense as Peter *Donoghoe entered* the pattern, where a number

of his young companions collected around him. A spacious and gently sloping hill side, leading, without any abrupt declivities, to the sandy beach of a small bay, formed by the lake at its foot, was the place where the multitudes collected. The girls, decked in all their smiles and beauties, and decorated with their gaudiest ribbands—the boys putting on their gayest and most gallant demeanour along with their Sunday clothes. Here and there they paraded in couples from standing to standing, and from booth to booth. At the door of almost every tent a musician had pitched his *stool,* and doled out, in no stinted measure, jigs, reels, and hornpipes, to the votaries of the merry-heeled deity. While not unfrequently a fight, in which some scores were engaged, would arise and subside in so very short a space as scarcely to cause the slightest confusion, unless among those personally concerned. But what appeared the most novel sight, and seemed to draw the general attention of the pattern, were a pair of ballad-singers—wandering minstrels—who, having a ring accorded to them by common consent, sung out the tenderest strains to catch the stray halfpenny pieces among the soft-hearted boys and girls. The song was one of true love—a theme ever dear to the heart of an Irish peasant, and might run in nearly the following style and words, as far as memory serves at the present time:

Every foot of vantage ground gained by either, was hailed by the cheers of the men on the hill."

THE TRUE LOVER'S GARLAND.*

walked forth one mornin' fair, in the pleasant month of spring,
e the *flagrant* flowers, and view the wild birds sing;
s then I spied a maiden fair, a makin' pit'yous moan,
ı a shady *harbour*, an' by herself alone.

tly stept up to her, an' thus to her did say,
, fairest of all creatures! come tell to me, I pray,
t thrubble, care, or sorrow, disturbs your gentle heart,
s your own thrue lover been forced from you to part?"

:z, "kind Sir, to answer you its now I do intend;
pes some time hereafther that you might prove my friend;
ırue lover, Johnny Doyle, is now on the ragin' say,
: was my cruel father that sent the boy away."

Johnny Doyle was your thrue love, as I do now suppose,
ruth to you, fair creature, I quickly must disclose;
wedded to a lady fair, an' dhrest in rich array,
lands and money plenty in the South Amerike.

heer up gallant lady and come along with me,
your true love, for ever, so faithful I will be;
to my own counthry you'll come, where I'll make you my wife,
hink no more of Johnny—he's married now for life."

ıis is truly in the manner of the love ditties now popular g our peasantry, at least in the English language. It y fair, however, to remark, that where the Irish lan- : is used and understood, the songs in that tongue are of r superior description, as may be seen from the transla- which we have before us.

"Go away, false-hearted young man, if what you say be thrue,
It only does my sorrow, my grief, and pain renew;
For I have vowed to wed but him, an' my thrue vow I'll keep
Until kind death will close my eyes in the last quiet sleep."

"Then turn about, fair Nancy, an' look on me, I pray,
Have you forgot your Johnny Doyle, that was so long away;
And now comes back to his thrue love, from the wild, stormy main,
With goold and riches plenty, an' we'll never part again?"

But soon a general movement to the water's edge announced that the swimming was about to take place, and thousands crowded down to the strand to witness the horse-race in the waters. Four fine animals were already prepared for the struggle in the waves, and they waited but for the fifth, which soon made its appearance, led by Peter Donoghoe. It was a young and fiery animal, in high condition, and required all Peter's dexerity and strength to manage and curb him, frightened as he was by the noise and rush of the multitude. The place where the swimming was to take place was from one point of the little bay mentioned above, round a small boat anchored at some distance in the deep water, and back to another point not far distant from where they started. The hill swept easily round the bay, forming with its crowd a living amphitheatre, and far away in the deep blue water, a small island,

covered with trees, arose, the only land-mark from the swelling waves until the eye rested on the distant and woody shores which bounded the prospect.

The men were stript to the waist, and without shoes or stockings, and at a given signal they mounted their respective animals and drew up in a line on the beach. At another signal they plunged at once into the water, and the animals, unused to the liquid element, and frightened at the sudden immersion and the loud shouts that rung around them, plunged violently, and some endeavoured to return to the shore; and one timid animal, despite all the endeavours of his rider, a powerful young man, who encouraged, coaxed, and applied the whip by turns, struggled back, and bounded, trembling with terror, to the strand, and snorting with joy and shaking his long mane, he dashed away recklessly with his rider through the crowd. The other four were urged into the deep, and on they steered their way, with scarcely any part over the water but their swelling nostrils and staring eyes and the heads of the men, bound with handkerchiefs of different colours. Two were lagging far behind—but Peter Donoghoe and the rival he so much dreaded were in a line. They were nearing the boat, and as this was the critical moment which was apt to decide the race, every *nerve was strained,* and every exertion made to

turn it first. Every foot of vantage gained by either was hailed by the loud cheers of the men on the hill; and, as they drew near, the horses were side by side—that of Peter nearest to the grand object; and just as he was on the point of dexterously wheeling round, his opponent, by a violent movement, forced the animal he was guiding directly across his way, driving Peter and his horse against the boat. The shock was terrible; for the feet of the horses mingled and clashed in the water beneath, and Peter was stunned by the force with which he was driven against the boat; and in the plunging of the animals to get free of each other, the horse he bestrode received a kick from that of his opponent, which broke one of its fore legs. The animal neighed fearfully and instinctively, as he sunk beneath the blue and bubbling waters; and one shrill shriek of terror broke the silence on the hill, as the green handkerchief of Peter disappeared beneath the agitated surface. The other man looked about in terror as they went down, and the boat rolled into its former situation over the spot. The victor came on shore, panting with terror, and not a single shout hailed his triumph. Boats were immediately put out, and, with much difficulty, and after a length of time, the lifeless body of Peter Donoghoe was extricated from beneath the horse at the bottom.

It were useless here to enter into a description

of his mother's frantic grief, or the deep and settled sorrow of poor Cicely—of the loud anguish of his sisters, or the lamentations of the multitude; for as he was generally beloved, so he was universally lamented. His mother as she had prophesied, lived to eat her bread from the charity of the stranger; and Cicely lived for some years after him—but no more like the former light-hearted sweet girl than her own shadow in the sun-beams. She pined away day by day, and at length passed away like a spirit from the earth; and on a "Lough Sunday," she was buried in the old church-yard of the island Lough Ouel,

J. L. L.

THE BANSHEE.

Any person however partially acquainted with the wild superstitions prevalent amongst the peasantry of Ireland, must have heard of the banshee. To those who are unacquainted with the terrible and more than eastern wildness and magnificence with which the people of Ireland clothe their legend of unearthly beings, and the depth of imagination that characterizes every belief associated with their world of spirits, some short explanation may be necessary. The banshee is believed to be an unearthly attendant on certain ancient families in this country, and it is only seen or heard previous to the decease of some of its members. It is usually represented as a small though beautiful female, dressed in the fashion of the early ages; and who, with a particularly mournful and melancholy cry, bewails the misfortunes about to fall upon the family she loves. I have read it somewhere given, that some of those fair forerunners of sorrow are actuated by a feeling inimical to the line which they lament. This, however, is

not the opinion of the people among whom the superstition is entertained, and even cherished. Their belief is, that the spirit is the friend of the family it follows; that it at one period enjoyed life, and walked the earth in the light and shadow of loveliness and mortality. This, I think, is the more natural turn for such things to take in the human mind, however rude; and the very fact of its always crying its sweet dirge, bears me out: for if otherwise than a friend, why not rejoice? It is also said to be very shy of encountering a mortal eye; and the slightest sound, wafted on the breeze of evening, drives it from the sight like a thing of mist. Now for my tale.

On the borders of the small and ruinous village of Ballintobber,* in the county of Roscommon, there lived a small farmer, named James Moran; or, as he was styled by the country folk, in their own peculiar manner, *Cooleen bawn* †, alias *Shemus Gal* ‡ He was married but a short time to the servant of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, in whose family she had lived for a good many years; and, being of careful habits, she brought

* *Ballintobber*, situated in the barony of the same name, county of Roscommon; here are the ruins of the ancient residence of the O'Connors, kings of Connaught; it was at one time surrounded by deep woods, which have all disappeared. The extensive ruins stand in an angle where the road divides, and are very picturesque.

† Fair hair.

‡ *James of the fair hair*, or fair James.

to *Shemus* the better part of her earnings. One fine evening in the month of April, when the grey gloaming is beginning to extend itself, dim and shadowy, into the long nights, giving promise, at intervals, of the glory and beauty of the approaching summer, Madgy (Marcella) sat alone in her cottage, plying her household affairs with a happy heart, and expecting her husband to his evening repast after the toils of the day. Night came, and the hour that should have brought her husband to his home, passed away without his coming. She began to grow anxious and uneasy; and setting his supper by the fire, to keep it warm, she closed her door, and sat down beside her spinning-wheel with a sigh. Another hour passed away, and sad thoughts began to rise in her mind. All the wonderful and fearful stories she had heard about ghosts and fairies, and all the goblins that haunted the castle of the O'Connors, and all the blood that was spilt around it, crowded upon her imagination; and as the blaze of the sprightly fire cast flickering shadows about the house, the agitated and imaginative Madgy would start, and look around her with frightened glances. "I'll sing a song," said she to herself; "it will relieve my mind, and prevent such idle thoughts from disturbing me, besides making the time pass quickly until *Shemus* comes home;" and she began singing, in her native Irish, a wild legend, still in

connexion with the subject that haunted her imagination; and which, being translated, might run pretty much like the following:—

BALLAD.

Fair Eveleen sat in her tower high,
On a calm and a silent night;
And she gazed on the twinkling lamps of the sky,
Than her own blue eyes less bright.

And the silver moonbeams bathed her brow,
But her cheek was as cold and pale;
"Darmuid's fleet feet are lagging now,
Ah! what means that dreadful wail!"

For wofully sad was the thrilling strain,
Now borne upon the breeze;
And it fell on her brain like an icy chain,
And her heart's blood began to freeze.

And still as the dying pauses swept,
In their wailing sounds of fear;
The sobs and the plaints of one that wept,
Rose sadly upon her ear.

'Twas the banshee! and she came to tell
A tale of sorrow and death;
For Darmuid that night 'neath a rival fell,
Upon *Moin-more's* * dreary heath.

"Such unearthly sounds!" poor Eveleen well
Their meaning could discover;
For the morning sun-beams fairly fell
On her corse, beside her lover!

* The great bog.

The wild song was scarcely concluded, when Moran entered. He was much agitated, and looked about him with a haggard glance. Madgy started in alarm at his bewildered air, and tenderly enquired what was the matter with him.

"Oh, sit down, Madgy, *aroon*, sit down, and give me my supper, for I'm scarcely able to faint, then I'll tell you all about it—ochone, ochone!"

While Madgy was preparing the humble repast, he became more composed; but still the thoughts of something terrible seemed to linger about him.

"Now, *Shemus, asthore*, tell me what in the world frikened you out of your life."

"Arrah hould your whisht, Madgy, 'tall I gather up the bit ov gumption that I had afore this night, Och, *wirrasthrue*."

"Were you murthered or kilt, *Shemus*, jewel—or what came acrass you at all at all?"

"Och, thin, it's yourself that's the foolish woman antirely; don't you see I'm neither cut or bleedin', an' how can I be murthered? an' iv I was kilt, itself, sure it's nothin' to what came over me this blessed night!"

"Arrah, maybe it's somethin' that happened the mare, or the heifer, or the pig, or the—"

"Ochone, ochone! thin I b'lieve it's yourself that's mad, or ravin', or murthered in arnest, for one woman like you, that couldn't let a misfortheнate man alone for a while; will you just sit down,

an' say nothin', an' show that you didn't lose your seven senses as well as myself."

This was too much for the fond Madgy. She thought that some unheard of misfortune, too terrible for her even to conceive, had befallen her husband; for murdering or killing was only a trifling injury; the next in the scale of evil would be any damage done to the mare, or the cow, or the sow; any thing beyond that should be something out of the common line of calamity: so, unable to restrain her emotions, she threw herself on a seat in a paroxysm of grief, and began the Irish cry, in all its tones and variations, from the wild burst of lamentation, rising into a shriek, to the low, sorrowful moaning of smothered anguish.

"Och, och, ochone, *gra ma chree ma cuishleen bawn;* * is it yourself that's come to the black misforthen unknownst to the world, an' your own Madgy, that used to be your *Colleen asthore,*† och, ochone!"

This touching appeal was too much for the feelings of the tender-hearted *Shemus.* He started up, clasped his arms about her neck, and joined in the thrilling chorus to this particularly sad and melancholy wail. After exhausting the fountains of their tears, and in some degree easing their

* The love of my heart—my fair darling.
† *Dear girl.*

hearts, for tears bring relief, they sat down quite composed at the fire.

"Och, Shemus, *a vick sa goltha* *," began the anxious wife, "what, in the name of all the saints and angels came over you?—do tell your own Madgy."

"Oh! then, just listen now Madgy, an' I'll tell you all about it; an' don't say a word to stop me or stay me till I have done."

Madgy did not answer, but bent herself forward with eagerness to hear the tale.

"Well, you know Miss Norah at the big house," began *Shemus;* "she's sick with a head-ache these two days."

"Aye, *Shemus*—I hope the crather's betther, anyhow."

"She'll die as sure as a gun, Madgy—I know it all."

"Ah, don't say that now, Shemus; sure the Lord wouldn't take the masther's one daughther from him that way."

"She's a dead and gone corpse, I tell you, Madgy; didn't I see the banshee, and hear her too, this very evenin', comin' through the grove at the ind ov the garden, as I crossed the stile. I thought I heard somethin' at first cryin' and keenin' down by the sthream, and every hair on my

* Son of my neighbour.

head stood up as stiff as a hackle, an' I thought my *caubeen* would have run away off my head, so I stood where I was, an' didn't say a word; then the screechin' came nearer and nearer, an' the sorra such a murtherin' screech did I ever hear afore, for I thought it was comin' up out ov the wather all along; at last up come the banshee to the very turn of the sthrame, where the big sally three (sallow willow) hangs over it, an' there she sat down, an' roared as iv her heart was bruck in two; rockin' herself backward and forward, and meltin' herself down into the wather with the *parfid* (perfect) grief; an' then she stood up, an' I was afeerd she was goin' to come to myself, so took to my heels, and never cried crack till I was inside the door with you."

"Och, *wirra sthrue*, an' did she look at you, my darlint?"

"All the saints in the calendhar forbid—no she didn't; for iv she did I'd have dhropt as dead as mutton."

"But didn't you tell the masther and the misthress ov all this, *Shemus?*"

"Arrah no I didn't—ketch me at it: Oh, no, faix, I'm not such a fool as that, an' have to come back an' face a banshee."

"An' you wouldn't go an' warn the good family of their misery. I'll go this very minit."

"Is it you, Madgy, *ma gragal;* * and will you go over the sthrame this night, after all that came across me?"

"I don't care, *Shemus*—come what will, I'll go to the big house this mortual night."

"The blessed Vargin purtect us—it's myself that wouldn't let you go alone. Come, Madgy, we'll go together; and both stood up to depart. Madgy put on her warm cloak, and pinned her kerchief tightly over her cap, and under her chin, and together they jogged towards the mansion of her former master. Silent and tremblingly did they pass over the stile that led by a short cut to the rear of the house. Cautiously and slowly did they approach the haunted stream, and with hasty steps did they glide by the shadowy *Sally* tree, and up to the door. They rushed in about the apartment, like people pursued by some dreadful spectre, and gazed about with wild and haggard looks, while the servants thronged around them with anxious and curious enquiries.

"How is Miss Norah?" were the first words uttered by the affectionate Madgy.

"Why she is purty well, I thank you," replied one of the servants.

"Where is she, let me see her?" said Madgy, doubtingly.

* My white love.

"Did you hear nothin'?" said *Shemus*.

"Yes—we heard that the poor widow Conry was dead; and Miss Norah went down to bring up poor little, Aylee, her daughter."

"Thank heaven!" said Madgy, in a relieved tone of voice.

"Oh, then, it was for her the banshee was cryin', as sure as I'm alive," said *Shemus*.

"Banshee!" said one. "Banshee!" echoed another; and all took the alarm.

"Ah, thin, did you see the banshee, *Shemus*?" was ventured as a question by a third.

"Did I ever hear Father Con ov a Sunday, do you think?" said *Shemus*, with an air of consequence; "did I ever hear the banshee! Ah, thin, it's myself that did; an' it's she that cried herself sick afther poor *Shuawn*, (Julia, alias Judy) Conry, below at the three, at the turn ov the sthrame."

"What sort was she?" "How did she look?" "How was she dhressed?" "What did she say?" was asked by all the listeners in a breath.

"Iv yous want the knowledge," said *Shemus*, "go down an' take a peep at her yourselves, an' I'll be bound that she'll *insince* yous into the ins and outs ov id in a hurry."

"No but *Shemus*, what did she say to you?"

"Why, then, I'll tell yous—sorra resave the

word at all, nor I to her; but I ran away an' left her there."

Here Miss Norah entered with a girl of about fifteen years of age, all in tears; and the whole circumstance of the banshee was explained. The widow's poor daughter had broken away in the excess of her grief, and wandered by the lonely stream side to indulge in and give vent to her sorrows and miseries alone; and, as *Shemus* expressed it, was "near frikenin' the life out ov him, an' sure she might as well kill him out and out at once." So he lost his consequence in the country as the wonderful man who had seen a banshee. Miss Norah was pleased with the affection evinced for her by Madgy, and blamed *Shemus* for giving way to such absurd superstitions; wondering how people could give up their reason to the chimeras of their own heated imaginations, and allow themselves to become the fools of every passing shadow or idle sound. This was received with doubtful and uneasy looks by the auditory; and one old man, who was almost a silent listener to all that passed before, now broke in upon the wondering audience.

"Then maybe, Miss Norah, I was never tellin' you," said he, "about the banshee ov the O'Connors ov the Castle, in the ould ancient times."

"No, Malachi," replied Miss Norah; "but won't you tell us now; for though I don't believe

all I hear, still I like to hear the old stories of other times."

"Indeed an' I will, Miss Norah," said the old man; "and may you never meet with such a crass either before or afther your marriage; for it's yourself that's good, and kind, and purty, may heaven bless you;" and the whole crowd collected round old Malachi, who related his legend of other days in nearly the following words:—

"Well, you must know, in the ould times ov all, when the kings and princes were as plinty about the counthry as jackstones on the streets of *Lough Ree* *, that was the time that the O'Connors lived below there, at their grand palace ov Ballintobber, in the middle of the deep woods that are now all cut away. The O'Connors were the ould kings ov Connaught; an' a mighty grand sort ov high kind of people they were antirely, an' as wicked as murdher. Well, there was one ould king that they used to called *Phaudhereen Grumagh* †, and he had but one son, and a fine young jontleman he was by all accounts. He was out huntin' one day, not very for from his own place, and at that time there was plenty ov

* *Lough Ree*, or "the King of Lakes," situated between Roscommon and Westmeath, is a very extensive and beautiful lake, formed by the Shannon: it has several wooded islands, in one of which are some very romantic ruins. On the banks of this lake stood the celebrated convent of Bethlehem.

† *Patrick, the stern*, or severe, or churlish.

deers and other wild bastes about the counthry, and the right sort ov fine sport they used to have ov it. Well, you see, the stag took down by the little river, near *Toemonia* *; and the young king, being a rale madcap, was the first in with him, as he turned at the rock by the end ov the pool; an', by my conscience, 'twould be betther for him to be a hundred miles off, for the stag made a dash ov a burst on him, and, afore he could cry 'the Lord have mercy on me,' he was whipt off his horse, and soused, all tore to pieces, into the middle of the pool, 'ithout a word in his cheek. Then up come all the noblemen and jontlemen, powdherin' on their horses like fire, and they fished him out of the pool, and carried him to the house of a dacent man nigh hand, a farmer or a cottier, or somethin' ov the kind, where he was put to bed, an' docthered about, for he was in a ragin' fever for three weeks.

"'Och, murder *in eelish*, where am I at all?' sez he one evenin' after comin' to his senses.

"'You're with friends, my Lord,' sez a purty, rosy-cheeked *colleen* that was sittin' at the foot ov the bed watchin' him.

* In Irish, *Touthmona*, was formerly a place of some consideration; for there was a large monastery for Dominican friars founded here by the O'Connors: here are also the remains of a very ancient castle belonging to the same family, but there are no other vestiges of its former inhabitants. It *is near* Tulsk, county of Roscommon.

"'An' who brought me here?' sez he, 'or what ails me?'

"'Why, my lord,' sez the purty girl, 'you were kilt, an' dhrownded there beyant, near Toemonia, by a big baste ov a stag, bad win' to him, and all the jontlemen carried you here; an' faix, my lord, I'm glad to see you gettin' betther.'

"'An' have I no one to watch or nurse-tindher me but you, *avourneen*?' sez he.

"O, yes, my lord,' sez she, 'the docther 'll be here immegently, an' sure I thought no one could take so much care of you as myself.'

He began to grow well from that day out; and the little *Nooneen* used to take care ov him, and bring him his whay and his tay, an' whatever kind of dhrinks the docther used to ordher him; an' the sorra the least hurry he was in to lay (leave) the house, for they were deep in love with one another; an' who can help such things? At last the wars broke out, an' he was forced to go, but, afore he went, he come to take his leave of *Nona*.

"'I'm going' away from you, my darlint,' sez he, 'in the coorse of a week, to the fightin', achorra; an' maybe I'd never see your purty face agin;' and then she began to cry as iv her heart id break antirely. 'But hould up your head, *Nona*,' sez he again, 'I'm just come to marry you

afore I go. I've a frind, a priest, here beyant at the abbey, an' he's just at hand, an' 'll do the job for us out ov the face:' an' he then kissed her, an' she cried more an' more. At any rate they got married, an' in the coorse of a week he went to the wars. They had fine fun murdherin' and shootin' one another, till it was all over; and then they come home, and the ould king sez to his son one day,

"'Come here, Phelim, my own *boucheleen*,' sez he.

"'Well, your honour, what is it you want?' sez the young prince, quite polite.

"'I want to get you a wife,' sez the ould *grumagh*, mighty grand.

"Oh, then, you may spare yourself the throuble,' sez Phelim, 'for I don't intend to have done with myself that way for a couple of summers longer.'

"'What would you think ov the King of Munsther's daughther,' sez the ould king.

"'I don't think she's half so purty as the people say she is,' sez the prince.

"'But you know, I suppose, that I passed my word on the matther when I was makin' the pace,' sez his father.

"'More shame for you, iv you did, 'ithout axin' me,' sez the prince, very stout; for you see

he had the right sort iv blood in him—' more shame for you, afther I gettin' myself all smashed to pieces fightin' for you.'

" ' *Bathershin* *,' sez the ould chap; ' but it's done, you know now, an' there's no back doors, so you must marry her.'

" ' Why, then, an' that's more than I can do,' sez the prince.

" ' How so?' sez the *Grumagh*.

" ' Bekase I'm married already,' sez the prince, an' there's no man can have two wives accordin' to the laws ov God an' man,' for he was mighty well larned.

" Then the king got into a murdherin' big passion, an' swearin' a great oath, sez he, ' Iv I had another son, I'd knock your head off, you spalpeen, an' then you might go look for a kingdom where you liked. But who are you married to?' sez he,' something cool agin. So the prince ups and tells him the whole of the affair from beginnin' to end; an' the king said nothin' but shook his head. Well, that very night, a party of sodgers, with their guns and bagnets, surrounded the house where *Nona* lived, and took her away, body an' bones, an' no one could tell what become ov her.

" The prince was like a madman for the loss

* Perhaps—maybe so.

of his wife: he sarched the kingdom from one end to the other, but he couldn't hear a word about her, no more than iv the ground opened and swallowed her; an' a whole year passed away, and the prince's grief was dyin', an' the ould king again proposed to get him married, and he was so tormented about it, that at last he sez,

"'Sorra may care,' sez he; 'my heart is a'most bruck in two, an' I don't care what yous do with me.' So the day was fixed, an' the king of Munsther and his daughther, and all their noblemen, came to Ballintobber; an' there was fun there, you may be sure. Bullocks and sheep were roasted, an' whiskey an' wine galore was goin' about 'ithout end. Such doins were never seen in the counthry since or before. Well, they were all in the chapel, and the ould bishop was marryin' the young couple, and just as he was takin' the first kiss o' the bride, a terrible big screech was heard, and the people were all startled; an' who should run up to the very althar but Nona herself? Well, she looked about her, first at the bishop, next at the king's daughther, then at the prince. 'My husband,' sez she, quite easy, and her head fell upon her bosom; and before any one could stretch out a hand, she dhropt dead on the stone steps. Well, the young prince lifted her up, and kissed her, and cried over her. The

bishop sed the marriage was no use, and the King ov Munsther and his daughther went home ashamed ov themselves. The prince never went near his father afther, nor never married; but it's sed that, the night he died, little *Nona* was heard cryin' at his window, an' that he knew her voice. And when he went, another branch of the family came in for the crown; but there are none of the family that ever die, but Nona comes to cry for them. Didn't I see her myself the time the last young masther died in Jarmany at the wars, cryin' round the old towers, and in through the arches? and when the misthress got the account ov her son's death, wasn't that the very night he died?"

The most breathless attention was paid to the story of old Malachi until he finished. All expressed their pity for the innocent and unfortunate *Nona*, and their wonder at the concluding part. "But," said Miss Norah, "where was she, Malachi, during the year that they were looking for her?"

"Tundher and turf," Miss Norah, "didn't I tell you that she was confined in one ov the dungeons of the very castle of Ballintobber; an' the night of the weddin', when all the sarvints got dhrunk, she made her escape, and came to the chapel, where her heart broke."

"You did not, indeed, tell me that before," said Miss Norah.

"Well, then, if I didn't, I ought, *alanna*," said old Malachi; and thus ended the story of old Malachi and the legend of the Banshee of the O'Connors.

J. L. L.

THE END.

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